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On the California and Oregon Trail

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A · BOOK · OF FAMOUS · TRAVELS

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
GEORGE A. HENTY

ILLUSTRATED.

VOLUME XIV.

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INTRODUCTION

BY

GEORGE A HENTY.

My dear Lads and Lassies, — Geography is, as I have no doubt you have found it, a very dry subject. It is very hard to get the names of towns and rivers, mountains, bays, and gulfs by heart, and it is very easy to forget them all afterwards. Books written by travellers convey a vivid description of the countries and places they have visited, and these once read are not easily forgotten. The drawback is that to learn geography in this way, it is necessary to read an immense number of books, some of which are written in an extremely interesting style, while others again are so dry, and contain so many details of comparatively little value, that they are the reverse of lively reading.

One thing is certain, that no boy or girl can find time to read even the hundredth part, one might say even the thousandth part, of the existing books of travel. The idea of this volume has been to gather the cream of the best books by the best writers. This

idea has been admirably carried out, and the result will afford a treat indeed to boys and girls who are fortunate enough to possess the volume. Every one of the authors chosen stands in the front rank, and the extracts constitute the tidbits of their work. Among the books chosen are Kinglake's "Eothen"; Waterton's "The Crescent and The Cross"; Bayard Taylor's Travels; G. W. Curtis's Travels; the Writings of Washington Irving; Stanley; Bruce; Livingstone; Burton; Speke; Darwin's "Voyage of the Beagle"; Haeckel's "Journey to Ceylon"; Lord Dufferin's "Letters from High Latitudes"; R. H. Dana's and Lady Brassey's Travels.

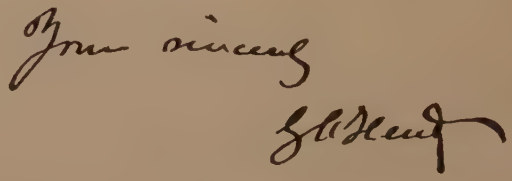
These are some of many good things contained in the volume, and there are many others equally valuable and interesting. Such a book is useful, not only for the information it affords in a most pleasant form, but because it will excite among its readers a desire to know more. No one is contented with a small bite of a good thing; it only excites an appetite for more. In this case the impulse will first be to obtain the book, the extract from which has afforded the most lively pleasure. Some will then take other volumes from which quotations have been made; others, fascinated with one subject, will desire to read other authors treating on the same locality.

This is an object that I have always kept in view in the books I have written on historical subjects.

So far as the history goes, I have tried to write good history, but the stories of battles and adventures touch only one side of history. My hope has been so far to interest my readers that they will not be content with such partial descriptions, but will turn to the books written by historians of the various epochs and reigns, to obtain a full knowledge of the whole course of events that led to the wars I have described, and to learn the political and social conditions of the time.

What I have tried to do for the study of history is done in this volume for that of geography. The book should be read with a good atlas open on the table, and each voyage and each line of travel should be followed up on the map. In this way not only will the interest be greatly heightened, but a knowledge of geography will be pleasantly acquired. Remember the volume should be read slowly and attentively. It should be read not only for the descriptions of the many countries which it contains, but also for the style in which they are written. Many of the authors are noted as much for the perfection of their style as for the matter of their books. Every boy and girl should endeavor to acquire a good style in writing; it is as easy to learn to write in it as in a bad one. Comparatively few young people become authors or writers for magazines or newspapers when they grow up, still many do, and more hope that they will some day do so. All are, however, called

upon to write letters, and even in writing home there is a broad distinction between a well-expressed letter and a hasty scrawl. The one is the mark of intelligence and culture, the other of the reverse. No one wants pedantic expressions or high-flown language; a simple and easy style, such as that in which Lady Brassey relates her adventures, is the chief charm of her books, and no better model could be chosen for familiar and chatty home letters.



A BOOK OF FAMOUS TRAVELS

IMPRESSIONS OF CAPE TOWN

(From a Narrative of Voyages.)

By R. J. CLEVELAND.

THE formation of this Cape is so remarkable, as to make a lasting impression on the memory of those who have once seen it. The group of lofty and steep hills, called the Devil's Mount, the Table-Land, the Sugar-Loaf, and the Lion's Rump, form a barrier on the south and the east sides of the town, which appears almost impassable. On a plain, at the foot of these hills, and on the border of Table Bay, is situated the beautiful town of the Cape. It presents a fine appearance when seen from the bay, and seems to possess all that neatness which is an acknowledged characteristic of the Dutch. The streets are parallel to each other, and are kept very clean. There is a large square for a parade ground, at the north part of the town, which is bounded by a canal bordered with a double row of trees. The

Company's garden, as it is called, is a space of fifteen or twenty acres on the east side of the town. It is enclosed by a wall, and laid out in handsome walks, and forms one of the most delightful lounges in the world. In a retired part of this garden, and almost hidden with trees, is the residence of the governor. Most of the houses consist of two stories, and are covered with plaster; which being whitewashed every year, they have an uncommonly neat appearance.

During the summer months the inhabitants are greatly annoyed by the clouds of sand which are raised by the southeast wind, which is often so violent as to compel them to keep within doors, and penetrates into all the crevices of doors and windows which have not been carefully closed. These gales, which last two or three days, are followed by calms and light variable winds for the same length of time. During these gales, and for some time before, the top of the table-land is enveloped in thick clouds, which the people of the Cape call the Devil's Table-cloth. Although these winds are often so violent as to prevent communication with the shipping in the bay, they are rarely the cause of any disaster. Not so with the westerly gales which prevail in the months of June, July, and August, and bring in a sea which it is impossible to resist.

A melancholy instance of the power of these gales was seen in the loss of the English sixty-four-gun ship Sceptre, with nearly all her crew. The Dutch East Indiamen were exclusively confined to the use of Simon's Bay at this season of the year. In times of peace it was common for the vessels of all nations, on their way to and from India, to touch at this place for

refreshments; and then, almost every house was open for the reception of the captains and officers for a moderate compensation. But the vexations experienced by neutral commerce at this period were enough to discourage most navigators from stopping there. While I was there the ship Jefferson of Boston was compelled to come in, from having been six months on her way from Boston to India. The suspicions of the government were roused; and, not satisfied with the examination of the log-book and papers, they caused her to be entirely unladed. And although she was at length released, yet before she could get away a gale came on from the west, in which she went ashore and was totally lost.

The climate of the Cape is very healthy; which blessing many of the inhabitants attribute to the prevalence of the high winds; yet it is observed, that instances of longevity are very rare, and that few old persons are met with. The native citizens are, for the most part, hospitable, friendly, and affable. A love of ease and relaxation, and an aversion to much activity of body or mind, are striking characteristics in the men. The ladies, are, generally very pretty, have fine complexions, graceful and pleasing manners, and cultivated minds. The invariable and universal siesta causes a midnight silence and seclusion for the two or three hours immediately succeeding dinner. All the domestics, and most of the mechanics, are slaves; and, as far as I had an opportunity of observing, they are treated with more humanity than is generally supposed. Notwithstanding the increase of buildings, and the rise in value of real estate, as well as various other advan-

tages, felt by the inhabitants since they submitted to the English government, there was, nevertheless, observable in many an impatience of a foreign yoke, a feeling of being a conquered people, and a sense of degradation, which was very natural, and which would not be easily effaced even under the mild and equitable government of the English.

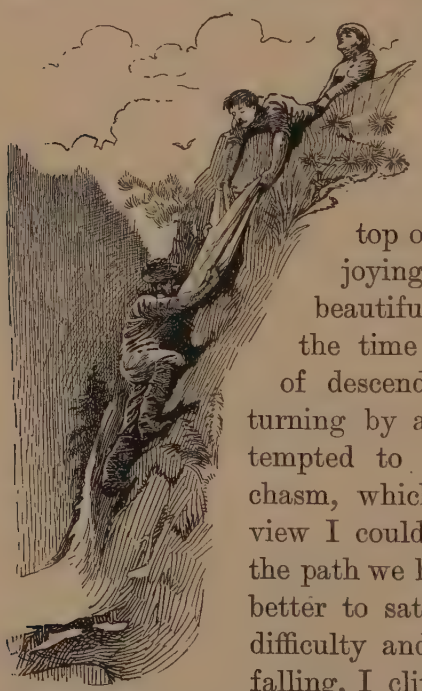
In company with a native merchant I made an excursion to Simon's Bay, and to the pretty estate of Constantia. Not being able to procure lodgings on shore, we passed a night on board an American ship, which, together with several English men-of-war and Indiamen, was lying for security in Simon's Bay. At Constantia we were entertained with great hospitality and politeness by the proprietor, who showed us every part of his beautiful estate, which, for extreme neatness, as well as for profit, is unrivalled. The wine, made at this place, is well known in Europe and in the United States; though it is said that more than treble the quantity produced on this estate is annually sold under the name of Constantia. Its peculiar flavor is attributed to the properties of the soil; all attempts to produce the same elsewhere having failed.

An excursion to the flag-staff on Sugar-Loaf Hill was an afternoon's labor of no easy accomplishment. Before reaching the top, there are several perpendicular precipices of ten to fifteen feet to climb; and ropes are fastened to bolts, inserted in the rocks, to aid the ascent. The man who is stationed here to signal the approach of vessels is provided with a small brass cannon and several flags; the former to announce a sail in the horizon, and, at the same time, to attract the attention

of the citizens; the latter to denote the kind of vessel and the nation to which she belongs. By these means, information of the approach of a vessel is given, many hours before her arrival in the bay. The habitation of this man is so confined, that his residence there would be considered a cruel punishment, were it not voluntary. It is a mere dog-kennel, partly formed by the rock, and partly artificial, but barely sufficient to shelter one person, in a sitting posture, from the rays of the sun and from the inclemency of the weather. The greatest interior space does not exceed five feet, from the den to the perpendicular precipice. A slave brings him his daily provisions and water; and this is the only opportunity the recluse has for conversation during the day. My visit was, therefore, considered by him as a kind of God-send, for which he appeared to be very grateful, and which he begged me to repeat.

The excursion over the Table Mountain, which is 3582 feet above the level of the ocean, was an undertaking of such labor, as to require the greater part of a day to perform it. It was advisable, also, on many considerations, to make up a party for the purpose. Accordingly, having engaged the mate of the Jefferson, and my own mate, to accompany me, we set out together on a fine, clear morning, provided with refreshments, but without a guide, not doubting, with the information given us, of being able to find our way. We met with no embarrassment in reaching the chasm, on one side of which were the craggy and irregular steps, by which only we could work our way to the top. The task was arduous, and required two hours of great exertion for its accomplishment. The day con-

tinued to be very clear; and the view amply repaid the toil of the ascent. It was limited on the north by high, irregular, and distant mountains; on the south and east by the ocean, and an horizon greatly extended; on the west was the bay with its shipping, diminished to the size of such toys as children play with; and immediately beneath us was the town, its gardens and streets distinctly seen, though its inhabitants could not be distinguished with the unaided eye.



A large part of the day was passed in rambling about the top of the mountain, and enjoying the extensive and beautiful views from it; and the time had arrived to think of descending. Desirous of returning by a different route, I attempted to find a new one in a chasm, which, from the imperfect view I could take of it, resembled the path we had ascended. But, the better to satisfy myself, with great difficulty and imminent danger of falling, I climbed down a precipice of about twelve feet, and found myself upon a bridge formed by the falling away of the rock within the chasm, and extending across about twenty feet. Its width varied from two to four feet; and it seemed, where narrowest, as if any additional weight would

cause it to give way. On either side, and beneath this bridge, was an abyss, of which I could scarcely see the bottom; it being fifteen hundred, or, perhaps, two thousand feet deep. I now saw plainly, that I must return by the way I came; as, at the other end of the bridge, the height was the same, and the rocks jutted over. I made known to my companions my perilous situation, and that a slip in climbing must be attended with certain destruction. In order, therefore, to help me up again, Mr. Barnes lay on the ground, and held his jacket over the precipice, while the mate of the Jefferson held Barnes to prevent his being pulled over. With this management, and the scanty support I could find for my feet, I succeeded in gaining the summit, and in escaping from a situation so perilous, that, even at this day, I do not recur to it without shuddering. After this I attempted no more to find a new way, but descended as we had come up; and, before sunset, arrived at my lodgings very much fatigued.

FOUR MONTHS IN UGANDA

THE STORY OF CAPTAIN SPEKE

HAVING thus safely reached, and been encouragingly received at, the capital of Uganda, on the shore of the great Nyanza, Speke's remaining object, while waiting for his companion, Grant, was to ascertain the point where the White Nile issued from the lake, and also to decide whether it would be possible for him to return to the eastern coast of Africa through the unknown region to the eastward. After escaping from the rapacity of the petty chiefs of Uzinza and Usui, his progress had been comparatively easy. The larger and better organized kingdoms of Karagwe and Uganda were easily traversed after he had gained the favor of the reigning monarch, and the influence of King Mtesa would no doubt be sufficient to procure him a safe conduct through the unknown country of Masai, east of the Victoria Nyanza. On the other hand, his stock of cloths, beads, and wires, as well as of articles for presents, was almost exhausted, and could only be replenished by communicating with Petherick's expedition

for his relief, which, he was firmly convinced, must be somewhere on the White Nile, endeavoring to reach him.

For a month or two nothing could be done, except to retain the good-will of the Uganda king, and at the same time defend himself against both the suspicion and covetousness of the latter, — a task which required all his energy and watchfulness. Being recalled to court, four days after his arrival, he was requested to shoot four cows which were loose in the enclosure. The result is a striking illustration of native barbarity. "Having no bullets for my gun," Speke writes, "I borrowed the revolving pistol I had given the king, and shot all four in a second of time; but as the last one, only wounded, turned sharply upon me, I gave him the fifth and settled him. Great applause followed this wonderful feat, and the cows were given to my men. The king now loaded one of the carbines I had given him with his own hands, and giving it full-cock to a page, told him to go out and shoot a man in the outer court, which was no sooner accomplished than the little urchin returned to announce his success with a look of glee such as one would see in the face of a boy who had robbed a bird's nest, caught a trout, or done any other boyish trick. The king said to him, 'And did you do it well?' 'Oh, yes, capitally.' He spoke the truth, no doubt, for he dared not have trifled with the king; but the affair created hardly any interest. I never heard, and there appeared no curiosity to know, what individual human being the urchin had deprived of life."

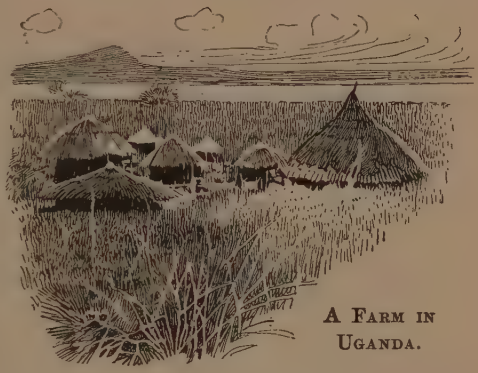
The next morning the king's pages came to request

that some of Speke's men would come to shoot cows. He sent Bombay, with instructions to excite Mtesa's cupidity with stories of supplies waiting for him farther down the Nile. The men shot seven cows, which were given to them for food. For his own part, Speke declared that he would only shoot elephants, rhinoceros, or buffaloes, which he was willing to hunt in company with the king. He was presently summoned to the palace, and asked to prescribe for the king's illness. "When only the interpreters and one confidential officer were left beside myself, he wished to know if I could apply the medicine without its touching the afflicted part. To give him confidence in my surgical skill, I moved my finger, and asked if he knew what gave it action; and on his replying in the negative, I gave him an anatomical lecture, which so pleased him, he at once consented to be operated on, and I applied a blister to him accordingly. The whole operation was rather ridiculous; for the blister, after being applied, had to be rubbed in turn on the hands and faces of both Bombay and Nasib, to show there was no evil spirit in the 'doctor.'"

At each interview, Speke endeavored to talk about his further journeys and secure the promise of assistance; but the king always evaded the subject, saying he would speak of such things another time, and then apparently forgetting all about it. By this time the custom of the country required that he should call upon the queen-mother, and the visit, of course, must be preluded by a handsome present. He gives the following account of the interview:

"Her majesty — fat, fair, and forty-five — was sit-

ting, plainly garbed in mbugu, upon a carpet spread upon the ground within a curtain of mbugu, her elbow resting on a pillow of the same bark material; the only ornaments on her person being an abrus necklace, and a piece of mbugu tied round her head, while a folding looking-glass, much the worse for wear, stood open by her side. An iron rod like a spit, with a cup on the top, charged with magic powder, and other magic wands, were placed before the entrance; and within the room four Mabandwa sorceresses or devil-drivers, fantastically dressed as before described, and a mass of other women, formed the company. For a short while we sat at a distance, exchanging inquiring glances at one another, when the women were dismissed, and a band of music, with a courtfull of wakungu, was ordered in to change the scene. I also got orders to draw near and sit fronting her within the hut. Pombé, the best in Uganda, was then drunk by the queen, and handed to me and to all the high officers about her, when she smoked her pipe, and bade me smoke mine. The musicians, dressed in long-haired Usoga goatskins, were now ordered to strike up, which they did, with their bodies swaying or dancing like bears in a fair. Different drums were then beat, and I was asked if I could distinguish their different tones.



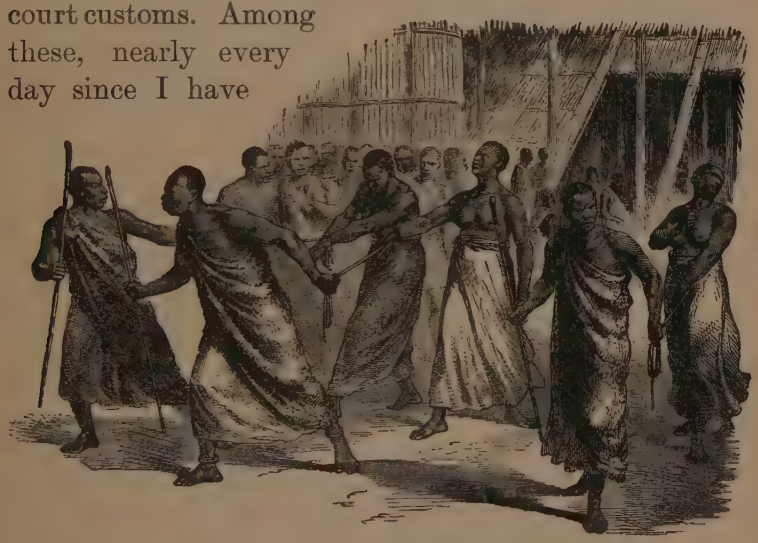
A Farm in Uganda.

"The queen, full of mirth, now suddenly rose, leaving me sitting, while she went to another hut, changed her mbugu for a deole, and came back again for us to admire her, which was no sooner done to her heart's content than a second time by her order, the court was cleared, and when only three or four confidential wakungu were left, she took up a small fagot of well-trimmed sticks, and selecting three, told me she had three complaints. 'This stick,' she says, 'represents my stomach, which gives me much uneasiness: this second stick my liver, which causes shooting pains all over my body; and this third one my heart, for I get constant dreams at night about Sunna, my late husband, and they are not pleasant.'"

On the 1st of March a letter came from Grant, saying that he had dispatched Bombay to Unyoro (the kingdom north of Uganda) to announce their coming to King Kamrasi, and that he himself expected to leave Karagwe before the end of February. The longer Speke remained in Uganda, the greater became his necessity for patience and cunning. King Mtesa was a spoiled child, in his whims and fancies, one day all friendship, the next cold and haughty, while the queen-mother, who had taken a strong fancy to the white stranger, intrigued to receive the greatest amount of attention, and, of course, the greatest share of presents. The king constantly importuned Speke to shoot birds for his amusement, and every attempt to introduce the former's real object was put aside by the wayward barbarian. Speke succeeded, by assuming an air of being offended with his treatment, in removing his quarters to a better part of the capital, but the supplies furnished to his

men were so irregular and scanty that a new petition for food had to be made every few days.

This delay, at least, enabled him to witness the savage and violent way in which the king exercises his authority. On the 25th of March he writes: "I have now been for some time within the court precincts, and have consequently had an opportunity of witnessing court customs. Among these, nearly every day since I have



changed my residence, incredible as it may appear to be, I have seen one, two, or three of the wretched palace women led away to execution, tied by the hand, and dragged along by one of the body-guard, crying out, as she went to premature death, 'Hai minangé!' (Oh, my lord!) 'Kbakka!' (My king!) 'Hai n'yawo!' (My mother!) at the top of her voice, in the utmost despair and lamentation; and yet there was not a soul who dared lift hand to save any of them, though many might be heard privately commenting on their beauty."

On the 14th of April, while Speke was attending one of the king's childish and tiresome levees, the officers announced the startling fact that two white men had been seen at King Kamrasi's, in Unyoro; one of them with a full beard, the other smooth-faced. Speke immediately exclaimed: "Of course they are there: let me send a letter to them!" believing that it was Petherick and a companion who was to accompany him. The king, however, declared that the information was not perfect and he would wait the return of certain messengers, whom he would send to Unyoro. But, a week afterwards, Speke found that the messengers had not been sent. The king, like a child with a new toy, seemed determined to keep the white man at his court, as long as he was amused by his company. Speke persisted in his demand with so much energy that on the 22d of April Budja, one of Mtesa's officers, was sent off with two men in search of Petherick, and another messenger with a letter to Grant.

The king then determined on a three days' trip to the Nyanza, for hippopotamus shooting. It was but a short march from his palace to the shore of the lake, through very rich and beautiful scenery. Speke thus describes the scene, after arriving at the place of embarcation: "Now for the Lake. Everybody in a hurry falls into his place the best way he can — wakungu leading, and women behind. They rattle along, through plantains and shrubs, under large trees, seven, eight, and nine feet in diameter, till the beautiful waters are reached — a picture of the Rio scenery, barring that of the higher mountains in the background of that lovely place, which are here represented by the

most beautiful little hills. A band of fifteen drums of all sizes, called the mazaguzo, playing with the regularity of a lot of factory engines at work, announced the king's arrival, and brought all the boats to the shore, but not as in England, where Jack with all the consequence of a lord at home, invites the ladies to be seated, and enjoys the sight of so many pretty faces. Here every poor fellow, with his apprehensions written in his face, leaps over the gunwale into the water, ducking his head from fear of being accused of gazing on the fair sex, which is death, and bides patiently his time. They were dressed in plaintain leaves, looking like grotesque Neptunes. The king in his red coat and wide-awake, conducted the arrangements, ordering all their proper places — the women in certain boats, the wakunga and Wanguana in others, while I sat in the same boat with him at his feet, three women holding mbugus of pombé behind."

This excursion lasted five or six days, but it seems to have contributed little to Speke's knowledge of the lake. He gives, in fact, no distinct account of the outline or appearance of the shores and islands, describing, instead, the pranks of the king and his followers. The truth probably was that Speke, having arranged, as he supposed, for Grant's transportation from the Uganda frontier by water, relied upon the latter for a full report of the western shore of the lake. Grant, however, as Speke learned on the 1st of May, left Karagwe on a litter, and was obliged to make the journey by land.

The next letter from Grant stated that he expected to come by the lake from the mouth of the Kitangulé

River. But on the 11th of May, Speke received letters from him, dated as late as the 2d, which stated that the natives, afraid of undertaking the voyage on the lake, had deceived him about the route, and were bringing him on by the same road which Speke had already travelled. The next day, King Mtesa allowed ten of his men to go and help Grant along, and the messengers who had been sent to Unyoro returned, accompanied by a deputation from king Kamrasi, headed by an officer named Kidgwiga, who afterwards proved to be of great service to the expedition.

"Kidgwiga," said Speke, "said Petherick's party was not in Unyoro; they had never reached there, but were lying at anchor off Gani. Two white men only had been seen — one, they said, a hairy man, the other smooth-faced; they were as anxiously inquiring after us as we were after them; they sat on chairs, dressed like myself, and had guns and everything precisely like those in my hut. On one occasion they sent up a necklace of beads to Kamrasi, and he, in return, gave them

Travelling in Africa.

a number of women and tusks. If I wished to go that way, Kamrasi would forward me on to their position in boats; for the land route, leading through Kidi, was a jungle of ten days, tenanted by a savage set of people, who hunt everybody, and seize everything they see."

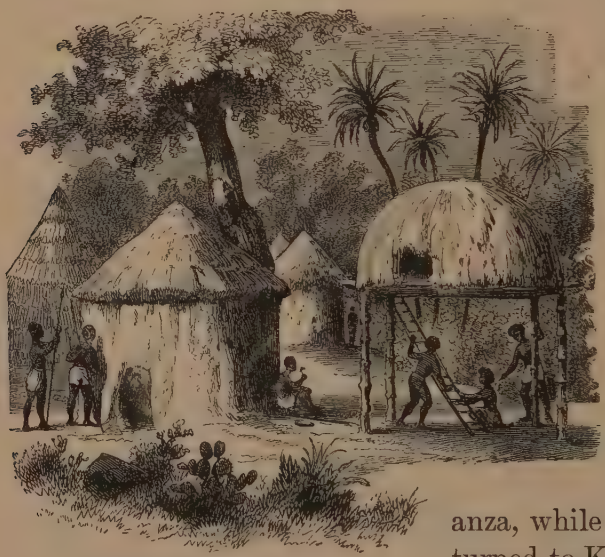
On the 24th of May, word came that Grant was only one day's march distant, and Speke immediately sent him a shoulder of mutton. Three days elapsed, however, and Speke again attempted to make arrangements for going on to Unyoro, when his talk with the king was interrupted by the sound of guns announcing Grant's arrival, and he took leave to go and welcome his friend. "How we enjoyed ourselves," he says, "after so much anxiety and want of one another's company, I need not describe. For my part I was only too rejoiced to see that Grant could limp about a bit, and was able to laugh over the picturesque and amusing account he gave me of his own rough travels."

Another visit to the king, in company with Grant, was equally fruitless in regard to their departure. Speke thus explains — and all explorers will appreciate his situation:

"It will be kept in view that the hanging about at this court, and all the perplexing and irritating negotiations here described, had always one end in view — that of reaching the Nile where it pours out of the Nyanza, as I was long certain that it did. Without the consent and even the aid of this capricious barbarian I was now talking to, such a project was hopeless. I naturally seized every opportunity for putting in a word in the direction of my great object, and here seemed to be an opportunity. We now ventured on a

plump application for boats that we might feel our way to Gani by water, supposing the lake and river to be navigable all the way."

The negotiations were renewed from day to day, but, as it seemed, with increasing uncertainty. Speke at first requested leave to visit the Masai country, and see the reported salt lake at the northern corner of the Nyanza, while Grant returned to Karagwe by water, and brought on the stores which had been left there. This was immediately granted; but the orders and supplies were not forthcoming. One day the king desired the travellers to see him in European costume; another, he wanted a bird painted which he had shot, or the use of some new article explained, and each time their departure was mentioned, he pretended to be surprised, as if he had never heard of it before.



Negro Houses and Granary.

After several arrangements for further exploration had been made and prevented by the king's whims,

Speke determined to confine himself to the task of pushing northward through the kingdom of Unyoro, and endeavoring to reach either Petherick's expedition, or the trading-station of Gondokoro, on the White Nile. Finally, a lucky fit of jealousy against Rumanika, the king of Karagwe, induced Mtesa to favor the travellers' design of going northward. He would show Rumanika, he said, that all the supplies for Uganda need not come through *his* country: if the white men would open a route of traffic for him to the north, he would send his officer, Budja, with them to Unyoro, and have boats prepared, so that they could make the voyage on the Nile.

Speke now felt that his advance northward was assured. The king's mood fortunately lasted for a day or two, and all the necessary supplies were freely given. "Everything was granted without the slightest hesitation; and then the king, turning to me, said, 'Well, Bana, so you really wish to go?' 'Yes, for I have not seen my home for four years and upwards' — reckoning five months to the year, Uganda fashion. 'And you can give me no stimulants?' 'No.' 'Then you will send me some from Gani — brandy if you like; it makes people sleep sound, and gives them strength.' Next we went to the queen to bid farewell, but did not see her."

On the 6th of July Speke visited the king, and asked leave for the boats to go at once; but a court-officer who held the post of fleet-admiral for the lake insisted that there were dangerous shallows along the shore, between the inlet on which the capital was situated and the exit of the Nile. He proposed that

they should go to a station on the river, called Urondogani, leave their goods, and walk by land up the Nile bank, if a sight of the falls at the mouth of the lake was of such great importance to them. Of course the admiral carried his point, for there was no one able to contradict his assertions.

"Early the next morning the king bade us come to him to say farewell. Wishing to leave behind a favorable impression, I instantly complied. On the breast of my coat I suspended the necklace the queen had given me, as well as his knife and my medals. I talked with him in as friendly and flattering a manner as I could, dwelling on his shooting, the pleasant cruising on the lake, and our sundry picnics, as well as the grand prospect there was now of opening the country to trade, by which his guns, the best in the world, would be fed with powder, and other small matters of a like nature, to which he replied with great feeling and good taste. We then all rose with an English bow, placing the hand on the heart while saying adieu; and there was a complete uniformity in the ceremonial, for, whatever I did, Mtesa, in an instant, mimicked with the instinct of a monkey.

"We had, however, scarcely quitted the palace gate before the king issued himself, with his attendants and his brothers leading, and women bringing up the rear; here Kyengo and all the Wazinza joined in the procession with ourselves, they kneeling and clapping their hands after the fashion of their own country. Budja just then made me feel very anxious by pointing out the position of Urondogani, as I thought, too far north. I called the king's attention to it, and in a

moment he said he would speak to Budja in such a manner that would leave no doubts in my mind, for he liked me much, and desired to please me in all things. As the procession now drew close to our camp, and Mtesa expressed a wish to have a final look at my men, I ordered them to turn out with their arms and nyanzig for the many favors they had received. Mtesa, much pleased, complimented them on their goodly appearance, remarking that with such a force I would have no difficulty in reaching Gani, and exhorted them to follow me through fire and water; then, exchanging adieus again, he walked ahead in gigantic strides up the hill, the pretty favorite of his harem, Lubuga — beckoning and waving with her little hands, and crying 'Bana! Bana!' — trotting after him conspicuous among the rest, though all showed a little feeling at the severance. We saw them no more."

THE DISCOVERY OF THE VICTORIA NYANZA

CAPTAIN BURTON'S STORY.

IMMEDIATELY after the arrival of the caravan, Burton made preparations for quitting Ujiji. During the three months and a half which had elapsed since his first view of the lake, every one of the attendants hired at the coast — the Baloch guards, guides and servants — had been investing in slaves, and they united in turning the departure into a sort of flight, fearing lest their human merchandise should seize the opportunity to run off with itself. On the 26th of May, the travellers saw the Tanganyika Lake at sunrise, for the last time. Masses of brown clouds, luminously fringed with purple, covered the eastern sky, and behind them the sun shot out his rays like the spokes of a huge aërial wheel, pouring a broad flood of gold over the light blue water. The consciousness of having succeeded in the main object of the journey balanced their regret at being obliged to leave something undone, and they turned eastward with light hearts.

An Arab merchant, Said bin Majid, joined them with his caravan for the return to Kazeh. Burton's own party, however, had hurried onward with such nervous haste, leaving part of the stores behind, that he did not overtake and succeed in organizing them for two days, during which time many things were lost. Said bin Majid insisted, also, on hurrying past the appointed stations, and by his neglect to lay in the necessary sup-

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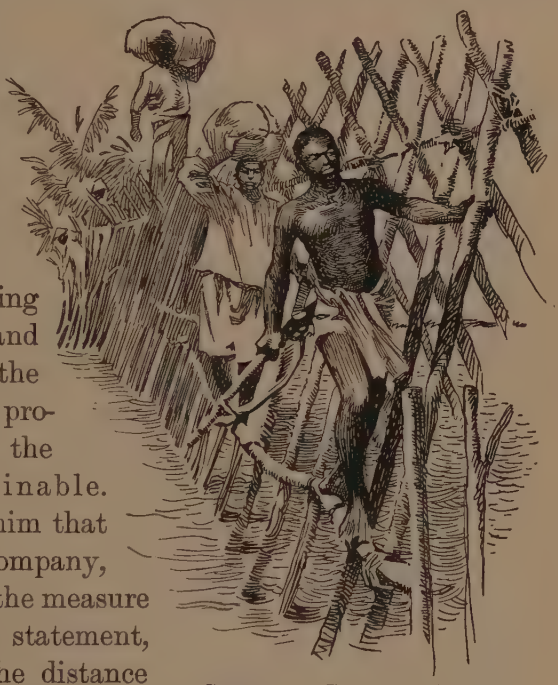
plies was detained afterwards. The caravans took a more northerly route, in order to avoid the deeper portions of the affluents of the Malagarazi River, but the country, though less broken, was very similar in character to what they had already seen. After a few violent thunder-storms, the land rapidly dried up, and as they approached the river, conflagrations became frequent. A sheet of flame, beginning with the size of a spark, would overspread the hill-side, advancing on

the wings of the wind with the roaring rushing sound of many hosts where the grass lay thick ; shooting huge forky tongues high into the dark air where the great trees were caught; smouldering and darkening as it struck a line of rocks, then blazing and soaring again until, topping the brow of a hill, the sheet became a thin line of fire and gradually vanished from the view.

Resuming their march along the cold and foggy valley of the Malagarazi, they reached the old and dreaded ferry-place on the river, on the 4th of June. The stream was much broader and deeper than before, which gave the fierce native chief an opportunity of making greater exactions. The crossing occupied seven hours ; but when it was finished the caravans were at ease, and no further obstacle now intervened between them and Kazeh.

"An eventless march of twelve days led from the Malagarazi Ferry to Unyanyembe. Avoiding the *détour* to Msene we followed this time the more direct southern route. I had expected again to find the treacle-like surface over which we had before crept, and perhaps even in a worse state ; but the inundations compelled the porters to skirt the little hills bounding the swamps. Provisions — rice, holcus, and panicum, manioc, cucumbers, and sweet potatoes, pulse, ground-nuts, and tobacco — became plentiful as we progressed ; the arrow-root and the bhang-plant flourished wild, and plantains and palmyras were scattered over the land. On the 8th of June, emerging from inhospitable Uvinza into neutral ground, we were pronounced to be out of danger, and on the next day, when in the meridian of the Usagozi, we were admitted for the first time to the

comfort of a village. Three days afterward we separated from Said bin Majid. Having a valuable store of tusks, he had but half loaded his porters; he also half fed them: the consequence was that they marched like madmen, and ours followed like a flock of sheep. He would not incur the danger and expense of visiting a settlement, and he pitched in the bush, where provisions were the least obtainable. When I told him that we must part company, he deprecated the measure with his stock statement, viz., that at the distance of an hour's march there was a fine safe village full of provisions and well fitted for a halt.



Crossing a River in Africa.

"On the 17th of June, the caravan, after sundry difficulties caused by desertion, passed on to Irora, the village of Salim bin Salih, who this time received us hospitably enough. Thence we first sighted the blue hills of Unyanyembe, our destination. The next day saw us at Yombo, where, by good accident,

we met a batch of seven cloth-bales and one box *en route* to Ujiji, under charge of our old enemy Salim, bin Sayf of Dut'humi. We also received the second packet of letters which reached us that year: as usual, they were full of evil news. Almost every one had lost some relation or friend near and dear to him: even Said bin Salim's health had been spoiled of its chief attraction, an only son, who, born it was supposed in consequence of my 'barakat' (propitious influence), had been named Abdullah.

"After a day's halt to collect porters at Yombo, we marched from it on the 20th of June, and passing the scene of our former miseries, the village under the lumpy hill, 'Zimbili,' we re-entered Kazeh. There I was warmly welcomed by the hospitable Snay bin Amir, who, after seating us to coffee, as is the custom, for a few minutes in his barzah or ante-room, led us to the old abode, which had been carefully repaired, swept, and plastered. There a large metal tray, bending under succulent dishes of rice and curried fowl, giblets, and manioc boiled in the cream of the ground-nut, and sugared omelets flavored with ghee and onion shreds, presented peculiar attractions to half-starved travellers.

"Our return from Ujiji to Unyanyembe was thus accomplished in twenty-two stations, which, halts included, occupied a total of twenty-six days, from the 26th of May to the 20th of June, 1858, and the distance along the road may be computed at 265 statute miles."

Immediately after arriving, everybody was attacked with fevers or disorders of the liver. These, how-

ever, soon yielded to the medicines and stimulants received from the coast. Several Arab merchants were preparing to start eastward, in order to reach Zanzibar in time for the Indian trading-season, and Burton might have returned with them. But several reasons induced him to remain for a while at Kazeh. He had not given up the hope of being able to make the journey from that place to Quiloa (Kilwa); he desired to collect from the Arab merchants and native guides all procurable information of the interesting countries lying to the north and south of the line he had traversed. "During my first halt at Kazeh," he says, "the merchants had related to me their discovery of a large bahr — a sea or lake — lying fifteen or sixteen marches to the north; and from their descriptions and bearings, my companion had laid down the water in a hand-map forwarded to the Royal Geographical Society. All agreed in claiming for it superiority of size over the Tanganyika Lake. I saw at once that the existence of this hitherto unknown basin would explain many discrepancies promulgated by speculative geographers, more especially the notable and deceptive differences of distances, caused by the confusion of the two waters. My companion, who had recovered strength from the repose and the comparative comfort of our headquarters, appeared a fit person to be detached upon this duty; moreover, his presence at Kazeh was by no means desirable."

The usual difficulties accompanied the performance of this undertaking. The officers and guides brought from the coast endeavored to avoid the necessity of accompanying Speke; the native porters were engaged

only to desert again; and even the old and faithful servant, Bombay, knowing that his services could not be dispensed with, exacted a new present of cloth. By dint of much patience and severe exertion all these difficulties were finally overcome, and on the 10th of July Speke left Kazeh, at the head of a small party. During his absence Burton applied himself industriously to the collection of information, and the accounts he gives of the kingdoms of Usui, Karagwe, and Uganda, lying to the northward, have since been verified in all essential particulars by Speke's second journey. It is therefore unnecessary to quote them here.

A Victoria Nyanza Town.

After having exhausted the knowledge of the chief men of Kazeh, Burton devoted his time to the preparations for the return journey. The tattered tents were repaired, the rude, simple furniture of travel put in order, new garments made, hammocks, bags, and pack saddles overhauled, and such supplies procured betimes, as might be difficult to obtain on the eve of departure. "On the 14th of July," he writes, "the last Arab caravan of the season left Unyanyembe, under the command of Sayf bin

Said el Wardi. As he obligingly offered to convey letters and any small articles which I wished to precede me, and knowing that under his charge effects were far safer than with our own people, I forwarded the useless and damaged surveying instruments, certain manuscripts, and various inclosures of maps, field and sketch-books, together with reports to the Royal Geographical Society.

"This excitement over I began to weary of Kazeh. Snay bin Amir and most of the Arabs had set out on an expedition. My Goanese servant, who connected my aspect with hard labor, avoided it like a pestilence. Already I was preparing to organize a little expedition to K'hokoro and the southern provinces, when unexpectedly — in these lands a few cries and gun-shots are the only credible precursors of a caravan — on the morning of the 25th of August reappeared my companion.

"At length my companion had been successful, his 'flying trip' had led him to the northern water, and he had found its dimensions surpassing our most sanguine expectations. We had scarcely however, breakfasted, before he announced to me the startling fact that he had discovered the sources of the White Nile. It was an inspiration perhaps: the moment he sighted the Nyanza, he felt at once no doubt but that the 'lake at his feet gave birth to that interesting river which has been the subject of so much speculation and the object of so many explorers.'"

Speke, considering that the distance he had to traverse was nearly as great as from Kazeh to Lake Tanganyika, had made a remarkably successful trip.

The usual impediments of African travel, troubled with porters, guides, and native chiefs, were diminished in his case by the comparative smallness of his party, the greater necessity of their keeping together, and the lighter equipment and supplies. For several days he traversed the fertile and populous uplands of northern Unyamwezi, and then entered a region called Usukuma, more thinly peopled, and with great tracts of thorny jungle and open, grassy plains. Beyond this was the small district of Uquimba, where he found workers in iron, and learned that the great lake was near at hand. On the 30th of July, 1858, he stood upon its shores. At first a bay, filled with small islands, the waters grew in breadth as he advanced, until, from the summit of a cape 250 feet in height, he saw a broad sea-horizon to the north. The exaggerated statements of the natives, however, led him to assign for it a much greater length from north to south, than proved to be the case, on his second journey.

African Warrior.

Burton, whose notices of Speke in his narrative are always in singularly bad taste, and often unjustly disparaging, gives, on the whole, an impartial account of the great lake, the discovery of which — not by himself — seems to have seriously annoyed him. "This fresh-water sea," he says, "is known throughout the African tribes as Nyanza, and the similarity of the sound to 'Nyassa,' the indigenous name of the little Maravi or Kilwa Lake, may have caused in part the wild confusion in which speculative geographers have involved the lake regions of Central Africa. The Arabs, after their fashion of deriving comprehensive names from local and minor features, call it Ukerewe, in the Kisukuma dialect meaning the 'place of kerewe' (kelewe), an islet. As has been mentioned, they sometimes attempt to join by a river, a creek, or some other theoretical creation, the Nyanza with the Tanganyika, the altitude of the former being 3,750 feet above sea-level, or 1,900 above the latter, and the mountain regions which divide the two having been frequently travelled over by Arab and African caravans. The Nyanza, as regards name, position, and even existence, has hitherto been unknown to European geographers; but descriptions of this sea by native travellers have been unconsciously transferred by our writers to the Tanganyika of Ujiji, and even to the Nyassa of Kilwa.

"The Nyanza is an elevated basin or reservoir, the recipient of the surplus monsoon-rain which falls in the extensive regions of the Wamasai and their kinsmen to the east, the Karagwah line of the Lunar Mountains to the west, and to the south Usukuma or Northern Unyamwezi. Extending to the equator in

the central length of the African peninsula, and elevated above the limits of the depression in the heart of the continent, it appears to be a gap in the irregular chain which, running from Usumbara and Kilmanagao to Karagwah, represents the formation anciently termed the Mountains of the Moon. The physical features, as far as they were observed, suggest this view. The shores are low and flat, dotted here and there with little hills; the smaller islands also are hill-tops, and any part of the country immediately on the south would, if inundated to the same extent, present a similar aspect. The lake lies open and elevated, rather like the drainage and the temporary deposit of extensive floods than a volcanic creation like the Tanganyika, a long, narrow, mountain-girt basin. The waters are said to be deep, and the extent of the inundation about the southern creek proves that they receive during the season an important accession. The color was observed to be clear and blue, especially from afar in the early morning; after 9 A.M., when the prevalent southeast wind arose, the surface appeared grayish, or of a dull milky white, probably the effect of atmospheric reflection. The tint, however, does not, according to travellers, ever become red or green like the waters of the Nile. But the produce of the lake resembles that of the river in its purity; the people living on the shores prefer it, unlike that of the Tanganyika, to the highest and the clearest springs; all visitors agree in commending its lightness and sweetness, and declare that the taste is rather of the river or of rain-water than resembling the soft slimy produce of stagnant muddy bottoms, or the rough, harsh flavor of melted ice and snow.

"At Kazeh, sorely to my disappointment, it was finally settled, in a full conclave of Arabs, that we must return to the coast by the tedious path with which we were already painfully familiar. At Ujiji the state of our finances had been the sole, though the sufficient obstacle to our traversing Africa from east to west; we might — had we possessed the means — by navigating the Tanganyika southward, have debouched, after a journey of three months, at Kilwa. The same cause prevented us from visiting the northern kingdoms of Karagwah and Uganda; to effect this exploration, however, we should have required not only funds but time. The rains there setting in about September render travelling impossible; our two years leave of absence was drawing to a close, and even had we commanded a sufficient outfit, we were not disposed to risk the consequences of taking an extra twelve months. No course, therefore, remained but to regain the coast. We did not, however, give up hopes of making our return useful to geography, by tracing the course of the Rwaha or Rufijí River, and of visiting the coast between the Usagara Mountains and Kilwa, an unknown line not likely to attract future travellers."

MUNGO PARK'S PERILS

(From Mungo Park.)

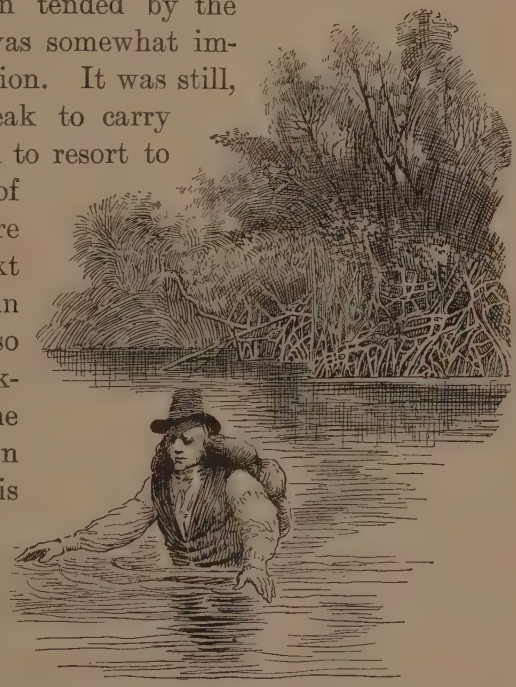
By T. BANKS MacLACHLAN.

ON the morning of the 30th of July, 1796, eight months from the day on which he had started from the Gambia, Mungo Park set out on his return thither. Though there was a certain satisfaction in having his face toward home, the prospect before him was sufficient to appal the bravest. A journey of nearly two thousand miles, through an unknown country, had to be performed on foot. He was sick, clothed in rags, destitute. The tropical winter, with its terrible wind and rain, had now set in. The rivers were overflowing their banks and inundating the land, swamps were rising into inland seas, and the paths were deep in mire and in many places totally impassable. But there was no alternative. He had either to fight his way back to the Gambia, or perish miserably among strangers and enemies.

He began his journey by canoe. At the cost of a handful of his scanty store of cowries he voyaged all

day up the Niger, and at night, for a like expenditure, was allowed to share a hut with a slave, who compassionately lent him a large cloth to cover him while he slept. It was almost invariably from the poor and needy that the lonely white man received spontaneous kindness.

When he reached the place where he had left his horse, as he had thought, to die, he found that the animal had been tended by the chief man and was somewhat improved in condition. It was still, however, too weak to carry him, and he had to resort to his former plan of driving it before him. For the next three days the rain fell in torrents, so heavily that walking was out of the question. When he resumed his journey the country looked like a vast sea. For miles he waded knee-deep, and in crossing swamps was frequently up to the breast in water.

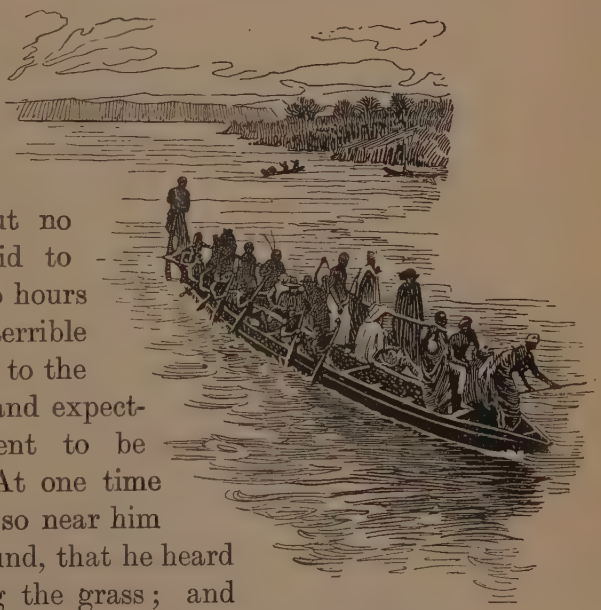


The difficulties of travel had now become so serious that he determined to procure a guide; but though he offered two hundred cowries, no man could be induced

to face the perils of the road. As he neared Sansanding, he discovered that calumny had been at work during his absence. A rumor had gone abroad that he had come into Bambarra as a spy, and he learned that the king had sent men to Jenne to apprehend him. In those circumstances the people were naturally unwilling or afraid to assist him, or to give him food and shelter. He was shunned by everybody, and was even threatened with violence when he grew more urgent in his entreaties for assistance. The farther he went the greater the animosity he encountered, until he realized that if he was to escape a second captivity he must lose no time in getting out of Bambarra. Indeed, the king's men were out in search of him, to carry him off to Sego. Making a détour to avoid the capital, he continued his journey westward along the Niger, resolved to ascertain, on his way home, how far the river was navigable in that direction. Whatever danger or difficulty he might be placed in, Park never forgot the object of his mission, or allowed considerations of personal safety to turn him aside from duty. As the rainy season advanced, provisions became scarcer, until neither money nor entreaties could procure a supply. For three successive days he could get nothing to eat but a little raw corn.

Arriving at nightfall at a village called Song, he was met on every hand with surly looks, and was curtly refused food or shelter. The inhabitants would not even allow him to so much as enter the gates of the village. This was not only an uncomfortable, but a very dangerous predicament; for the vicinity was infested with lions, and death would have been the almost

inevitable penalty of lying unprotected over night in the open. But his arguments and prayers were alike unheeded, and in despair the outcast, having collected some grass for his horse, lay down on the wet ground under a tree by the village gate, with no covering but his scanty rags. He had not lain long when the roar of a lion broke upon the stillness of the night. Park sprang to the gate, and with desperate energy attempted to force it open. But he could not, and the people within told him that they dared not open the gate unless they had the chief's permission. Park begged them to let the chief know of his critical position; but no attention was paid to him, and for two hours he waited in terrible anxiety, listening to the roar of the lion, and expecting every moment to be pounced upon. At one time the animal came so near him as it prowled around, that he heard it rustling among the grass; and making a dash for the tree, he climbed into it, and remained there till the lion had gone off again. At last the chief and some of his men came to the gate, and invited the stranger to enter. "They were convinced," they said,



Royal Canoe on the Niger.

"that I was not a Moor; for no Moor ever waited any time at the gate of a village without cursing the inhabitants."

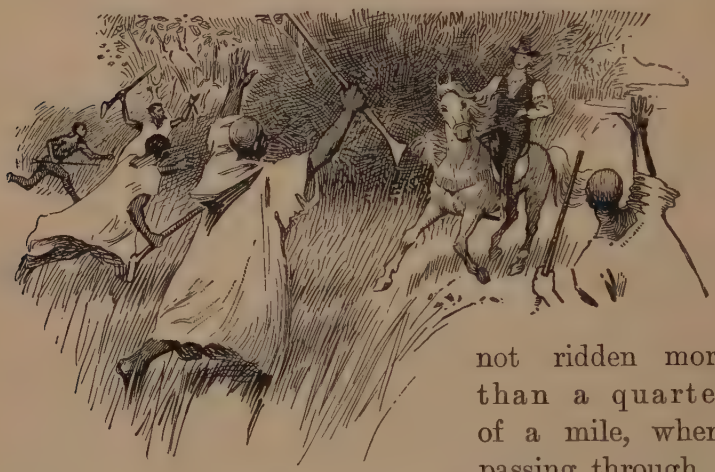
Next day Park nearly lost his horse. When crossing a swamp, where the water rose to the saddle girths, the horse slipped into a hole and was all but drowned, before it struggled out again. The state of the horse and his ragged rider when they emerged from the swamp was deplorable. The villagers laughed at them as they passed, and compared them to two dirty elephants. Frequently the traveller found his path obstructed by large streams flowing into the Niger, and those had to be crossed despite the alligators and the swiftness of the current. His usual mode was to secure his precious papers in the crown of his hat, then lead his horse to the brink of the stream, push it headlong into the water, and seizing the bridle in his teeth, swim to the other side, taking his chance of being pulled under by an alligator. By a traveller endowed with less cheerfulness and patience than Park those impediments would have been counted as disagreeable as they were dangerous. But he seemed to find compensation in every distress; and of those adventures he naïvely says: — "The rain and heavy dew kept my clothes continually wet; and the roads being very damp and full of mud, such a washing was sometimes pleasant, and oftentimes necessary."

One of those tributaries of the Niger was so deep and rapid that Park hesitated before attempting to swim across. After examination, however, he determined to face the risk. "With this view I fastened my clothes upon the saddle, and was standing

up to the neck in water, pulling my horse by the bridle to make him follow me, when a man came accidentally to the place, and seeing me in the water, called to me with great vehemence to come out. The alligators, he said, would devour both me and my horse if we attempted to swim over. When I got out, the stranger, who had never before seen a European, seemed wonderfully surprised. He twice put his hand to his mouth, exclaiming in a low tone of voice, 'God preserve me! who is this?' But when he heard me speak the Bambarra tongue, and found that I was going the same way as himself, he promised to assist me in crossing the river." The outcome of this timely meeting was the unwonted luxury of a canoe and a supper, which, though meagre, was better than he had enjoyed for many a night. But no one offered him shelter, and while all other men were asleep in their huts, Park had to sit out all night under a tree, exposed to the rain and wind of a tornado.

In the town at which he halted on the following night he had the rare good fortune to procure a full meal and a sound sleep under a roof, in return for writing charms for the superstitious natives. Further on, in an obscure little village hidden away in the recesses of a romantic valley, he was treated with liberal hospitality. But on the morning of the day on which he parted with the innocent Negroes a disaster overtook him which reduced his fortunes to the very lowest ebb. He had left the Niger at Bammaku, where the river takes a more southerly trend, and was pushing eastward towards Sibidulu, over a wild and rocky tract, when he fell in with a band of men armed with

muskets, who said they had been sent to bring him to the King of Fulahs. As resistance would have been useless, Park turned and went with them. They had



not ridden more than a quarter of a mile, when, passing through a dark place in the wood, the fellows suddenly attacked him. One snatched off his hat, another with a knife cut off the only button that remained on his waistcoat; then falling upon him in a body, they stripped him stark naked and examined every article of clothing. Even his boots, though so dilapidated that the sole of one of them was tied to his foot with a broken bridle-rein, were examined with a view to appropriation. Park begged them to return at least his pocket-compass, without which he could not hope to find his was through the wilderness; but one of the robbers, cocking his musket, vowed he would kill him instantly if he had lain a finger on it. The thieves stood for a little, considering whether or not they would return their victim some of his rags. Then

flinging him a shirt, his trousers, and his hat, they went off into the wood, taking his horse with them.

"After they were gone," said Park, "I sat for some time looking around me with amazement and terror. Whichever way I turned, nothing appeared but danger and difficulty. I saw myself in the midst of a vast wilderness, in the depth of the rainy season; naked and alone; surrounded by savage animals and men still more savage. I was five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement. All these circumstances crowded at once on my recollection, and I confess that my spirits began to fail me. I considered my fate as certain, and that I had no alternative but to lie down and perish. The influence of religion, however, aided and supported me. I reflected that no human prudence or foresight could possibly have averted my present sufferings. I was indeed a stranger in a strange land, yet I was still under the protecting eye of that Providence who has condescended to call himself the stranger's friend.

"At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss in fructification irresistibly caught my eye. I mention this to show from what trifling circumstances the mind will sometimes derive consolation; for though the whole plant was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation at its roots, leaves, and capsula without admiration. Can that Being (thought I), who planted, watered, and brought to perfection in this obscure part of the world a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation of sufferings of creatures

formed under his own image? Surely not! Reflections like these would not allow me to despair. I started up, and disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forwards, assured that relief was at hand."

Fired with this spirit he struggled on to Sibidulu, the frontier town of the kingdom of Manding, and there he had an experience of kindness and prompt justice surpassing anything he had ever met with in Africa.

When he was admitted to the presence of the chief man, Park told the story of the robbery. The chief heard him out in silence, then, with an indignant wave of his hand, he exclaimed, "Sit down; you shall have everything restored to you; I have sworn it." Then, turning to an attendant, "Give the white man a draught of water, and with the first light of the morning go over the hills and inform the Chief of Bammaku that a poor white man, the King of Bambarra's stranger, has been robbed by the King of Fulahdu's people." For two days Park waited for the return of his property, but, ever anxious to push forward, he then went on his way, hoping to have his horse and clothes sent after him. At a place called Wonda he was sitting naked in the shade waiting till his rag of a shirt, which he had washed, should dry, when the fever from which he had suffered at intervals for many days suddenly returned in a severe paroxysm. For nine days he remained at Wonda prostrate with fever. Food was scarce in the land, even to the point of famine, and Park was deeply oppressed by the thought of being dependent for subsistence upon people who were themselves reduced to such dreadful straits that they had actually to sell their own children to obtain the price of a little corn. So

anxious was he to conceal his sickly condition from his host that he used to spend whole days lying hidden from sight in the wet cornfields, a very unselfish and thoughtful action, but one that greatly aggravated the fever that was rapidly sapping his strength.

At last the stolen horse and clothes were restored to him, but he was very much concerned to find that the precious compass had been smashed and rendered useless. The horse was reduced to a mere skeleton, and so weak as to be quite unfit for travel. Park therefore presented him to his host as a parting gift, and on the morning of September 8th resumed his journey on foot westward to the Gambia, carrying in his hand a spear, and over his shoulder a leather bag containing his scanty wardrobe, two presents from his poor but kindly landlord.

He was a strange figure, this tattered, long-haired man, with the spear and wallet, and his boots cut down into sandals. Never was traveller in a more melancholy plight. Rain fell incessantly in torrents that only the tropics know. The roads lay deep under mud and water, and the lonely wanderer dragged his slow steps along, toiling through the sodden land from sunrise to sunset, and, when night came, thankful for even a handful of corn to eat and a corner of some damp, draughty hut to lie down in.

Day after day Park moved painfully westward, with the growing conviction that the end of the struggle was not far distant. Escape from death seemed impossible. Even if he were able to bear up for a time against sickness, hunger, and fatigue, and the awful depression that the African fever brings in its train, the vast Jallonka

wilderness still lay ahead, as if gaping to swallow him up. It took caravans five days of rapid travelling to cross this waste; five days, during which neither house nor human being, nor any trace of habitation, could be seen. Even to the hardy natives, who knew every mile of the way, and went well prepared for the hardships of the march, this wilderness was a place of terror, to be rushed over at headlong speed. And how could he, scarce able to do more than crawl, without a day's rations, ignorant of the route, and without a compass to direct his steps, hope to pass the barrier that lay between him and the Gambia? It was impossible, and Park had almost resigned himself to the thought that the depths of the Jallonka wilderness would see the end of his toil and suffering.

But just when hope was at its last flicker came the most notable of the many deliverances that were vouchsafed to Park at critical junctures of his career. It might be called the "crowning mercy" of his first African expedition. It happened in this wise.

When Park arrived at the little town of Kamalia, he was conducted to the house of one Karfa Taura, a negro slave merchant, whom he found sitting in the company of several other traders. So yellow was the traveller's skin from the effects of fever, so wretched and poverty-stricken his appearance, that the traders would not believe he was a white man, but suspected he was an Arab in disguise. Asked if he understood Arabic, Park answered in the affirmative. Then Karfa caused a curious little book to be brought, and Park's eyes glistened with delight and emotion as they rested on the familiar English type of the Book of Common

Prayer. It was like the sight of a familiar friendly face in a strange land. He read the book, and Karfa, satisfied that his guest was a white man, promised to assist him. He said it was impossible for Park to proceed at that time, for the Jallonka wilderness could not be traversed until the rainy season was over. As soon as the rivers were fordable, he intended to go to the Gambia with a slave caravan, and he advised Park to remain at Kamalia till then. When Park replied that he was totally without means of supporting himself, Karfa looked at him thoughtfully for a space. He had never before seen a white man, and was not sure if he could subsist on the food that the country supplied. However, he was easily satisfied on that point, and a bargain was concluded that for the price of one prime slave Park should be fed and lodged till the end of the rainy season, and then conducted in safety to the Gambia. So the way-worn and fever-wasted traveller settled down to recruit and wait for the return of the dry season.

For the time being Park's difficulties were at an end, but the effects of the privations through which he had passed were not so easily shaken off. For five weeks he was tormented with fever, and when at last the rains began to subside, and with them the rigors of his illness, he was so weak that he could scarcely stand erect. Another source of grievous annoyance was the malice of some of the traders. They invented and circulated all manner of evil stories concerning him, and the arrival of a merchant from Sego with a fresh budget of tales about the mysterious stranger increased the suspicion and animosity with which he was

regarded. But through it all Karfa Taura faithfully stood his friend, and from first to last his kindness and attention did not abate one jot.

During this time of waiting Park was by no means idle. He was diligent in collecting information about the country, its people, productions, climate, conditions, and prospects, and the results of those researches he subsequently set forth in a singularly clear and interesting fashion.

THE BUFFALO ON THE PLAINS

(From the California and Oregon Trail.)

By F. PARKMAN.

Twice twenty leagues
Beyond remotest smoke of hunter's camp,
Roams the majestic brute, in herds that shake
The earth with thundering steps.

BRYANT.

FOUR days on the Platte, and yet no buffalo! Last year's signs of them were provokingly abundant; and wood being extremely scarce, we found an admirable substitute in the *bouse de vache*, which burns exactly like peat, producing no unpleasant effects. The wagons one morning had left the camp; Shaw and I were already on horseback, but Henry Chatillon still sat cross-legged by the dead embers of the fire, playing pensively with the lock of his rifle, while his sturdy Wyandotte pony stood quietly behind him, looking over his head. At last he got up, patted the neck

of the pony (whom, from an exaggerated appreciation of his merits, he had christened "Five Hundred Dollar"), and then mounted with a melancholy air.

"What is it, Henry?"

"Ah, I feel lonesome; I never been here before; but I see away yonder over the buttes, and down there on the prairie, black — all black with buffalo!"

In the afternoon he and I left the party in search of an antelope; until at the distance of a mile or two on the right, the tall white wagons and the little black specks of horsemen were just visible, so slowly advancing that they seemed motionless; and far on the left rose the broken line of scorched, desolate sand-hills. The vast plain waved with tall rank grass that swept our horses' bellies; it swayed to and fro in billows with the light breeze, and far and near antelope and wolves were moving through it, the hairy backs of the latter alternately appearing and disappearing as they bounded awkwardly along; while the antelope, with the simple curiosity peculiar to them, would often approach us closely, their little horns and white throats just visible above the grass tops, as they gazed eagerly at us with their round black eyes.

I dismounted, and amused myself with firing at the wolves. Henry attentively scrutinized the surrounding landscape; at length he gave a shout, and called on me to mount again, pointing in the direction of the sand-hills. A mile and a half from us, two minute black specks slowly traversed the face of one of the bare glaring declivities, and disappeared behind the summit. "Let us go!" cried Henry, belaboring the sides of Five Hundred Dollar; and I following in his wake, we

galloped rapidly through the rank grass toward the base of the hills.

From one of their openings descended a deep ravine, widening as it issued on the prairie. We entered it, and galloping up, in a moment were surrounded by the bleak sand-hills. Half of their steep sides were bare; the rest were scantily clothed with clumps of grass, and various uncouth plants, conspicuous among which appeared the reptile-like prickly-pear. They were gashed with numberless ravines; and as the sky had suddenly darkened, and a cold gusty wind arisen, the strange shrubs and the dreary hills looked doubly wild and desolate. But Henry's face was all eagerness. He tore off a little hair from the piece of buffalo robe under his saddle, and threw it up, to show the course of the wind. It blew directly before us. The game were therefore to windward, and it was necessary to make our best speed to get round them.

We scrambled from this ravine, and galloping away through the hollows, soon found another, winding like a snake among the hills, and so deep that it completely concealed us. We rode up the bottom of it, glancing through the shrubbery at its edge, till Henry abruptly jerked his rein, and slid out of his saddle. Full a quarter of a mile distant, on the outline of the farthest hill, a long procession of buffalo were walking, in Indian file, with the utmost gravity and deliberation; then more appeared, clambering from a hollow not far off, and ascending, one behind the other, the grassy slope of another hill; then a shaggy head and a pair of short broken horns appeared issuing out of a ravine close at hand, and with a slow, stately step, one by one, the

enormous brutes came into view, taking their way across the valley, wholly unconscious of an enemy. In a moment Henry was worming his way, lying flat on the ground, through grass and prickly-pears, toward his unsuspecting victims. He had with him both my rifle and his own. He was soon out of sight, and still the buffalo kept issuing into the valley. For a long time he was silent; I sat holding his horse, and wondering what he was about, when suddenly, in rapid succession, came the sharp reports of the two rifles, and the whole line of buffalo, quickening their pace into a clumsy trot, gradually disappeared over the ridge of the hill. Henry rose to his feet, and stood looking after them.

"You have missed them," said I.

"Yes," said Henry; "let us go." He descended into the ravine, loaded the rifles, and mounted his horse.

We rode up the hill after the buffalo. The herd was out of sight when we reached the top, but lying on the grass not far off, was one quite lifeless, and another violently struggling in the death agony.

"You see, I miss him!" remarked Henry. He had fired from a distance of more than a hundred and fifty yards, and both balls had passed through the lungs — the true mark in shooting buffalo.

The darkness increased, and a driving storm came on. Tying our horses to the horns of the victims, Henry began the bloody work of dissection, slashing away with the science of a connoisseur, while I vainly endeavored to imitate him. Old Hendrick recoiled with horror and indignation when I endeavored to tie the meat to the strings of rawhide, always carried for this purpose,

dangling at the back of the saddle. After some difficulty we overcame his scruples; and heavily burdened with the more eligible portions of the buffalo, we set out on our return. Scarcely had we emerged from the labyrinth of gorges and ravines, and issued upon the open prairie, when the pricking sleet came driving, gust upon gust, directly in our faces. It was strangely dark, though wanting still an hour of sunset. The freezing storm soon penetrated to the skin, but the uneasy trot of our heavy-gaited horses kept us warm enough, as we forced them unwillingly in the teeth of the sleet and rain, by the powerful suasion of our Indian whips. The prairie in this place was hard and level. A flourishing colony of prairie dogs had burrowed into it in every direction, and the little mounds of fresh earth around their holes were about as numerous as the hills in a cornfield; but not a yelp was to be heard; not the nose of a single citizen was visible; all had retired to the depths of their burrows, and we envied them their dry and comfortable habitations. An hour's hard riding showed us our tent dimly looming through the storm, one side puffed out by the force of the wind, and the other collapsed in proportion, while the disconsolate horses stood shivering close around, and the wind kept up a dismal whistling in the boughs of three old half-dead trees above. Shaw, like a patriarch, sat on his saddle in the entrance, with a pipe in his mouth, and his arms folded, contemplating, with cool satisfaction, the piles of meat that we flung on the ground before him. A dark and dreary night succeeded; but the sun rose with a heat so sultry and languid that the captain excused himself on that account from waylaying an old

buffalo bull, who with stupid gravity was walking over the prairie to drink at the river. So much for the climate of the Platte!

But it was not the weather alone that had produced this sudden abatement of the sportsmanlike zeal which the captain had always professed. He had been out on the afternoon before, together with several members of his party; but their hunting was attended with no other result than the loss of one of their best horses, severely injured by Sorel, in vainly chasing a wounded bull. The captain, whose ideas of hard riding were all derived from trans-atlantic sources, expressed the utmost amazement at the feats of Sorel, who went leaping ravines, and dashing at full speed up and down the sides of precipitous hills, lashing his horse with the recklessness of a Rocky Mountain rider. Unfortunately for the poor animal he was the property of R., against whom Sorel entertained an unbounded aversion. The captain himself, it seemed, had also attempted to "run" a buffalo, but though a good and practised horseman, he had soon given over the attempt, being astonished and utterly disgusted at the nature of the ground he was required to ride over.

Nothing unusual occurred on that day; but on the following morning Henry Chatillon, looking over the oceanlike expanse, saw near the foot of the distant hills something that looked like a band of buffalo. He was not sure, he said, but at all events, if they were buffalo, there was a fine chance for a race. Shaw and I at once determined to try the speed of our horses.

"Come, captain; we'll see which can ride hardest, a Yankee or an Irishman."

But the captain maintained a grave and austere countenance. He mounted his led horse, however, though very slowly; and we set out at a trot. The game appeared about three miles' distant. As we proceeded the captain made various remarks of doubt and indecision; and at length declared he would have nothing to do with such a breakneck business; protesting that he had ridden plenty of steeple-chases in his day, but he never knew what riding was till he found himself behind a band of buffalo day before yesterday. "I am convinced," said the captain, "that 'running' is out of the question.[1] Take my advice now and don't attempt it. It's dangerous, and of no use at all."

"Then why did you come out with us? What do you mean to do?"

"I shall 'approach,'" replied the captain.

"You don't mean to 'approach' with your pistols, do you? We have all of us left our rifles in the wagons."

The captain seemed staggered at the suggestion. In his characteristic indecision, at setting out, pistols, rifles, "running" and "approaching" were mingled in an inextricable medley in his brain. He trotted on in silence between us for a while; but at length he dropped behind, and slowly walked his horse back to rejoin the party. Shaw and I kept on; when lo! as we advanced, the band of buffalo were transformed into certain clumps of tall bushes, dotting the prairie for a considerable dis-

[1] The method of hunting called "running" consists in attacking the buffalo on horseback and shooting him with bullets or arrows when at full-speed. In "approaching," the hunter conceals himself and crawls on the ground toward the game, or lies in wait to kill them.

tance. At this ludicrous termination of our chase, we followed the example of our late ally, and turned back toward the party. . . .

We encamped that night upon the bank of the river. Among the emigrants there was an overgrown boy, some eighteen years old, with a head as round and about as large as a pumpkin, and fever-and-ague fits had dyed his face of a corresponding color. He wore an old white hat, tied under his chin with a handkerchief; his body was short and stout, but his legs of disproportioned and appalling length. I observed him at sunset, breasting the hill with gigantic strides, and standing against the sky on the summit, like a colossal pair of tongs. In a moment after we heard him screaming frantically behind the ridge, and nothing doubting that he was in the clutches of Indians or grizzly bears, some of the party caught up their rifles and ran to the rescue. His outcries, however, proved but an ebullition of joyous excitement; he had chased two little wolf pups to their burrow, and he was on his knees, grubbing away like a dog at the mouth of the hole, to get at them.

Before morning he caused more serious disquiet in the camp. It was his turn to hold the middle guard; but no sooner was he called up, than he coolly arranged a pair of saddle-bags under a wagon, laid his head upon them, closed his eyes, opened his mouth, and fell asleep. The guard on our side of the camp, thinking it no part of his duty to look after the cattle of the emigrants, contented himself with watching our own horses and mules; the wolves, he said, were unusually noisy; but still no mischief was anticipated until the sun rose, and

not a hoof or horn was in sight! The cattle were gone! While Tom was quietly slumbering, the wolves had driven them away.

Then we reaped the fruits of R.'s precious plan of travelling in company with emigrants. To leave them in their distress was not to be thought of, and we felt bound to wait until the cattle could be searched for, and, if possible, recovered. But the reader may be curious to know what punishment awaited the faithless Tom. By the wholesome law of the prairie, he who falls asleep on guard is condemned to walk all day, leading his horse by the bridle, and we found much fault with our companions for not enforcing such a sentence on the offender. Nevertheless, had he been of our own party, I have no doubt he would in like manner have escaped scot-free. But the emigrants went farther than mere forbearance: they decreed that since Tom couldn't stand guard without falling asleep, he shouldn't stand guard at all, and henceforward his slumbers were unbroken. Establishing such a premium on drowsiness could have no very beneficial effect upon the vigilance of our sentinels; for it is far from agreeable, after riding from sunrise to sunset, to feel your slumbers interrupted by the butt of a rifle nudging your side, and a sleepy voice growling in your ear that you must get up, to shiver and freeze for three weary hours at midnight.

"Buffalo! buffalo!" It was but a grim old bull, roaming the prairie by himself in misanthropic seclusion; but there might be more behind the hills. Dreading the monotony and languor of the camp, Shaw and I saddled our horses, buckled our holsters in their

places, and set out with Henry Chatillon in search of the game. Henry, not intending to take part in the chase, but merely conducting us, carried his rifle with him, while we left ours behind as incumbrances. We rode for some five or six miles, and saw no living thing but wolves, snakes, and prairie dogs.

"This won't do at all," said Shaw.

"What won't do?"

"There's no wood about here to make a litter for the wounded man; I have an idea that one of us will need something of the sort before the day is over."

There was some foundation for such an apprehension, for the ground was none of the best for a race, and grew worse continually as we proceeded; indeed it soon became desperately bad, consisting of abrupt hills and deep hollows, cut by frequent ravines not easy to pass. At length, a mile in advance, we saw a band of bulls. Some were scattered grazing over a green declivity, while the rest were crowded more densely together in the wide hollow below. Making a circuit to keep out of sight, we rode toward them until we ascended a hill within a furlong of them, beyond which nothing intervened that could possibly screen us from their view. We dismounted behind the ridge just out of sight, drew our saddle-girths, examined our pistols, and mounting again rode over the hill, and descended at a canter toward them, bending close to our horses' necks. Instantly they took the alarm; those on the hill descended; those below gathered into a mass, and the whole got in motion, shouldering each other along at a clumsy gallop. We followed, spurring our horses to full speed; and as the herd rushed, crowding and

trampling in terror through an opening in the hills, we were close at their heels, half suffocated by the clouds of dust. But as we drew near, their alarm and speed increased; our horses showed signs of the utmost fear, bounding violently aside as we approached, and refusing to enter among the herd. The buffalo now broke into several small bodies, scampering over the hills in different directions, and I lost sight of Shaw; neither of us knew where the other had gone. Old Pontiac ran like a frantic elephant up hill and down hill, his ponderous hoofs striking the prairie like sledge-hammers. He showed a curious mixture of eagerness and terror, straining to overtake the panic-stricken herd, but constantly recoiling in dismay as we drew near. The fugitives, indeed, offered no very attractive spectacle, with their enormous size and weight, their shaggy manes and the tattered remnants of their last winter's hair covering their backs in irregular shreds and patches, and flying off in the wind as they ran. At length I urged my horse close behind a bull, and after trying in vain, by blows and spurring, to bring him alongside, I shot a bullet into the buffalo from this disadvantageous position. At the report, Pontiac swerved so much that I was again thrown a little behind the game. The bullet, entering too much in the rear, failed to disable the bull, for a buffalo requires to be shot at particular points, or he will certainly escape. The herd ran up a hill, and I followed in pursuit. As Pontiac rushed headlong down on the other side, I saw Shaw and Henry descending the hollow on the right, at a leisurely gallop; and in front, the buffalo were just disappearing behind the crest of the

next hill, their short tails erect, and their hoofs twinkling through a cloud of dust.

At that moment, I heard Shaw and Henry shouting to me; but the muscles of a stronger arm than mine could not have checked at once the furious course of Pontiac, whose mouth was as insensible as leather. Added to this, I rode him that morning with a common snaffle, having the day before, for the benefit of my other horse, unbuckled from my bridle the curb which I ordinarily used. A stronger and hardier brute never trod the prairie; but the novel sight of the buffalo filled him with terror, and when at full speed he was almost incontrollable. Gaining the top of the ridge, I saw nothing of the buffalo; they had all vanished amid the intricacies of the hills and hollows. Reloading my pistols, in the best way I could, I galloped on until I saw them again scuttling along at the base of the hill, their panic somewhat abated, Down went old Pontiac among them, scattering them to the right and left, and then we had another long chase. About a dozen bulls were before us, scouring over the hills, rushing down the declivities with tremendous weight and impetuosity, and then laboring with a weary gallop upward. Still Pontiac, in spite of spurring and beating, would not close with them. One bull at length fell a little behind the rest, and by dint of much effort I urged my horse within six or eight yards of his side. His back was darkened with sweat; he was panting heavily, while his tongue lolled out a foot from his jaws. Gradually I came up abreast of him, urging Pontiac with leg and rein nearer to his side, when suddenly he did what buffalo in such circumstances will

"At Length I Shot a Bullet Into the Buffalo."

always do; he slackened his gallop, and turning toward us, with an aspect of mingled rage and distress, lowered his huge shaggy head for a charge. Pontiac, with a snort, leaped aside in terror, nearly throwing me to the ground, as I was wholly unprepared for such an evolution. I raised my pistol in a passion to strike him on the head, but thinking better of it, fired the bullet after the bull, who had resumed his flight; then drew rein, and determined to rejoin my companions. It was high time. The breath blew hard from Pontiac's nostrils, and the sweat rolled in big drops down his sides; I myself felt as if drenched in warm water. Pledging myself (and I redeemed the pledge) to take my revenge at a future opportunity, I looked round for some indications to show me where I was, and what course I ought to pursue; I might as well have looked for landmarks in the midst of the ocean. How many miles I had run or in what direction, I had no idea; and around me the prairie was rolling in steep swells and pitches, without a single distinctive feature to guide me. I had a little compass hung at my neck; and ignorant that the Platte at this point diverged considerably from its easterly course, I thought that by keeping to the northward I should certainly reach it. So I turned and rode about two hours in that direction. The prairie changed as I advanced, softening away into easier undulations, but nothing like the Platte appeared, nor any sign of a human being; the same wild endless expanse lay around me still, and to all appearance I was as far from my object as ever. I began now to consider myself in danger of being lost; and therefore, reining in my horse, summoned the scanty

share of woodcraft that I possessed (if that term be applicable upon the prairie) to extricate me. Looking round, it occurred to me that the buffalo might prove my best guides. I soon found one of the paths made by them in their passage to the river; it ran nearly at right angles to my course; but turning my horse's head in the direction it indicated, his freer gait and erected ears assured me that I was right.

But in the meantime my ride had been by no means a solitary one. The whole face of the country was dotted far and wide with countless hundreds of buffalo. They trooped along in files and columns, bulls, cows, and calves, on the green faces of the declivities in front. They scrambled away over the hills to the right and left; and far off, the pale blue swells in the extreme distance were dotted with innumerable specks. Sometimes I surprised shaggy old bulls grazing alone, or sleeping behind the ridges I ascended. They would leap up at my approach, stare stupidly at me through their tangled manes, and then gallop heavily away. The antelope were very numerous; and as they are always bold when in the neighborhood of buffalo, they would approach quite near to look at me, gazing intently with their great round eyes, then suddenly leap aside, and stretch lightly away over the prairie, as swiftly as a racehorse. Squalid, ruffianlike wolves sneaked through the hollows and sandy ravines. Several times I passed through villages of prairie dogs, who sat, each at the mouth of his burrow, holding his paws before him in a supplicating attitude, and yelping away most vehemently, energetically whisking his little tail with every squeaking cry he uttered. Prairie dogs

are not fastidious in their choice of companions; various long, checkered snakes were sunning themselves in the midst of the village, and demure little gray owls, with a large white ring around each eye, were perched side by side with the rightful inhabitants. The prairie teemed with life. Again and again I looked toward the crowded hillsides, and was sure I saw horsemen; and riding near, with a mixture of hope and dread, for Indians were abroad, I found them transformed into a group of buffalo. There was nothing in human shape amid all this vast congregation of brute forms.

When I turned down the buffalo path, the prairie seemed changed; only a wolf or two glided past at intervals, like conscious felons, never looking to the right or left. Being now free from anxiety, I was at leisure to observe minutely the objects around me; and here, for the first time, I noticed insects wholly different from any of the varieties found farther to the eastward. Gaudy butterflies fluttered about my horse's head; strangely formed beetles, glittering with metallic lustre, were crawling upon plants that I had never seen before; multitudes of lizards, too, were darting like lightning over the sand.

I had run to a great distance from the river. It cost me a long ride on the buffalo path before I saw from the ridge of a sand-hill the pale surface of the Platte glistening in the midst of its desert valleys, and the faint outline of the hills beyond waving along the sky. From where I stood, not a tree nor a bush nor a living thing was visible throughout the whole extent of the sun-scorched landscape. In half an hour I came upon the trail, not far from the river; and seeing that

the party had not yet passed, I turned eastward to meet them, old Pontiac's long swinging trot again assuring me that I was right in doing so. Having been slightly ill on leaving camp in the morning, six or seven hours of rough riding had fatigued me extremely. I soon stopped, therefore; flung my saddle on the ground, and with my head resting on it, and my horse's trail-rope tied loosely to my arm, lay waiting the arrival of the party, speculating meanwhile on the extent of the injuries Pontiac had received. At length the white wagon coverings rose from the verge of the plain. By a singular coincidence, almost at the same moment two horsemen appeared coming down from the hills. They were Shaw and Henry, who had searched for me a while in the morning, but well knowing the futility of the attempt in such a broken country, had placed themselves on the top of the highest hill they could find, and picketing their horses near them, as a signal to me, had laid down and fallen asleep. The stray cattle had been recovered, as the emigrants told us, about noon. Before sunset, we pushed forward eight miles farther.

June 7, 1846. — Four men are missing; R., Sorel, and two emigrants. They set out this morning after buffalo, and have not yet made their appearance; whether killed or lost, we cannot tell.

I find the above in my notebook, and well remember the council held on the occasion. Our fire was the scene of it; for the palpable superiority of Henry Chataillon's experience and skill made him the resort of the whole camp upon every question of difficulty. He was moulding bullets at the fire, when the captain

drew near, with a perturbed and careworn expression of countenance, faithfully reflected on the heavy features of Jack, who followed close behind. Then emigrants came straggling from their wagons toward the common centre; various suggestions were made to account for the absence of the four men, and one or two of the emigrants declared that when out after the cattle they had seen Indians dogging them, and crawling like wolves along the ridges of the hills. At this the captain slowly shook his head with double gravity, and solemnly remarked:

"It's a serious thing to be travelling through this cursed wilderness;" an opinion in which Jack immediately expressed a thorough coincidence. Henry would not commit himself by declaring any positive opinion:

"Maybe he only follow the buffalo too far; maybe Indian kill him; maybe he got lost; I cannot tell!"

With this the auditors were obliged to rest content; the emigrants, not in the least alarmed, though curious to know what had become of their comrades, walked back to their wagons, and the captain betook himself pensively to his tent. Shaw and I followed his example.

IN THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT

(From Astoria.)

By WASHINGTON IRVING.

A PART of their route would lay across an immense tract stretching north and south for hundreds of miles along the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and drained by the tributary streams of the Missouri and the Mississippi. This region, which resembles one of the immeasurable steppes of Asia, has not inaptly been termed "the great American desert." It spreads forth into undulating and treeless plains, and desolate sandy wastes, wearisome to the eye from their extent and monotony, and which are supposed by geologists to have formed the ancient floor of the ocean, countless ages since, when its primeval waves beat against the granite bases of the Rocky Mountains.

It is a land where no man permanently abides; for in certain seasons of the year there is no food either for the hunter or his steed. The herbage is parched and withered; the brooks and streams are dried up; the buffalo, the elk, and deer have wandered to distant

parts, keeping within the verge of expiring verdure, and leaving behind them a vast uninhabited solitude, seamed by ravines, the beds of former torrents, but now serving only to tantalize and increase the thirst of the traveller.

Occasionally the monotony of this vast wilderness is interrupted by mountainous belts of sand and limestone, broken into confused masses; with precipitous cliffs and yawning ravines, looking like the ruins of a world; or is traversed by lofty and barren ridges of rock, almost impassable, like those denominated the Black Hills. Beyond these rise the stern barriers of the Rocky Mountains, the limits, as it were, of the Atlantic world. The rugged defiles and deep valleys of this vast chain form sheltering places for restless and ferocious bands of savages, many of them the remnants of tribes, once inhabitants of the prairies, but broken up by war and violence, and who carry into their mountain haunts the fierce passions and reckless habits of desperadoes.

Such is the nature of this immense wilderness of the

far west; which apparently defies cultivation, and the habitation of civilized life. Some portions of it along the rivers may partially be subdued by agriculture, others may form vast pastoral tracts, like those of the east; but it is to be feared that a great part of it will form a lawless interval between the abodes of civilized man, like the wastes of the ocean or the deserts of Arabia; and, like them, be subject to the depredations of the marauder. Here may spring up new and mongrel races, like new formations in geology, the amalgamation of the "débris" and "abrasions" of former races, civilized and savage; the remains of broken and almost extinguished tribes; the descendants of wandering hunters and trappers; of fugitives from the Spanish and American frontiers; of adventurers and desperadoes of every class and country, yearly ejected from the bosom of society into the wilderness. We are contributing incessantly to swell this singular and heterogeneous cloud of wild population that is to hang about our frontier, by the transfer of whole tribes of savages from the east of the Mississippi to the great wastes of the far west. Many of these bear with them the smart of real or fancied injuries; many consider themselves expatriated beings, wrongfully exiled from their hereditary homes, and the sepulchres of their fathers, and cherish a deep and abiding animosity against the race that has dispossessed them. Some may gradually become pastoral hordes, like those rude and migratory people, half shepherd, half warrior, who, with their flocks and herds, roam the plains of upper Asia; but, others, it is to be apprehended, will become predatory bands, mounted on the fleet steeds of the prairies, with the

open plains for their marauding grounds, and the mountains for their retreats and lurking places. Here they may resemble those great hordes of the north, "Gog and Magog with their bands," that haunted the gloomy imaginations of the prophets. "A great company and a mighty host, all riding upon horses, and warring upon those nations which were at rest, and dealt peaceably, and had gotten cattle and goods."

The Spaniards changed the whole character and habits of the Indians when they brought the horse among them. In Chili, Tucuman and other parts, it has converted them, we are told, into Tartar-like tribes, and enabled them to keep the Spaniards out of their country, and even to make it dangerous for them to venture far from their towns and settlements. Are we not in danger of producing some such state of things in the boundless regions of the far west? That these are not mere fanciful and extravagant suggestions we have sufficient proofs in the dangers already experienced by the traders to the Spanish mart of Santa Fé, and to the distant posts of the fur companies. These are obliged to proceed in armed caravans, and are subject to murderous attacks from bands of Pawnees, Comanches, and Blackfeet, that come scouring upon them in their weary march across the plains, or lie in wait for them among the passes of the mountains. . . .

The resolution of Mr. Hunt and his companions was now taken to set out immediately on foot. As to the other detachments that had in a manner gone forth to seek their fortunes, there was little chance of their return; they would probably make their own way through

the wilderness. At any rate, to linger in the vague hope of relief from them, would be to run the risk of perishing with hunger. Besides, the winter was rapidly advancing, and they had a long journey to make through an unknown country, where all kinds of perils might await them. They were yet, in fact, a thousand miles from Astoria, but the distance was unknown to them at the time: every thing before and round them was vague and conjectural, and wore an aspect calculated to inspire despondency.

In abandoning the river, they would have to launch forth upon vast trackless plains destitute of all means of subsistence, where they might perish of hunger and thirst. A dreary desert of sand and gravel extends from Snake River almost to the Columbia. Here and there is a thin and scanty herbage, insufficient for the pasturage of horse or buffalo. Indeed these treeless wastes between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific, are even more desolate and barren than the naked, upper prairies on the Atlantic side; they present vast desert tracts that must ever defy cultivation, and interpose dreary and thirsty wilds between the habitations of man, in traversing which, the wanderer will often be in danger of perishing.

Seeing the hopeless character of these wastes, Mr. Hunt and his companions determined to keep along the course of the river, where they would always have water at hand and would be able occasionally to procure fish and beaver, and might perchance meet with Indians, from whom they could obtain provisions.

They now made their final preparations for the march. All their remaining stock of provisions con-

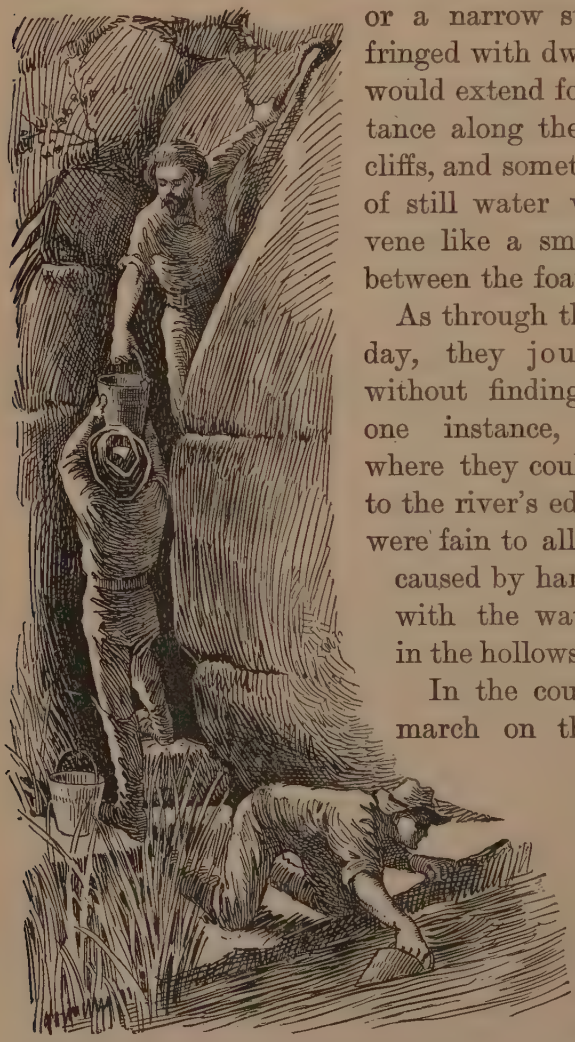
sisted of forty pounds of Indian corn, twenty pounds of grease, about five pounds of portable soup, and a sufficient quantity of dried meat to allow each man a pittance of five pounds and a quarter, to be reserved for emergencies. This being properly distributed, they deposited all their goods and superfluous articles in the caches, taking nothing with them but what was indispensable to the journey. With all their management, each man had to carry twenty pounds' weight beside his own articles and equipments.

That they might have the better chance of procuring subsistence in the scanty regions they were to traverse, they divided their party into two bands, Mr. Hunt, with eighteen men, beside Pierre Dorion and his family, was to proceed down the north side of the river, while Mr. Crooks, with eighteen men, kept along the south side.

On the morning of the 9th of October, the two parties separated and set forth on their several courses. Mr. Hunt and his companions followed along the right bank of the river, which made its way far below them, brawling at the foot of perpendicular precipices of solid rock, two and three hundred feet high. For twenty-eight miles that they travelled this day, they found it impossible to get down to the margin of the stream. At the end of this distance they encamped for the night at a place which admitted a scrambling descent. It was with the greatest difficulty, however, that they succeeded in getting up a kettle of water from the river for the use of the camp. As some rain had fallen in the afternoon, they passed the night under the shelter of the rocks.

The next day they continued thirty-two miles to the

northwest, keeping along the river, which still ran in its deep cut channel. Here and there a sandy beach or a narrow strip of soil, fringed with dwarf willows, would extend for a little distance along the foot of the cliffs, and sometimes a reach of still water would intervene like a smooth mirror between the foaming rapids.



As through the preceding day, they journeyed on without finding, except in one instance, any place where they could get down to the river's edge, and they were fain to allay the thirst caused by hard travelling, with the water collected in the hollows of the rocks.

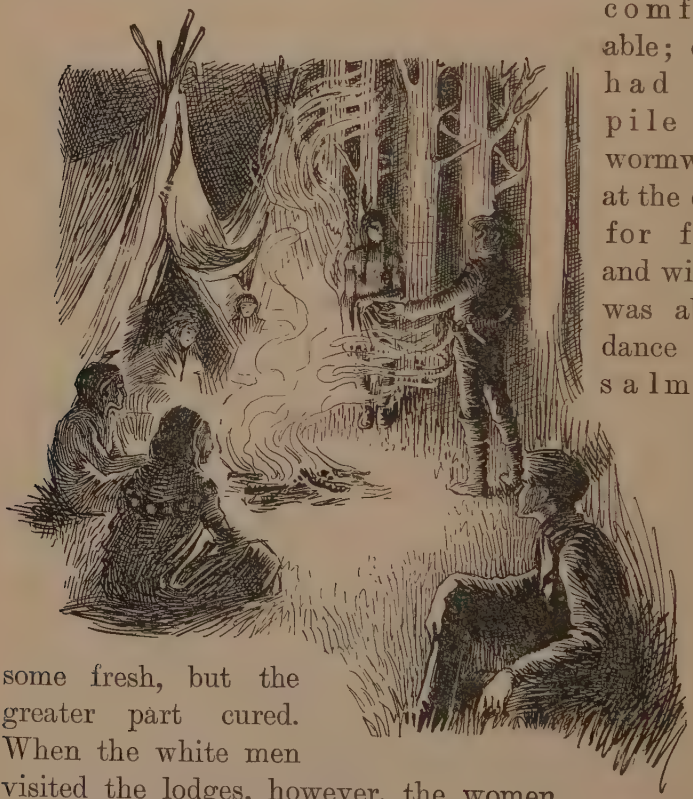
In the course of their march on the following morning, they fell into a beaten horse path leading along the river, which showed that they were in the neighborhood of some Indian village or encampment. They had not proceeded far along it,

when they met with two Shoshonies, or Snakes. They approached with some appearance of uneasiness, and accosting Mr. Hunt, held up a knife, which by signs they let him know they had received from some of the white men of the advance parties. It was with some difficulty that Mr. Hunt prevailed upon one of the savages to conduct him to the lodges of his people. Striking into a trail or path which led up from the river, he guided them for some distance in the prairie, until they came in sight of a number of lodges made of straw, and shaped like hay-stacks. Their approach, as on former occasions, caused the wildest affright among the inhabitants. The women hid such of their children as were too large to be carried, and too small to take care of themselves, under straw, and, clasping their infants to their breasts, fled across the prairie. The men awaited the approach of the strangers, but evidently in great alarm.

Mr. Hunt entered the lodges, and, as he was looking about, observed where the children were concealed; their black eyes glistening like those of snakes, from beneath the straw. He lifted up the covering to look at them; the poor little beings were horribly frightened, and their fathers stood trembling, as if a beast of prey were about to pounce upon the brood.

The friendly manner of Mr. Hunt soon dispelled these apprehensions; he succeeded in purchasing some excellent dried salmon, and a dog, an animal much esteemed as food, by the natives; and when he returned to the river one of the Indians accompanied him. He now came to where lodges were frequent along the banks, and, after a day's journey of twenty-six miles

to the northwest, encamped in a populous neighborhood. Forty or fifty of the natives soon visited the camp, conducting themselves in a very amicable manner. They were well clad, and all had buffalo robes, which they procured from some of the hunting tribes in exchange for salmon. Their habitations were very comfortable; each had its pile of wormwood at the door for fuel, and within was abundance of salmon,



some fresh, but the greater part cured. When the white men visited the lodges, however, the women and children hid themselves through fear. Among the supplies obtained here were two dogs, on which our travellers breakfasted, and found them to be very excellent, well-flavored, and hearty food.

In the course of the three following days, they made about sixty-three miles, generally in a northwest direction. They met with many of the natives in their straw-built cabins who received them without alarm. About their dwellings were immense quantities of the heads and skins of salmon, the best parts of which had been cured, and hidden in the ground. The women were badly clad; the children worse; their garments were buffalo robes, or the skins of foxes, wolves, hares, and badgers, and sometimes the skins of ducks, sewed together, with the plumage on. Most of the skins must have been procured by traffic with other tribes, or in distant hunting excursions, for the naked prairies in the neighborhood afforded few animals, excepting horses, which were abundant. There were signs of buffaloes having been there, but a long time before.

On the 15th of November, they made twenty-eight miles along the river which was entirely free from rapids. The shores were lined with dead salmon, which tainted the whole atmosphere. The natives whom they met spoke of Mr. Reed's party having passed through that neighborhood. In the course of the day Mr. Hunt saw a few horses, but the owners of them took care to hurry them out of the way. All the provisions they were able to procure, were two dogs and a salmon. On the following day they were still worse off, having to subsist on parched corn, and the remains of their dried meat. The river this day had resumed its turbulent character, forcing its way through a narrow channel between steep rocks, and down violent rapids. They made twenty miles over a rugged road, gradually approaching a mountain in the north-

west, covered with snow, which had been in sight for three days past.

On the 17th, they met with several Indians, one of whom had a horse. Mr. Hunt was extremely desirous of obtaining it as a pack horse; for the men, worn down by fatigue and hunger, found the loads of twenty pounds' weight which they had to carry, daily growing heavier and more galling. The Indians, however, along this river, were never willing to part with their horses, having none to spare. The owner of the steed in question seemed proof against all temptation; article after article of great value in Indian eyes was offered and refused. The charms of an old tin kettle, however, were irresistible, and a bargain was concluded.

A great part of the following morning was consumed in lightening the packages of the men and arranging the load for the horse. At this encampment there was no wood for fuel, even the wormwood on which they had frequently depended having disappeared. For the two last days they had made thirty miles to the northwest.

On the 19th of November, Mr. Hunt was lucky enough to purchase another horse for his own use, giving in exchange a tomahawk, a knife, a fire steel, and some beads and gartering. In an evil hour, however, he took the advice of the Indians to abandon the river, and follow a road or trail, leading into the prairies. He soon had cause to repent the change. The road led across a dreary waste, without verdure; and there was neither fountain, nor pool, nor running stream. The men now began to experience the torments of thirst, aggravated by their usual diet of dried fish. The thirst of the Canadian voyagers became almost

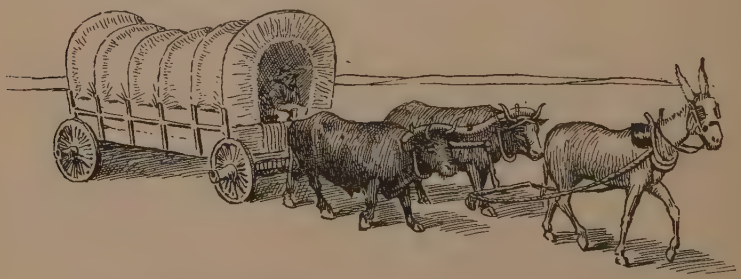
insupportabe. . . . For twenty-five miles did they toil on across this dismal desert, and laid themselves down at night, parched and disconsolate, beside their wormwood fires; looking forward to still greater sufferings on the following day. Fortunately it began to rain in the night, to their infinite relief; the water soon collected in puddles and afforded them delicious draughts.

Refreshed in this manner, they resumed their wayfaring as soon as the first streaks of dawn gave light enough for them to see their path. The rain continued all day, so that they no longer suffered from thirst, but hunger took its place, for, after travelling thirty-three miles they had nothing to sup on but a little parched corn.

The next day brought them to the banks of a beautiful little stream, running to the west, and fringed with groves of cottonwood and willow. On its borders was an Indian camp, with a great many horses grazing around it. The inhabitants, too, appeared to be better clad than usual. The scene was altogether a cheering one to the poor half-famished wanderers. They hastened to the lodges, but on arriving at them, met with a check that at first dampened their cheerfulness. An Indian immediately laid claim to the horse of Mr. Hunt, saying that it had been stolen from him. There was no disproving a fact, supported by numerous bystanders, and which the horse stealing habits of the Indians rendered but too probable; so Mr. Hunt relinquished his steed to the claimant; not being able to retain him by a second purchase.

At this place they encamped for the night and made

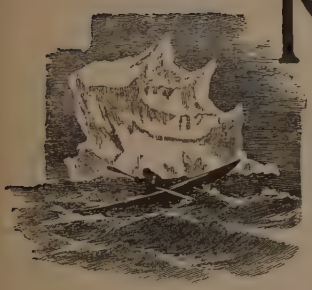
a sumptuous repast upon fish and a couple of dogs, procured from their Indian neighbors. The next day they kept along the river, but came to a halt after ten miles march, on account of the rain. Here they again got a supply of fish and dogs from the natives; and two of the men were fortunate enough each to get a horse in exchange for a buffalo robe. One of these men was Pierre Dorion, the half-breed interpreter, to whose suffering family the horse was a most timely acquisition. And here we cannot but notice the wonderful patience, perseverance, and hardihood of the Indian women, as exemplified in the conduct of the poor squaw of the interpreter. She had two children to take care of; one four, and the other two years of age. The latter of course she had frequently to carry on her back, in addition to the burden usually imposed upon the squaw, yet she had borne all her hardships without a murmur and throughout this weary and painful journey, had kept pace with the best of the pedestrians. Indeed on various occasions in the course of this enterprise, she displayed a force of character that won the respect and applause of the white men.



HARDSHIPS OF ARCTIC TRAVEL

(From Arctic Explorations.)

By ELISHA KENT KANE, M.D., U. S. N.



MY journal tells of disaster in its record of our setting out. In launching the Hope from the frail and perishing ice-wharf on which we found our first refuge from the gale, she was precipitated into the sludge below, carrying away rail and bulwark, losing overboard our best shot-gun, Bonsall's favorite, and, worst of all, the universal favorite, our kettle, — soup-kettle, paste-kettle, tea-kettle, water-kettle, in one. I may mention before I pass, that the kettle found its substitute and successor in the remains of a tin can which a good aunt of mine had filled with ginger-nuts two years before, and which had long survived the condiments that once gave it dignity. "Such are the uses of adversity."

Our descent to the coast followed the margin of the fast ice. After passing the Crimson Cliffs of St John Ross, it wore almost the dress of a holiday excursion, — a rude one perhaps, yet truly one in feeling. Our course, except where a protruding glacier interfered

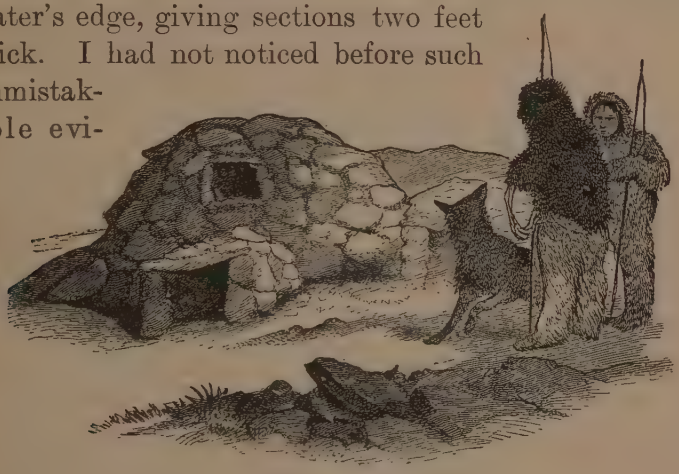
with it, was nearly parallel to the shore. The birds along it were rejoicing in the young summer, and when we halted it was upon some green-clothed cape near a stream of water from the ice-fields above. Our sportsmen would clamber up the cliffs and come back laden with little auks; great generous fires of turf, that cost nothing but the toil of gathering, blazed merrily; and our happy oarsmen, after a long day's work, made easy by the promise ahead, would stretch themselves in the sunshine and dream happily away till called to the morning wash and prayers. We enjoyed it the more, for we all of us knew that it could not last.

Esquimau.

This coast must have been a favorite region at one time with the natives, — a sort of Esquimaux Eden. We seldom encamped without finding the ruins of their habitations, for the most part overgrown with lichens, and exhibiting every mark of antiquity. One of these, in latitude 76° 20′, was once, no doubt, an extensive village. Cairns for the safe deposit of meat stood in long lines, six or eight in a group; and the huts, built of large rocks, faced each other, as if disposed on a street or avenue.

The same reasoning which deduces the subsidence of the coast from the actual base of the Temple of Serapis, proves that the depression of the Greenland coast, which I had detected as far north as Upernavik, is also going on up here. Some of these huts were

washed by the sea or torn away by the ice that had descended with the tides. The turf, too, a representative of very ancient growth, was cut off even with the water's edge, giving sections two feet thick. I had not noticed before such unmistakable evi-



Esquimau Hut.

dence of the depression of this coast: its converse elevation I had observed to the north of Wostenholme Sound. The axis of oscillation must be somewhere in the neighborhood of latitude 77°.

We reached Cape York on the 21st, after a tortuous but romantic travel through a misty atmosphere. Here the land-leads ceased, with the exception of some small and scarcely-practicable openings near the shore, which were evidently owing to the wind that prevailed for the time. Every thing bore proof of the late development of the season. The red snow was a fortnight behind its time. A fast floe extended with numerous tongues far out to the south and east. The only question was between a new rest, for the shore-ices to open, or a desertion of the coast and a trial of the open water to the west . . .

The return of the party from Imalik gave us no reason to hesitate. The Esquimaux had not been there for several years. There were no birds in the neighborhood.

I climbed the rocks a second time with Mr. McGary, and took a careful survey of the ice with my glass. The "fast," as the whalers call the immovable shore-ice, could be seen in a nearly unbroken sweep, passing by Bushnell's Island, and joining the coast not far from where I stood. The outside floes were large, and had evidently been not long broken; but it cheered my heart to see that there was one well-defined lead which followed the main floe until it lost itself to seaward.

I called my officers together, explained to them the motives which governed me, and prepared to re-embark. The boats were hauled up, examined carefully, and, as far as our means permitted, repaired. The Red Eric was stripped of her outfit and cargo, to be broken up for fuel when the occasion should come. A large beacon-cairn was built on an eminence, open to view from the south and west; and a red flannel shirt, spared with some reluctance, was hoisted as a pennant to draw attention to the spot. Here I deposited a succinct record of our condition and purposes, and then directed our course south by west into the ice-fields.

By degrees the ice through which we were moving became more and more impacted; and it sometimes required all our ice-knowledge to determine whether a particular lead was practicable or not. The irregularities of the surface, broken by hummocks, and occasionally by larger masses, made it difficult to see far ahead; besides which, we were often embarrassed by

the fogs. I was awakened one evening from a weary sleep in my fox-skins, to discover that we had fairly lost our way. The officer at the helm of the leading boat, misled by the irregular shape of a large iceberg that crossed his track, had lost the main lead some time before, and was steering shoreward far out of the true course. The little canal in which he had locked us was hardly two boats'-lengths across, and lost itself not far off in a feeble zigzag both behind and before us: it was evidently closing, and we could not retreat.

Without apprising the men of our misadventure, I ordered the boats hauled up, and, under pretence of

drying the clothing and stores, made a camp on the ice. A few hours after, the weather cleared enough for the first time to allow a view of the distance, and McGary and myself climbed a berg some three hundred feet high for the purpose. It was truly fearful: we were deep in the recesses of the bay, surrounded on all sides by stupendous icebergs and tangled floe-pieces. My sturdy second officer, not naturally impressible, and long accustomed to the vicissitudes of whaling life, shed tears at the prospect.

There was but one thing to be done: cost what it might, we must harness our sledges again and retrace our way to the westward. One sledge had been already

used for firewood; the Red Eric, to which it had belonged, was now cut up, and her light cedar planking laid upon the floor of the other boats; and we went to work with the rue-raddies as in the olden time. It was not till the third toilsome day was well spent that we reached the berg which had bewildered our helmsman. We hauled over its tongue, and joyously embarked again upon a free lead, with a fine breeze from the north.

Our little squadron was now reduced to two boats. The land to the northward was no longer visible; and whenever I left the margin of the fast to avoid its deep sinuosities, I was obliged to trust entirely to the compass. We had at least eight days' allowance of fuel on board; but our provisions were running very low, and we met few birds, and failed to secure any larger game. We saw several large seals upon the ice, but they were too watchful for us; and on two occasions we came upon the walrus sleeping, — once within actual lance-thrust; but the animal charged in the teeth of his assailant and made good his retreat.

On the 28th I instituted a quiet review of the state of things before us. Our draft on the stores we had laid in at Providence Halt had been limited for some days to three raw eggs and two breasts of birds a day; but we had a small ration of bread-dust besides; and when we halted, as we did

regularly for meals, our fuel allowed us to indulge lavishly in the great panacea of Arctic travel, tea. The men's strength was waning under this restricted diet; but a careful reckoning up of our remaining supplies proved to me now that even this was more than we could afford ourselves without an undue reliance on the fortunes of the hunt. Our next land was to be Cape Shackleton, one of the most prolific bird-colonies of the coast, which we were all looking to, much as sailors nearing home in their boats after disaster and short allowance at sea. But, meting out our stores through the number of days that must elapse before we could expect to share its hospitable welcome, I found that five ounces of bread dust, four of tallow, and three of bird-meat, must from this time form our daily ration.

So far we had generally coasted the fast ice: it had given us an occasional resting-place and refuge, and we were able sometimes to reinforce our stores of provisions by our guns. But it made our progress tediously slow, and our stock of small-shot was so nearly exhausted that I was convinced our safety depended on an increase of speed. I determined to try the more open sea.

For the first two days the experiment was a failure. We were surrounded by heavy fogs; a southwest wind brought the outside pack upon us and obliged us to haul up on the drifting ice. We were thus carried to the northward, and lost about twenty miles. My party, much overworked, felt despondingly the want of the protection of the land-floes.

Nevertheless, I held to my purpose, steering S. S. W.

as nearly as the leads would admit, and looking constantly for the thinning out of the pack that hangs around the western water.

Although the low diet and exposure to wet had again reduced our party, there was no apparent relaxation of energy; and it was not until some days later that I found their strength seriously giving way.

It is a little curious that the effect of a short allowance of food does not show itself in hunger. The first symptom is a loss of power, often so imperceptibly brought on that it becomes evident only by an accident. I well remember our look of blank amazement as, one day, the order being given to haul the Hope over a tongue of ice, we found that she would not budge. At first I thought it was owing to the wetness of the snow-covered surface in which her runners were; but, as there was a heavy gale blowing outside, and I was extremely anxious to get her on to a larger floe to prevent being drifted off, I lightened her cargo and set both crews upon her. In the land of promise, off Crimson Cliffs, such a force would have trundled her like a wheelbarrow: we could almost have borne her upon our backs. Now, with incessant labor and standing-hauls, she moved at a snail's pace.

The Faith was left behind, and barely escaped destruction. The outside pressure cleft the floe asunder, and we saw our best boat, with all our stores, drifting rapidly away from us. The sight produced an almost hysterical impression upon our party. Two days of want of bread, I am sure, would have destroyed us; and we had now left us but eight pounds of shot in all. To launch the Hope again, and rescue her com-

rade or share her fortunes, would have been the instinct of other circumstances ; but it was out of the question now. Happily, before we had time to ponder our loss, a flat cake of ice eddied round near the floe we were upon ; McGary and myself sprang to it at the moment, and succeeded in floating it across the chasm in time to secure her. The rest of the crew rejoined her by only scrambling over the crushed ice as we brought her in at the hummock-lines.

Things grew worse and worse with us: the old difficulty of breathing came back again, and our feet swelled to such an extent that we were obliged to cut open our canvas boots. But the symptom which gave me most uneasiness was our inability to sleep. A form of low fever which hung by us when at work had been kept down by the thoroughness of our daily rest: all my hopes of escape were in the refreshing influences of the halt.

It must be remembered that we were now in the open bay, in the full line of the great ice-drift to the Atlantic, and in boats so frail and unseaworthy as to require constant baling to keep them afloat.

It was at this crisis of our fortunes that we saw a large seal floating — as is the custom of these animals — on a small patch of ice, and seemingly asleep. It was an ussuk, and so large that I at first mistook it for a walrus. Signal was made for the Hope to follow astern, and, trembling with anxiety, we prepared to crawl down upon him.

Petersen, with the large English rifle was stationed in the bow, and stockings were drawn over the oars as mufflers. As we neared the animal, our excitement

became so intense that the men could hardly keep stroke. I had a set of signals for such occasions, which spared us the noise of the voice; and when about three hundred yards off, the oars were taken in, and we moved on in deep silence with a single scull astern.

He was not asleep, for he reared his head when we were almost within rifle-shot; and to this day I can remember the hard, careworn, almost despairing expression of the men's thin faces as they saw him move: their lives depended on his capture.

I depressed my hand nervously, as a signal for Petersen to fire. McGarry hung upon his oar, and the boat, slowly but noiselessly sagging ahead, seemed to me within certain range. Looking at Petersen, I saw that the poor fellow was paralyzed by his anxiety, trying vainly to obtain a rest for his gun against the cutwater of the boat. The seal rose on his fore-flippers, gazed at us for a moment with frightened curiosity, and coiled himself for a plunge. At that instant, simultaneously with a crack of our rifle, he relaxed his long length on the ice, and, at the very brink of the water, his head fell helpless to one side.

I would have ordered another shot, but no discipline could have controlled the men. With a wild yell, each vociferating according to his own impulse, they urged both boats upon the floes. A crowd of hands seized the seal and bore him up to safer ice. The men seemed half crazy: I had not realized how much we were reduced by absolute famine. They ran over the floe, crying and laughing and brandishing their knives. It was not five minutes before every man was sucking

his bloody fingers or mouthing long strips of raw blubber.

Not an ounce of this seal was lost. The intestines found their way into the soup-kettles without any observance of the preliminary home-processes. The cartilaginous parts of the fore-flippers were cut off in the *mêlée*, and passed round to be chewed upon; and even the liver, warm and raw as it was, bade fair to be eaten before it had seen the pot. That night, on the large halting-floe, to which, in contempt of the dangers of drifting, we happy men had hauled our boats, two entire planks of the Red Eric were devoted to a grand cooking-fire, and we enjoyed a rare and savage feast.

The Walrus.

This was our last experience of the disagreeable effects of hunger. In the words of George Stephenson, "The charm was broken, and the dogs were safe." The dogs I have said little about, for none of us liked to think of them. The poor creatures Toodla and Whitey had been taken with us as last resources against starvation. They were, as McGary worded it,

"meat on the hoof," and "able to carry their own fat over the floes." Once, near Weary Man's Rest, I had been on the point of killing them; but they had been the leaders of our winter's team, and we could not bear the sacrifice.

I need not detail our journey any farther. Within a day or two we shot another seal, and from that time forward had a full supply of food.

On the 1st of August we sighted the Devil's Thumb, and were again among the familiar localities of the whalers' battling-ground. The bay was quite open, and we had been making easting for two days before. We were soon among the Duck Islands, and, passing to the south of Cape Shackleton, prepared to land.

"Terra firma! Terra firma!" How very pleasant it was to look upon, and with what a tingle of excited thankfulness we drew near it! A little time to seek a cove among the wrinkled hills, a little time to exchange congratulations, and then our battered boats were hauled high and dry upon the rocks, and our party, with hearts full of our deliverance lay down to rest.

And, now, with the apparent certainty of reaching our homes, came that nervous apprehension which follows upon hope long deferred. I could not trust myself to take the outside passage, but timidly sought the quiet-water channels running deep into the archipelago which form a sort of labyrinth along the coast.

Thus it was that at one of our sleeping-halts upon the rocks — for we still adhered to the old routine — Petersen awoke me with a story. He had just seen and recognized a native, who, in his frail kayak, was

evidently seeking eider-down among the islands. The man had once been an inmate of his family. "Paul Zacharias, don't you know me? I'm Carl Petersen!" "No," said the man; "his wife says he's dead;" and, with a stolid expression of wonder, he stared for a moment at the long beard that loomed at him through the fog, and paddled away with all the energy of fright.

Esquimau Knife.

Two days after this, a mist had settled down upon the islands which embayed us, and when it lifted we found ourselves rowing, in lazy time, under the shadow of Karkamoot. Just then a familiar sound came to us over the water. We had often listened to the screeching of the gulls or the bark of the fox, and mistaken it for the "Huk" of the Esquimaux; but this had about it an inflection not to be mistaken, for it died away in the familiar cadence of a "halloo."

Esquimau Spear.

"Listen, Petersen! oars, men!" "What is it?" — and he listened quietly at first, and then, trembling, said, in a half whisper, "Dannemarkers!"

I remember this, the first tone of Christian voice which had greeted our return to the world. How we all stood up and peered into the distant nooks; and

how the cry came to us again, just as, having seen nothing, we were doubting whether the whole was not a dream; and then how, with long sweeps, the white ash cracking under the spring of the rowers, we stood for the cape that the sound proceeded from, and how nervously we scanned the green spots which our experience, grown now into instinct, told us would be the likely camping-ground of wayfarers.

By-and-by — for we must have been pulling a good half-hour — the single mast of a small shallop showed itself; and Petersen, who had been very quiet and grave, burst out into an incoherent fit of crying, only relieved by broken exclamations of mingled Danish and English. "'Tis the Upernavik oil-boat! The Fraulein Flaischer! Carlie Mossyn, the assistant cooper, must be on his road to Kingatok for blubber. The Mariane (the one annual ship) has come, and Carlie Mossyn — " and here he did it all over again, gulping down his words and wringing his hands.

It was Carlie Mossyn, sure enough. The quiet routine of a Danish settlement is the same year after year, and Petersen had hit upon the exact state of things. The Mariane was at Proven, and Carlie Mossyn had come up in the Fraulein Flaischer to get the year's supply of blubber from Kingatok.

Here we first got our cloudy vague idea of what had passed in the big world during our absence. The friction of its fierce rotation had not much disturbed this little outpost of civilization, and we thought it a sort of blunder as he told us that France and England were leagued with the Mussulman against the Greek Church. He was a good Lutheran, this assistant

cooper, and all news with him had a theological complexion.

"What of America? eh, Petersen?" — and we all looked, waiting for him to interpret the answer.

"America?" said Carlie; "we don't know much of that country here, for they have no whalers on the coast; but a steamer and a barque passed up a fortnight ago, and have gone out into the ice to seek your party."

How gently all the lore of this man oozed out of him! he seemed an oracle, as, with hot-tingling fingers pressed against the gunwale of the boat, we listened to his words. "Sebastopol ain't taken." Where and what was Sebastopol?

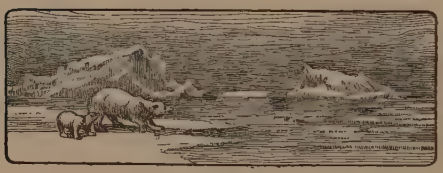
But "Sir John Franklin?" There we were at home again, — our own delusive little specialty rose uppermost. Franklin's party, or traces of the dead which represented it, had been found nearly a thousand miles to the south of where we had been searching for them. He knew it; for the priest (Pastor Kraag) had a German newspaper which told all about it. And so we "out oars" again, and rowed into the fogs.

Another sleeping-halt has passed, and we have all washed clean at the fresh-water basins and furbished up our ragged furs and woollens. Kasarsoak, the snowy top of Sanderson's Hope, shows itself above the mists, and we hear the yelling of the dogs. Petersen had been foreman of the settlement, and he calls my attention, with a sort of pride, to the tolling of the workmen's bell. It is six o'clock. We are nearing the end of our trials. Can it be a dream? —

We hugged the land by the big harbor, turned the corner by the old brew-house, and, in the midst of a

crowd of children, hauled our boats for the last time upon the rocks.

For eighty-four days we had lived in the open air. Our habits were hard and weather-worn. We could not remain within the four walls of a house without a distressing sense of suffocation. But we drank coffee that night before many a hospitable threshold, and listened again and again to the hymn of welcome, which, sung by many voices, greeted our deliverance.



CAPTAIN COOK'S LAST VOYAGE—A.D. 1776

(From Notable Voyages.)

By W. H. G. KINGSTON.

THE two ships, Resolution and Discovery, sailed from Plymouth on the 12th of July, 1776, and reached the Cape of Good Hope on the 10th of November. Again sailing on the 3d of December, they sighted Marion and the Crozet Islands, and coasted along Kerguelen's Land, which was found to be an island, desolate and sterile in the extreme. On the 24th of January they anchored in Adventure Bay, on the coast of Van Diemen's Land. A few natives appeared, whose only weapons were pointed sticks, and who were black and perfectly naked. Sailing on the 30th of January, the ships reached Queen Charlotte's Sound in New Zealand on the 12th of the next month. The natives were somewhat shy, fearing that Cook had come to punish them for the murder of the boat's crew belonging to the Adventure. Some of those who had not taken part in

it urged him to do so; but, as he remarks, "the natives of one part were constantly requesting him to destroy their neighbors — indeed, the tribes were living in a state of warfare among each other."

Leaving Queen Charlotte's Sound, Mangeea was reached, a pleasing fertile island, and beyond it another called Wateea, a spot of great beauty, diversified by hills and plains. The inhabitants were in general remarkably handsome, and were of the same race as those of the Society Islands. Thence a course was steered for Hervey Island, seen on the previous voyage. Though then supposed not to be inhabited, several canoes came off, carrying men of a somewhat darker hue and a more fierce and warlike aspect than the natives of Mangeea, though probably of the same race.

Captain Cook.

On the passage to the Friendly Islands, the ships called off Palmerston Island, where scurvy-grass, palm-cabbages, and fodder for the animals and birds, and cocoa-nuts for the crew, were obtained.

Passing Savage Island on the 1st of May, they dropped anchor at Annamooka. Here Cook made the acquaintance of Feenon, who, though then only a tributary, afterwards became lord of the whole group. By his means an abundant supply of provisions of all sorts was obtained. Feenon and another chief, Omai, accom-

panied him to Hapai, belonging to the same archipelago. Here Cook accompanied them on shore, and a large concourse of people, numbering three thousand, assembled, whom the chief addressed, urging them to bring such provisions as were required.

They were entertained with various games, such as wrestling and pugilistic matches. Some warriors engaged in a succession of single combats, in which they fought with clubs. Cook, on landing, suspected from the behavior of the chiefs that something more than ordinary was in agitation. In fact, friendly as they appeared, they had formed a plot, instigated by Feenon, to massacre their visitors and take possession of their ships, as they did some years afterwards of the vessel in which Mr. Mariner sailed. Fortunately, disputes arose amongst the conspirators, and they either abandoned or put off their design. Feenon, notwithstanding his intended treachery, accompanied their other visitors on board ship, and dined with the captain. Afterwards he sent a present of two large hogs, some yams, and a considerable quantity of cloth. Notwithstanding this apparently friendly intercourse, the natives, who came on board in considerable numbers, stole whenever they had an opportunity. At length, to put a stop to this, Cook seized three canoes which were alongside, and then going ashore with a strong guard, and having found the King, his brother Feenon, and some other chiefs in a house, immediately placed a guard over them, and made them understand that until the things were returned they must remain under restraint. This had the desired effect, and most of the articles were brought back. Cook then invited the King and other

chiefs to accompany him on board to dinner. The King set the example, although the others at first objected, and in a short time the remainder of the things were brought back.

Cook remained at the Tonga Islands for nearly three months. Having left with them several useful animals and various seeds, he sailed on the 17th of July for Otaheite. Here Omai found several relatives, who showed him little affection until he presented them with some colored plumes and other treasures he had brought. Cook here induced his crew to take cocoa-nut liquor in exchange for part of their allowance of spirits, with beneficial results. Omai showed his true character by associating with the lower orders of the people; and had not Cook interfered, he would have given away everything he possessed to his worthless companions. Some horses had been brought out, on two of which the captains rode daily over the plains of Matavai, to the great astonishment of the natives, who on all occasions assembled to witness this, to them, extraordinary feat.

Leaving Otaheite, Cook the next day landed at Eimeo, where one of the goats he carried to stock their islands was stolen. It was not until several war canoes and six or eight huts had been burnt that the natives restored the missing animal.

On the 12th of October, he anchored at Huaheine, where it was arranged that Omai was to be left, though he himself wished to settle at Ulietea, where his father had possessed some land, which he hoped to be able to recover through the means of the English. He was very indignant on finding that the captain would not consent to do this, but was at last reconciled to the plan pro-

posed for him. The grant of a piece of land being obtained from the chief, a house was built, a garden stocked, and the young savage was sent on shore with various firearms, toys, a portable organ, an electrical machine, fireworks, with other things, as well as a horse and a mare, a boar and sow, and a male and female kid. Being thus established, it was hoped that with these advantages he would be able to maintain himself, and instruct the islanders in some of the arts of civilization. He exhibited the deepest grief when he was at length landed, and would gladly have remained with his friends.

How different was the conduct of Omai to that which was expected! Abandoning his European dress, he quickly sank into idleness, barbarously employing his firearms either to assist the chief in his wars or to shoot those of his countrymen who had offended him. In three years he died, despised even by the savages it was supposed that he would have improved.

At Otaheite, where Cook afterward touched, three or four of his people having deserted, several members of the chief's family were seized and kept as hostages until they should be delivered up. Oreo, the chief, fearing that the runaways might not be discovered, formed a plot to seize the captain and some of his principal officers; but, as they wisely took care not to put themselves in his power, this was prevented, and fortunately the deserters were discovered and brought on board.

Bolabola was the next island visited, for the purpose of recovering an anchor which had been lost by Bougainville at Otaheite, and brought here as a tribute to its

warlike inhabitants; Cook's object being to manufacture it into iron tools to trade with. It was easily obtained from the chief Opoony for some axes and other articles.

Cook here landed, as at other places, goats and hogs, in hopes that the archipelago would in a few years be stocked with all the valuable domestic animals of Europe. Sailing from Bolabola on the 8th of December, he steered northward, and on the 24th saw a low island, of barren appearance, to which the name of "Christmas Island" was given. It was uninhabited, though nearly twenty leagues in circumference. No fresh water could be found here, but three hundred green turtles were taken.

On the 18th of January, 1778, an island appeared N.E. by E., and soon after another was seen bearing north, and the next day a third, in a W.N.W. direction. From the second some men came off to the ships in a canoe. They were of a brown color, but the features of many differed little from those of Europeans. As the vessels steered along the coast, several villages were seen, and the inhabitants brought off pigs and fine potatoes. From the looks of amazement with which they regarded the ships and everything on board, it was evident that they were unused to European visitors; at the same time they exhibited remarkable intelligence. On rowing ashore with three armed boats and a party of marines, the instant Cook landed, the natives fell flat on their faces, until by expressive signs he prevailed upon them to rise. They had brought a number of small pigs, which they presented on plantain-leaves, one of the party making a long speech. The people willingly

assisted the sailors in rolling the casks to and from the watering-place, and made no attempt to cheat or steal.

To this group, now first visited by civilized man, the name of the "Sandwich Islands" was given, in compliment to the First Lord of the Admiralty. On leaving these islands, — destined to be so fatal to the discoverer, — the ships steered for New Albion, which had been visited by Drake. After tacking on and off the shore for several days, they put into a harbor, which received the title of "Hope Bay." The morning afterwards three canoes, shaped like Norway yawls, came off from a village, and a man, dressed in the skin of an animal, with a rattle in each hand, made a long speech. Others followed, and one of the party sang a pleasant air in a soft tone. When the voyagers moved to a safer anchorage, a large number of inhabitants made their appearance. They willingly supplied the ships with such provisions as they possessed, but would receive nothing but brass in return, and all brass articles to be found on board were bartered away. Nearly a month was passed in uninterrupted friendship among these savages. The inlet was called "Nootka Sound," from the native name.

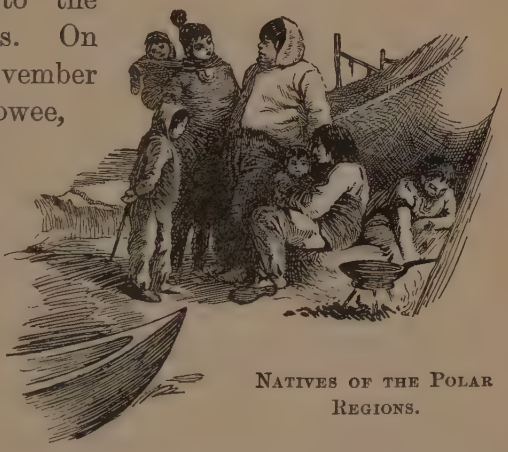
Again putting to sea on the 4th of May, Mount St. Elias was seen. Nine days afterwards the ships came to an anchor in a bay, on which was bestowed the name of "Prince William's Sound." The most remarkable feature of some of the inhabitants on its shores was a slit through the lower lip, parallel with the mouth, through which were worn pieces of carved bone. Sometimes the natives would remove

this bone, and thrust out their tongues from the opening, which had a most hideous effect.

After examining an inlet, which it was hoped would lead round the north coast of America, the vessel sailed S.W. round the promontory of Alaska. At length the discoverers reached the entrance to Behring's Straits, although not aware at the time of the fact. About the 9th, the most westerly point of America was reached, to which the name of Cape Prince of Wales was given. On the same evening the coast of Asia came in view, and on the following morning the ships anchored in a harbor of the Tschutski territories. Here the natives, though alarmed, made their visitors profound bows. A few days after this the ships encountered a dense field of ice, extending across their course as far as the eye could reach. To proceed farther was impossible, and the ships' heads were therefore turned to the southward. Coasting the shores of Asia, Cook anchored off Oonalaska. Here the natives were most inoffensive. There stature was low, their necks short, their faces swarthy and chubby; whilst they had black eyes and small beards. Their houses were large oblong pits, covered with a roof thatched with grass and earth.

A few days after the arrival of the ships, the Captains were surprised by a present of a salmon pie, baked in flour, and a note in Russian, which was delivered to

them by two natives. John Ledyard, a corporal of marines, afterwards known as a traveller, volunteered to proceed with the messengers and discover who had sent the gift. In two days he returned with three Russian traders, and shortly afterwards Mr. Ismyloff, the principal person in the island, arrived. Through him Cook transmitted to the Admiralty a letter enclosing a chart of his discoveries. Intending to make another attempt to find the long-sought-for passage, Cook returned to the Sandwich Islands. On the 26th of November he discovered Mowee, lying farther west than the islands before visited, and on the evening of the 30th a much larger island to windward, called Owhyhee or Hawaii. Several weeks were passed in sailing around this island in search of a harbor. At length the ships came to an anchor, on the morning of January 17th, 1779, in Karakavoa. Here a vast number of people were assembled to witness, to them, the so novel spectacle. Multitudes came off in canoes, crowding into the ships, many hundreds swimming round like shoals of fish, and the shores were thronged with eager spectators, who expressed their pleasure in shouts, songs, and various extravagant motions. It was supposed



Natives of the Polar Regions.

they fancied Captain Cook to be their god Rono, who after a long absence had returned to their island. At the time this he of course did not know, or he would not have received the worship paid to him. No sooner was the Resolution moored, than two chiefs came, accompanied by a priest named Koah, who approached the captain with much veneration, and threw over his shoulders a piece of red cloth, and then made an offering to him of a small pig, and landing, they conducted him to a Morai, or temple, where he was presented in due form to their idols, arranged on a platform within it.

After various other ceremonies, the priest presented him with a large live pig and a piece of red cloth, and the men who brought it prostrated themselves before him. He now descended from the platform, and led the captain before a number of other images, each of which he addressed in a sneering tone, snapping his fingers at it until he came to the centre, when he threw himself before it and kissed it, requesting the captain to do the same, who throughout had suffered himself to be directed by the priest Koah. After this, a feast having been prepared, the two captains were fed by the priests.

After distributing some presents, the captains returned, being conducted to the boats by men bearing wands, the people falling down before them as they walked along the beach. It is sad to reflect that a man of judgment and intelligence should have submitted to this idolatrous worship. Captain Cook probably expected that by yielding to the natives, he would obtain greater facilities for trading and keeping up am-

icable relations with them. After this the King Terreeoboo, with his wife and child, came on board. He had previously paid the Resolution a visit, when the ships were off Mowee. The following day he came in state, he and his chiefs dressed in rich feathered cloaks, and armed with long spears and helmets. In the second canoe sat the chief priests, with idols of wicker-work of gigantic size, covered with feathers of different colors and pieces of red cloth. Their eyes were large pearl-oysters, and their mouths were marked with double rows of dogs' fangs, giving them a hideous appearance.

When Cook returned the visit the King threw a superb cloak over his shoulders, and placed a crown of feathers on his head, spreading six other cloaks at his feet, of great beauty, while his attendants brought four hogs, sugar-canes, and cocoa-nuts. After this the ships sailed, but, meeting with very bad weather, were compelled to put back into Karakavoa. On their return it was observed by some of those on board that a change had taken place in the minds of some of the natives. Instead, however, of trying to win back the people by gentle means, force was resorted to directly any offence was committed. Some of the people having stolen several articles from the Discovery, were trying to escape, when she opened fire upon them. The articles were returned, but an officer on shore not knowing this, seized a canoe belonging to one of the chiefs, who, in a squabble, was afterwards knocked down. Captain Cook, also ignorant of what had taken place, followed the supposed thieves into the interior, although he returned unmolested. The next day the Discovery's

cutter was carried off, and Captain Cook, in order to recover it, resolved to seize the King. With this object he landed, carrying with him his double-barrelled gun, accompanied by Mr. Phillips and nine marines. Mr. King ordered the marines to keep their pieces loaded, and to be on their guard. He then, going to the huts of the priests, endeavored to quiet their alarm. Captain Cook in the meantime reached the old King's house, and persuaded him to come on board; but as they were embarking one of his wives came down and induced him to give up his intention. A vast number of armed men now began to collect, and Captain Cook, seeing that matters were growing serious, considered how he might best prevent bloodshed, and endeavored to draw off his party.

Meantime the boats stationed in the bay had fired at some canoes, and a chief of high rank had been killed. The hostile natives soon heard of this. Mr. Phillips, on seeing the state of affairs, had withdrawn his men to some rocks close to the water. The anger of the natives being excited, they now began to throw stones, and one of them threatened Captain Cook with his dagger. In defence he fired one of his barrels, loaded with small shot. He then discharged the other, and a man was killed. The marines had now begun to fire, and Captain Cook had turned round either to order them to cease or to summon the boat, when a savage struck him on the back with a large club, and he fell forward on his hands and knees, letting his fowling-piece drop. A chief next plunged his dagger into his back, and he fell into the water, the natives who crowded round preventing him from rising.

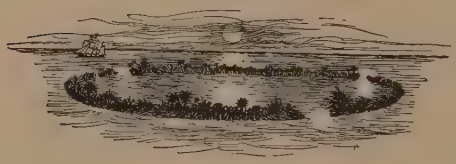
From that moment nothing more was seen of him. The natives rushing on, four of the marines were killed before they could reach the boats; another was saved by the gallantry of Lieutenant Phillips, who, though wounded himself, leaped overboard, and dragged the man who was struggling in the water into the pinnace.

Lieutenant King had remained near the observatory with a party of his men. Though the natives attacked him, he drove them off, and they at last willingly agreed to a truce. He afterwards tried to obtain the body of his captain, and in a few days some human flesh was brought off by a man, who said that this was all that remained, the head, bones, and hands being in possession of the King. With the exception of the head the greater portion of the remainder was subsequently brought on board, and being placed in a coffin, were committed to the deep with the usual naval honors.

So angered were the crews of the two ships at the loss of their captain, that it was with the greatest difficulty that the officers could restrain them from hurrying on shore and wreaking their vengeance on the heads of the natives.

Thus died Captain Cook in the fifty-first year of his age, surpassed by none as a seaman, and probably equalled by few as a marine surveyor and draughtsman; if he was at times hasty, he was kind-hearted and humane, and he possessed the important power of attaching both officers and men to his person. Captain Clerke, who succeeded to the command, made peace with the chiefs, many of whom came on board

expressing their sorrow at what had happened, while the natives brought off provisions as usual. Indeed, as the ships sailed away they expressed every mark of affection and good-will.



LIFE IN THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH SIXTY YEARS AGO

(From Chambers' Miscellany.)

WE travelled the first day thirty miles, quartering for the night at Mr. Sutherland's hut, which he kindly gave up for our accommodation. Next day we had to rest the bullocks, so we walked over to Mr. Russell's station, about three miles distant, and remained there a night.

In the evening we went to see a meeting of the natives, or a corrobery, as they call it. About a hundred natives were assembled. They had about twenty large fires lighted, around which were seated the women and children. The men had painted themselves, according to their own fancy, with red and white earth. They had bones, and bits of stones, and emu's feathers, tied on their hair, and branches of trees tied on their ankles, which made a rushing noise when they danced. Their appearance was very wild, and when they danced, their gestures and attitudes were equally so. One old man stood before the dancers, and kept repeating some words very fast in a kind of time, whilst he beat to-

gether two sticks. The women never dance; their employment is to keep the fires burning bright; and some of them were beating sticks, and declaiming in concert with the old man. The natives, when done with their corrobery, were very anxious that we white people would show them how we corroberied; so we persuaded Mr. Yuille to dance for them, which he did, and also recited a piece of poetry, using a great many gestures. The natives watched him most attentively, and seemed highly pleased. After giving the natives some white money, and bidding them good-night, we returned to Mr. Russell's hut.

Next morning our bullocks were lost — a very common occurrence, it being impossible to tie them, as in that case they would not feed; and unless one has a very good bullock-driver who will watch them, it generally takes several hours to find them in the morning. Numbers of natives came this forenoon to see us. They examined my dress very attentively, and asked

the name of everything, which they tried to repeat after me. They were much amused with my little Agnes, and she was as much pleased with them. I wondered what her grandmother would have thought, could she have seen her in the midst of a group of savages, and the life of the party. Whenever Agnes spoke, they all laughed aloud, and tried to imitate her voice; and the *pickaninny leubra's* dress was well examined. I put a little night-cap on a native baby, with which its mother was much pleased, and many a little black head was thrust out for one also.

I now began to be a little disgusted and astonished at the dirty and uncomfortable way the settlers lived. They seemed quite at the mercy of their hut-keepers, eating what was placed before them out of dirty tin plates, and using a knife and fork if one could be found. Sometimes the hut-keepers would cook the mutton in no way but as chops; some of them would only boil it, and some roast it, just as they liked; and although the masters were constantly complaining of the sameness, still it never seemed to enter their heads to make their servants change the manner of cooking; but the truth was, they were afraid to speak, in case the hut-keeper would be offended and run away. The principal drink of the settlers is tea, which they take at every meal, and indeed all the day. In every hut the tea-pot is always at the fire; and if a stranger come in, the first thing he does is to help himself to a panikin of tea. We had neither milk nor butter at any station we were at; nothing but mutton, tea, and damper, three times a day. Every meal was alike from one week to another, and from year's end to

year's end. I was so sick of it, I could scarcely eat anything.

Next day we had our bullocks ready in good time, as we had a long journey before us; at least we hoped to get on a good way. The heat this day was very intense, and we had no shade. I could scarcely bear it; and before evening we had drunk all the water we had brought with us. I thought I should have died of thirst; and we were all suffering alike. Poor little Agnes cried much; at last we got her to sleep and forget her wants. My husband was driving one of the drays, and was so thirsty, that when we came to a muddy hole of water on the path, which the dray had passed through, he lay down on the ground and drank heartily. One of the party, who knew something of the roads, told us we were near water-holes, which raised our spirits. At last we came to them, and both people and animals took many a long drink, although the water was bad, and quite bitter from the reeds which grew in it. We filled our cask, and continued our journey a few miles farther, to a place where we were to sleep in the bush. When we got out of the dray, one of the little kittens could not be seen; but on a nearer inspection, it was found squeezed flat on the seat where our servant Mary had sat: it looked as though it had gone through a mangle. Poor Mary was much distressed and annoyed by the gentlemen telling her she must be an awful weight.

We had soon lighted a fire at the foot of a tree, and put on a huge pot of water to boil: when it did boil, three or four handfuls of tea were put into it, and some sugar. One of the men made some thick cakes of flour

and water, and fried them in grease. We had also some chops cooked, which we all enjoyed, as we had not stopped to eat anything on the road. The tea was not poured out; every one dipped his pannikin into the pot, and helped himself. Mary, Agnes, and I had a bed made with some blankets under the dray, and all the others slept round the fire, taking by turn the duty of watching the bullocks. Before going to rest, the bullock-driver made a large damper, which he fired in the ashes, for our provision next day.

We got up at daybreak, had breakfast, and went on again, and travelled through a forest on fire for forty miles. I was often afraid the burning trees would fall upon us; and we had sometimes to make a new path for ourselves, from the old tracks being blocked up by fallen timber. The fires in the bush are often the work of the natives, to frighten away the white men; and sometimes of the shepherds, to make the grass sprout afresh. A conflagration not unfrequently happens from some one shaking out a tobacco-pipe (for every one smokes); and at this season the grass is so dry, that it soon catches fire.

We rested for two hours and cooked some dinner, chiefly that our bullocks might feed and rest during the heat of the day. Mr. Yuille and I made some fritters of flour and water. I thought them the best things I had ever eaten. The Scotch clergyman from Melbourne passed us on the road. He rebuked our bullock-driver for swearing at his bullocks; but the man told him that no one ever yet drove bullocks without swearing; it was the only way to make them go. We lost a very fine kangaroo dog by one of the drays falling back upon it.

This night we slept at Mr. Anderson's hut. He was from home, but had an old woman as hut-keeper, who made us as comfortable as she could ; but it was a cold night, and the wind whistled very keenly through a door made of rushes. This was one of the most neatly kept huts I saw, and the owner of it one of the few gentlemen who kept himself always neat and clean in the bush.

IN CANADA

(From Canadian Pictures, Drawn with Pen and Pencil)

By THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, KT.

BEFORE touching upon the newer regions of Canada, it is needful to refer to the country first seen after making a voyage to Canada; and to show how without going far from England, and while keeping within the reach of the daily post, of the telegraph line, and of the bi-weekly or tri-weekly communication with England, and at a distance of only ten days' journey from London, fair lands with fair opportunities for settlement can be found. Let us, then, take one or two scenes in each of the old provinces which are so easily reached.

As John Bull, when he becomes a tourist, is always fond of getting up to the top of a hill to look around him, let me take you to the top of a steep isolated cliff at the end of a long ridge of volcanic rock which is covered with pine woods, and which overlooks a gulf of the sea on one side, and a fair, wide, and green valley, twenty miles in width, upon the other. If you wait

until the tide ebbs, you will see that it leaves a vast stretch of red sand, for the tide goes back very far. It will come back again over those sands with a rush which sends the water up as fast as a horse can gallop, until it surges against a long line of earth entrenchments like the Dutch dykes, which prevents its further advance.

If you look carefully upon the country mapped out beneath your feet, you may see certain other ridges which look like old earth walls. They are some distance inland now, and but just visible amongst villages, orchards, and country studded with white comfortable-looking wooden farmhouses, having verandas and gardens around, and you would be right in supposing that these old walls are ancient dykes. Formerly the mighty tide of the Bay of Fundy, now restrained by the outer walls, swept up to them. The inland dykes were made in old days — days which have been rendered familiar to many by the genius of Longfellow, who wrote the story of the time when the happiness of the old French Acadian dwellers in this valley had come to an end, and the war which had raged between England and France had touched them too, and had compelled them to leave to others the well-loved Grand Pré, or Great Meadow, which they had tilled in security for some generations.

"In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dykes that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,

Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft in the mountains
Sea fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended."

LONGFELLOW'S "EVANGELINE."

This valley is only two or three hours distant by rail from Halifax, one of the winter ports of the Dominion of Canada, a port to which steam vessels from the Mersey sail every week. Its white farmhouses and its

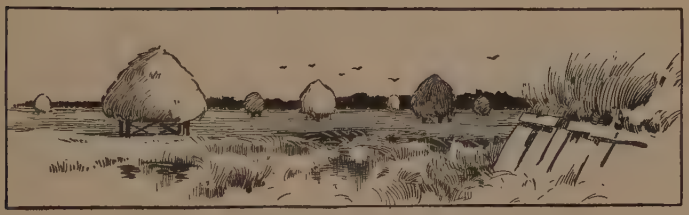
FORT ANNE, ANNAPOLIS.

orchards are types of many others to be found in various portions of the province of Nova Scotia, which is a province singularly rich in varied geological formations, and having with a little gold, what is far more valuable than any gold-field, great fields of coal. If wages were

only as low in Nova Scotia as they are in England and Scotland, one of her ports — the port of Pictou — would soon rival Glasgow or Belfast or London as a great iron shipbuilding port. Near it are mines almost as vast as those of Lanarkshire. Close to the water are these great veins of coal twenty or thirty feet in thickness, and the galleries of the mine are so spacious that full-grown horses are used, while the miner swings his pick, not crouched or cramped in a bending attitude, but standing at his full height. Close to the sea also, and close to the coal-mines, are hills full of excellent iron ore. Around almost every town in Nova Scotia farms may be had where the head of the family may be sure to have excellent schooling for his children, a church service exactly like his own at home to attend, and a ready market for any produce he may raise.

The rich red soil is as deep and good at the head of the Bay of Fundy, where a comparatively narrow strip of land separates its waters from those of Northumberland Straits, as the Sound is called which separates the mainland and Prince Edward's Island. Very many of the apples which come to the English market, and are sold as American apples, come from Canada. How delicious is this fruit, in the hot autumn days, and the appearance of the great orchards, when spring spreads a cloud of blossom over the luxuriant grass checkered with pleasant shade! The inland counties are rich in apple crops also, but there is no better tract than the Vale of Annapolis, stretching from Windsor southeastward behind the sheltering hills which hide it from the northern winds. The little town called after Queen Anne, which gives its name to the valley, and is situated

at its end at the head of a beautiful land-locked bay, has interesting associations with the past. It at one time had the dignity of being the capital town of Nova Scotia, and our governors used to reside there, troops occupied a carefully built fort, now in ruin, and the British squadrons rode on the bay. It is now shorn of its glory.



Marsh and Dyke.

IN CEYLON

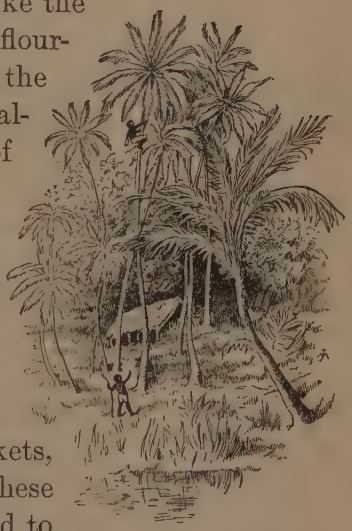
(From Indian Pictures Drawn with Pen and Pencil.)

By the Rev. W. URWICK, M.A.

THE railway from Galle to Colombo not being complete at the time of our visit, we drove in her majesty's mail — a wretched conveyance shockingly horsed — along the lovely road of seventy miles which skirts the shore. It is an avenue of stately palms with a rich undergrowth of tropical trees and gorgeous orchids. Away on the right are the mountains, away to the left glitters the blue sea: the beach is fringed with verdure, and at the headlands the ripples kiss the overhanging leaves. The tides about Ceylon are very slight, the water falling over thirty inches. The white cottages of the natives, each with its garden of cocoa-nuts, nestle in the groves, and the fishermen's canoes skim along the sea. The natives whom we pass look clean and picturesque, but their mouths are invariably discolored with betel chewing. The leaves of the betel vine, together with lime and the sliced nuts of the areca-

palm, form a tonic, which from time immemorial, it has been the national habit to chew, and the mixture imparts a blood-like color to the mouth. The betel is an intoxicating kind of pepper, and with the Singalese answers to the opium of the Chinese, and to the tobacco of other nations, but it is not considered so injurious.

The cocoa-nut trees about the dwellings of the natives along this road are countless; and they have a saying that the cocoa-nut, like the magpie and robin, will only flourish within the sound of the human voice. Like the palmyra palm in the north of Ceylon, the cocoa-nut in the south yields most of the necessaries of life. Its fruit furnishes food, its shell drinking vessels, its juice palm wine and sugar, its stem materials for building, its leaves, roofs, matting, baskets, and paper. The number of these trees in the island is estimated to be twenty millions. The natives climb them with great agility, partly with the help of bamboo ladders, and oftener with the help of a short band of cocoa-nut fibre between the feet or round the loins.



Cocoa-nut Trees.

The city of Colombo, whose population now numbers one hundred and twenty thousand, presents but few features of interest to the tourist. It extends about four miles along the coast, and two miles inland, and is

divided, like most Indian cities, into the black, or native town, and the European quarter. The buildings in the latter are chiefly of Dutch origin, as the fort, the belfry, and clock tower, the barracks, and the Wolfendahl church. The old name Kalambu was altered by the Portuguese to Colombo in honor of Columbus. Here one sees the Singalese chiefly as servants, the Parsees as merchants, the Tamils as laborers, the Moors as retail dealers. The heat at mid-day is most oppressive, but the drive along the Galle Face by the sea at sunset is cool and refreshing. A favorite resort, seven miles south by railway, is Mount Lavinia, on the sea, once a governor's house, now a hotel, near which is a magnifisent banyan tree. In Colombo, there are two cathedrals, one Roman Catholic, the other English; and in the street of the dealers in rice is a grotesquely ornamented Hindoo temple. In Colombo, the raw coffee brought from the plantations undergoes the process of curing at several mills for the purpose. Here may be seen first, the drying of the beans; secondly, the removal of the skin by passing the beans under rollers; thirdly, the picking out of the bad berries, done by women and children; fourthly, the distribution of the different sizes by means of sieves; fifthly, the process of packing in huge barrels for exportation. Tamil women are

Tamil Women.

In Ceylon.

largely employed in these establishments, and present a neat, healthy, and happy appearance. We found the new Museum in the midst of the cinnamon gardens well worth a visit. Besides the natural and manufactured products of the island, there are here several interesting archæological remains brought from the ruined cities, and, in particular, a magnificent stone lion. The drive round the lake is lovely, and several miles in extent; but the moist heat was like a perpetual Turkish bath.

The distance from Colombo island to Kandy is seventy-five miles, and the railway winds its way among the mountains, through scenery combining Alpine grandeur with tropical luxuriance. A huge, isolated hill, called the Bible Rock, from its resemblance to a Bible open upon a cushion, stands out conspicuously in the distance on the right. The line winds and curves round beetling cliffs and overhanging precipices draped with luxuriant creepers. Coolies, i.e., laborers (chiefly Tamils), are conveyed in gangs of not less than six at reduced rates, upon the certificate from their importer or estate manager, and children under four feet in height are charged half fare. The journey occupies four hours and a half. A branch line leads to Gampola which is the station for Newera Ellia. Gampola, the last of the native capitals, was fifty years ago the cradle, and is still the gateway, of the great coffee plantations. Though the plant had before been brought to Ceylon, the Portuguese and Dutch did little or nothing for its cultivation, and it was not until 1825, that by the removal of the heavy duty the plant rose to importance among the products of the island. Now, all round Gampola, for miles, the

hills are covered with coffee plantations. The leaves are bright and smooth, like the laurel, but darker; the flowers are white, and of sweet odor, the berries are crimson like cherries. It is calculated that two hundred thousand natives (chiefly Tamils) are employed on the plantations, which cover over seventy-two thousand acres.

A coach runs daily from Gampola, winding up the mountains through Pussilawa, "valley of flowers," to

Scene in Ceylon.

Ramboddie in four hours, and the views are majestic and charming. In the magnificent glen of Ramboddie we reach a barrier of mountains seemingly impassable. Waterfalls on every hand come tumbling over precipices, and roaring through deep ravines mantled with palms and orchids, yellow gamboge trees, and white-flowered daturas. From this point the road climbs the

mountain gorge in terraces, cut in many places out of the rock, through a wild forest to the height of six thousand feet; and from the summit of the pass a view of Newera Ellia is obtained. At this height, the coffee plantations give place to those of tea, lately introduced, and found to grow well at this altitude. Thousands of acres of forest have been cleared for tea plantations. From this point you rapidly descend into the far-famed valley of Newera Ellia; and taking up your quarters at one of the homely and comfortable lodging-houses, after the heat of Colombo and the railway, you now feel cool enough to be glad of a fire.

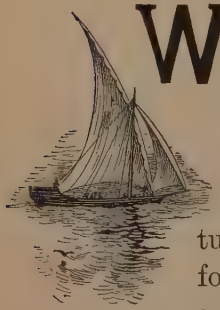
Coffee Branch.

GLIMPSES OF THE EAST

(From Eōthen.)

By A. W. KINGLAKE.

Constantinople.



WE crossed the Golden Horn in a caïque. As soon as we had landed, some woe-begone-looking fellows were got together and laden with our baggage. Then on we went, dripping and sloshing, and looking very like men that had been turned back by the Royal Humane Society for being incurably drowned. Supporting our sick, we climbed up shelving steps, and threaded many windings, and at last came up into the main street of Pera, humbly hoping that we might not be judged guilty of the plague, and so be cast back with horror from the doors of the shuddering Christians.

Such was the condition of the little troop which fifteen days before had filed away so gayly from the gates of Belgrade. A couple of fevers and a north-easterly storm had thoroughly spoiled our looks.

The interest of Mysseri with the house of Giuseppini was too powerful to be denied, and at once, though not without fear and trembling, we were admitted as guests.

Even if we don't take a part in the chant about

"mosques and minarets," we can still yield praises to Stamboul. We can chant about the harbor; we can say and sing that nowhere else does the sea come so home to a city: there are no pebbly shores — no sand-bars — no slimy river-beds — no black canals — no locks nor docks to divide the very heart of the place from the deep waters. If, being in the noisiest mart of Stamboul, you would stroll to the quiet side of the way amidst those cypresses opposite, you will cross the fathomless Bosphorus; if you would go from your hotel to the bazaars, you must pass by the bright blue pathway of the Golden Horn, that can carry a thousand sail of the line. You are accustomed to the gondolas that glide among the palaces of St. Mark, but here, at Stamboul, it is a hundred-and-twenty-gun ship that meets you in the street. Venice strains out from the steadfast land, and in old times would send forth the Chief of the State to woo and wed the reluctant sea; but the stormy bride of the Doge is the bowing slave of the Sultan — she comes to his feet with the treasures of the world — she bears him from palace to palace — by some unfailing witchcraft, she entices the breezes to follow her, and fan the pale cheek of her lord — she lifts his armed navies to the very gates of his garden — she watches the wall of his Serail — she stifles the intrigues of his Ministers — she quiets the scandals of his Court — she extinguishes

A Mosque in Constantinople.

his rivals, and hushes his wives all one by one. So vast are the wonders of the deep!

. . . . . .

I caught one glimpse of the old heathen world. My habits of studying military subjects had been hardening my heart against poetry. Forever staring at the flames of battle, I had blinded myself to the lesser and finer lights that are shed from the imaginations of men. In my reading at this time, I delighted to follow from out of Arabian sands the feet of the armed believers, and to stand in the broad manifest storm-tract of Tartar devastation and thus, though surrounded at Constantinople by scenes of much interest to the "classical scholar," I had cast aside their associations like an old Greek grammar, and turned my face to the "shining orient," forgetful of old Greece, and all the pure wealth she left to this matter-of-fact-ridden world. But it happened to me one day to mount the high grounds overhanging the streets of Pera. I sated my eye with the pomps of the city and its crowded waters, and then I looked over where Scutari lay half veiled in her mournful cypresses. I looked yet farther, and higher, and saw in the heavens a silvery cloud that stood fast and still against the breeze: it was pure and dazzling white as might be the veil of Cytherea, yet touched with such fire, as though from beneath the loving eyes of an immortal were shining through and through. I knew the bearing, but had enormously misjudged its distance and underrated its height, and so it was as a sign and a testimony — almost as a call from the neglected gods, that now I saw and acknowledged the snowy crown of the Mysian Olympus!

The Sanctuary.

I crossed the plain of Esdraelon, and entered amongst the hills of beautiful Galilee. It was at sunset that my path brought me sharply round into the gorge of a little valley, and close upon a gray mass of dwellings that lay happily nestled in the lap of the mountain. There was only one shining point still touched with the light of the sun, who had set for all besides: a brave sign this to "holy Shereef," and the rest of my Moslem men; for the one glittering summit was the head of a minaret, and the rest of the seeming village that had veiled itself so meekly under the shades of evening was Christian Nazareth.

Within the precincts of the Latin convent there stands the great Catholic church which encloses the sanctuary — the dwelling of the blessed Virgin. This is a grotto of about ten feet either way, forming a little chapel or recess, and reached by descending steps. It is decorated with splendor: on the left hand a column of granite hangs from the top of the grotto to within a few feet of the ground; immediately beneath, another column of the same size rises from the ground as if to meet the one above; but between this and the suspended pillar there is an interval of more than a foot. These fragments once formed the single column on which the angel leant when he spoke and told to Mary the mystery of her awful blessedness. Hard by, near the altar, the holy Virgin was kneeling.

I had been journeying, cheerily indeed, for the voices of my followers were ever within my hearing, but yet, as it were, in solitude, for I had no comrade to whet

the edge of my reason, or wake me from my noonday dreams. I was left all alone to be taught and swayed by the beautiful circumstances of Palestine travelling, — by the clime, and the land, and the name of the land, with all its mighty import, — by the glittering freshness of the sward, and the abounding masses of flowers that furnished my sumptuous pathway, — by the bracing and fragrant air that seemed to poise me in my saddle, and to lift me along as a planet appointed to glide through space.

And the end of my journey was Nazareth — the home of the blessed Virgin! In the first dawn of my manhood the old painters of Italy had taught me their worship of the beauty that is more than mortal; but those images all seemed shadowy now, and floated before me so dimly, the one overcasting the other, that they left me no one sweet idol on which I could look, and look again, and say, "Maria mia!" Yet they left me more than an idol — they left me (for to them I am wont to trace it) a faint apprehension of beauty not compassed with lines and shadows — they touched me (forgive, proud Marie of Anjou!), they touched me with a faith in loveliness transcending mortal shapes.

I came to Nazareth, and was led from the convent to the sanctuary . . . so as I went, I trod tenderly, not looking to the right nor to the left, but bending my eyes to the ground.

The attending friar served me well — he led me down quietly, and all but silently, to the Virgin's home. The mystic air was so burnt with the consuming flames of the altar, and so laden with incense, that my

chest labored strongly and heaved with luscious pain. There — there with beating heart the Virgin knelt, and listened: I strived to grasp, and hold with my riveted eyes some one of the feigned Madonnas; but of all the heaven-lit faces imagined by men, there was none that would abide with me in this the very sanctuary. Impatient of vacancy, I grew madly strong against nature; and if by some awful spell, some impious rite, I could — Oh, most sweet religion, that bid me fear God, and be pious, and yet not cease from loving! Religion and gracious custom commanded me that I fall down loyally, and kiss the rock that blessed Mary pressed. With a half consciousness — with the semblance of a thrilling hope that I was plunging deep, deep into my first knowledge of some most holy mystery, or of some new, rapturous, and daring sin, I knelt, and bowed down my face till I met the smooth rock with my lips.

Galilee.

Neither old "Sacred" himself, nor any of his helpers, knew the road which I meant to take from Nazareth to the Sea of Galilee, and from thence to Jerusalem, so I was forced to add another to my party by hiring a guide. . . .

I passed by Cana, and the house of the marriage feast prolonged by miraculous wine; I came to the field in which our Saviour had rebuked the Scotch Sabbath-keepers of that period, by suffering his disciples to pluck corn on the Lord's Day; I rode over the ground where the fainting multitude had been fed, and they showed me some massive fragments — the relics (they

said) of that wondrous banquet, now turned into stone. The petrifaction was most complete.

I ascended the height where our Lord was standing when He wrought the miracle. The hill rose lofty enough to show me the fairness of the land on all sides; but I have an ancient love for the mere features of a lake, and so, forgetting all else when I reached the summit, I looked away eagerly to the eastward. There she lay, the Sea of Galilee. Less stern than Wastwater — less fair than gentle Windermere — she had still the winning ways of an English lake: she caught from the smiling heavens unceasing light and changeful phases of beauty; and with all this brightness on her face, she yet clung fondly to the dull he-looking mountain at her side, as though she would

Sea of Galilee.

> "Soothe him with her finer fancies,
> Touch him with her lighter thought."

If one might judge of men's real thoughts by their writings, it would seem that there are people who can visit an interesting locality, and follow up continuously the exact train of thought that ought to be suggested by the historical associations of the place. A person of this sort can go to Athens and think of nothing later than the age of Pericles — can live with the Scipios as long as he stays in Rome. I am not thus docile: it is only by snatches, and for few moments together, that I can really associate a place with its proper history.

"There at Tiberias, and along this western shore towards the north, and upon the bosom too of the lake, our Saviour and His disciples — " Away flew those recollections, and my mind strained eastward, because that that farthest shore was the end of the world that belongs to man the dweller — the beginning of the other and veiled world that is held by the strange race, whose life (like the pastime of Satan) is a "going to and fro upon the face of the earth." From those gray hills right away to the gates of Bagdad stretched forth the mysterious "Desert" — not a pale, void, sandy tract, but a land abounding in rich pastures — a land without cities or towns, without any "respectable" people, or any "respectable" things, yet yielding its eighty thousand cavalry to the beck of a few old men. But once more — "Tiberias — the plain of Gennesareth — the very earth on which I stood — that the deep, low tones of the Saviour's voice should have gone forth into Eternity from out of the midst of these hills and these valleys!" — Ay, ay, but yet again the calm face of the lake was uplifted, and smiled upon my eyes with such familiar gaze that the "deep low tones" were hushed — the listening multitudes all passed away, and instead there came to me a loving thought from over the seas in England — a thought more sweet than Gospel to a wilful mortal like this. . . .

Fleas of all Nations

Except at Jerusalem, never think of attempting to sleep in a "holy city." Old Jews from all parts of the world go to lay their bones upon the sacred soil; and since these people never return to their

homes, it follows that any domestic vermin they may bring with them are likely to become permanently resident, so that the population is continually increasing. No recent census had been taken when I was at Tiberias: but I know that the congregation of fleas which attended at my church alone must have been something enormous. It was a carnal, self-seeking congregation, wholly inattentive to the service which was going on, and devoted to the one object of having my blood. The fleas of all nations were there. The smug, steady, importunate flea from Holywell Street — the pert, jumping *puce* from hungry France — the wary, watchful *pulce* with his poisoned stiletto — the vengeful *pulga* of Castile with his ugly knife — the German *floh* with his knife and fork, insatiate, not rising from table — whole swarms from all the Russias, and Asiatic hordes unnumbered — all these were there, and all rejoiced in one great international feast. I could no more defend myself against my enemies than if I had been *pain à discrétion* in the hands of a French communist. After passing a night like this, you are glad to gather up the remains of your body long, long before morning dawns. Your skin is scorched — your temples throb — your lips feel withered and dried — your burning eyeballs are screwed inwards against the brain. You have no hope but only in the saddle and the freshness of the morning air.

The Dead Sea.

I calculated that, on the preceding day, we had nearly performed a two days' journey, I concluded that the

Dead Sea must be near. In this I was right; for at about three or four o'clock in the afternoon I caught a first sight of its dismal face.

I went on, and came near to those waters of Death; they stretched deeply into the southern desert, and before me, and all around, as far away as the eye could follow, blank hills piled high over hills, pale, yellow, and naked, walled up in her tomb forever the dead and damned Gomorrah. There was no fly that hummed in the forbidden air, but, instead, a deep stillness — no grass grew from the earth — no weed peered through the void sand; but, in mockery of all life, there were trees borne down by Jordan in some ancient flood, and these, grotesquely planted upon the forlorn shore, spread out their grim skeleton arms all scorched, and charred to blackness, by the heats of the long, silent years. . . .

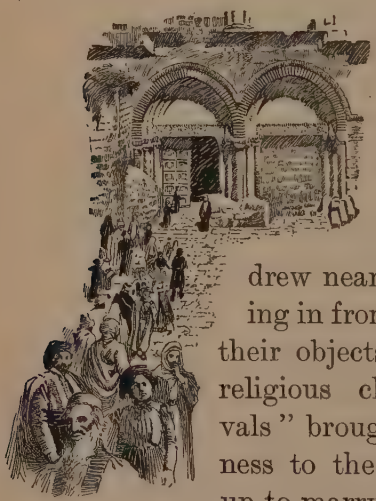
A Dead Sea Bath.

I bathed in the Dead Sea. The ground covered by the water sloped so gradually that I was not only forced to "sneak in," but to walk through the water nearly a quarter of a mile before I could get out of my depth. When at last I was able to attempt to dive, the salts held in solution made my eyes smart so sharply that the pain I thus suffered, joined with the weakness occasioned by want of food, made me giddy and faint for some moments; but I soon grew better. I knew beforehand the impossibility of sinking in this buoyant water; but I was surprised to find that I could not swim at my accustomed pace: my legs and feet were lifted so high and dry out of the lake

that my stroke was baffled, and I found myself kicking against the thin air, instead of the dense fluid upon which I was swimming. The water is perfectly bright and clear; its taste detestable. After finishing my attempts at swimming and diving, I took some time in regaining the shore; and, before I began to dress, I found that the sun had already evaporated the water which clung to me, and that my skin was thickly incrusted with salts.

Holy Ground.

The enthusiasm that had glowed, or seemed to glow, within me, for one blessed moment, when I knelt by the shrine of the Virgin at Nazareth, was not rekindled at Jerusalem. In the stead of the solemn gloom and the deep stillness rightfully belonging to the Holy City, there was the hum and the bustle of active life. It was the "height of the season." The Easter ceremonies drew near; the pilgrims were flocking in from all quarters, and although their objects were partly at least of a religious character, yet their "arrivals" brought as much stir and liveliness to the city as if they had come up to marry their daughters.



ENTRANCE OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

The votaries who every year crowd to the Holy Sepulchre are chiefly of the Greek and Armenian Churches. They are not drawn

into Palestine by a mere sentimental longing to stand upon the ground trodden by our Saviour, but rather they perform the pilgrimage as a plain duty strongly inculcated by their religion. A very great proportion of those who belong to the Greek Church contrive at some time or other in the course of their lives to achieve the enterprise. Many in their infancy and childhood are brought to the holy sites by their parents, but those who have not had this advantage will often make it the main object of their lives to save money enough for this holy undertaking.

The pilgrims begin to arrive in Palestine some weeks before the Easter festival of the Greek Church. They come from Egypt, from all parts of Syria, from Armenia and Asia Minor, from Stamboul, from Roumelia, from the provinces of the Danube, and from all the Russias. Most of these people bring with them some articles of merchandise, but I myself believe (notwithstanding the common taunt against pilgrims) that they do this rather as a mode of paying the expenses of their journey, than from a spirit of mercenary speculation. They generally travel in families, for the women are of course more ardent than their husbands in undertaking these pious enterprises, and they take care to bring with them all their children, however young. They do this because the efficacy of the rites is quite independent of the age of the votary, and people whose careful mothers have obtained for them the benefit of the pilgrimage in early life, are saved from the expense and trouble of undertaking the journey at a later age.

The superior veneration so often excited by objects

that are distant and unknown, shows — not perhaps the wrong-headedness of a man, but rather the transcendent power of his imagination. However this may be, and whether it is by mere obstinacy that they force their way through intervening distance, or whether they come by the winged strength of fancy, quite certainly the pilgrims who flock to Palestine from remote homes are the people most eager in the enterprise, and in number, too, they bear a very high proportion to the whole mass.

Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

The great bulk of the pilgrims make their way by sea to the port of Jaffa. A number of families will charter a vessel amongst them, all bringing their own provisions: these are of the simplest and cheapest kind. On board every vessel thus freighted, there is, I believe, a priest, who helps the people in their religious exercises, and tries (and fails) to maintain something like order and harmony. The vessels employed in the service are usually Greek brigs or brigantines, and schooners, and the number of passengers stowed in them is almost always horribly excessive. The voyages are sadly protracted, not only by the land-seeking, storm-flying habits of the Greek seamen, but also by the endless schemes and speculations forever tempting them to touch at the nearest port. The voyage, too, must be made during winter, in order that Jerusalem may be reached some weeks before the Greek Easter.

When the pilgrims have landed at Jaffa they hire

camels, horses, mules or donkeys, and make their way as well as they can to the Holy City. The space fronting the Church of the Holy Sepulchre soon becomes a kind of bazaar, or rather, perhaps, reminds you of an English fair. On this spot the pilgrims display their merchandise; and there, too, the trading residents of the place offer their goods for sale. I have never, I think, seen elsewhere in Asia so much commercial animation as upon this square of ground by the church door: the "money-changers" seemed to be almost as brisk and lively as if they had been *within* the temple.

When I entered the church, I found a Babel of worshippers. Greek, Roman, and Armenian priests were performing their different rites in various nooks and corners, and crowds of disciples were rushing about in all directions — some laughing and talking, some begging, but most of them going round in a regular and methodical way to kiss the sanctified spots, and speak the appointed syllables, and lay down the accustomed coin. If this kissing of the shrines had seemed as though it were done at the bidding of enthusiasm, or of any poor sentiment even feebly approaching to it, the sight would have been less odd to English eyes; but as it was, I felt shocked at the sight of grown men thus steadily and carefully embracing the sticks and the stones — not from love or from zeal (else God forbid that I should have blamed), but from a calm sense of duty: they seemed to be not "working out," but *transacting* the great business of salvation. . . .

Priest.

A Protestant, familiar with the Holy Scriptures, but

ignorant of tradition and the geography of modern Jerusalem, finds himself a good deal "mazed" when he first looks for the sacred sites. The Holy Sepulchre is not in a field without the walls, but in the midst, and in the best part of the town, under the roof of the great church which I have been talking about. It is a handsome tomb of oblong form, partly subterranean, and partly above ground, and closed in on all sides, except the one by which it is entered. You descend into the interior by a few steps, and there find an altar with burning tapers. This is the spot held in greater sanctity than any other in Jerusalem. When you have seen enough of it, you feel perhaps weary of the busy crowd, and inclined for a gallop; you ask your dragoman whether there will be time before sunset to send for horses and take a ride to Mount Calvary. Mount Calvary, signor? — *eccolo!* it is *upstairs — on the first floor*. In effect, you ascend, if I remember rightly, just thirteen steps, and then you are shown the now golden sockets in which the crosses of our Lord and the two thieves were fixed. All this is startling, but the truth is, that the city, having gathered round the Sepulchre (the main point of interest), has gradually crept northward, and thus in great measure are occasioned the many geographical surprises that puzzle the "Bible Christian."

Jewish Woman.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre comprises very compendiously almost all the spots associated with the closing career of our Lord. Just there, on our right, He stood and wept; — by the pillar on your left He

was scourged; on the spot, just before you, He was crowned with the crown of thorns; — up there He was crucified, and down here He was buried. A locality is assigned to even the minutest event connected with the recorded history of our Saviour; even the spot where the cock crew when Peter denied his Master is ascertained and surrounded by the walls of an Armenian convent.

The Pyramids.

I went to see and to explore the Pyramids. Familiar to one from the days of early childhood are the forms of the Egyptian Pyramids, and now, as I approached them from the banks of the Nile, I had no print, no picture before me, and yet the old shapes were there; there was no change: they were just as I had always known them. I straightened myself in my stirrups, and strived to persuade my understanding that this was real Egypt, and that those angles which stood up between me and the West were of harder stuff, and more ancient than the paper pyramids of the green portfolio. Yet it was not till I came to the base of the great Pyramid, that reality began to weigh upon my mind. Strange to say, the bigness of the distinct blocks of stones was the first sign by which I attained to feel the immensity of the whole pile. When I came, and trod, and touched with my hands, and climbed, in order that by climbing I might come to the top of one single stone, then, and almost suddenly, a cold sense and understanding of the Pyramid's enormity came down, overcasting my brain.

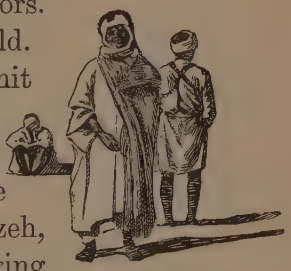
Now try to endure this homely, sick-nursish illustra-

tion of the effect produced upon one's mind by the mere vastness of the great Pyramid. When I was very young (between the ages, I believe, of three and five years old), being then of delicate health, I was often in time of night the victim of a strange kind of mental oppression. I lay in my bed perfectly conscious, and with open eyes, but without power to speak or to move, and all the while my brain was oppressed to distraction by the presence of a single and abstract idea — the idea of solid immensity. It seemed to me in my agonies, that the horror of this visitation arose from its coming upon me without form or shape — that the close presence of the direst monster ever bred in hell would have been a thousand times more tolerable than that simple idea of solid size; my aching mind was fixed and riveted down upon the mere quality of vastness, vastness, vastness; and was not permitted to invest with it any particular object. If I could have done so, the torment would have ceased. When at last I was roused from this state of suffering, I could not of course in those days (knowing no verbal metaphysics, and no metaphysics at all, except by the dreadful experience of an abstract idea) — I could not of course find words to describe the nature of my sensations; and even now I cannot explain why it is that the forced contemplation of a mere quality, distinct from matter, should be so terrible. Well, now my eyes saw and knew, and my hands and my feet informed my understanding, that there was nothing at all abstract about the great Pyramid — it was a big triangle, sufficiently concrete, easy to see, and rough to the touch; it could not of course affect me with the peculiar sensation I have been

talking of, but yet there was something akin to that old nightmare agony in the terrible completeness with which a mere mass of masonry could fill and load my mind.

And Time too; the remoteness of its origin, no less than the enormity of its proportions, screens an Egyptian pyramid from the easy and familiar contact of our modern minds. At its base the common earth ends, and all above is a world — one not created of God — not seeming to be made by men's hands, but rather the sheer giant-work of some old dismal age weighing down this younger planet.

Fine sayings! But the truth seems to be, after all, that the Pyramids are quite of this world; that they were piled up into the air for the realization of some kingly crochets about immortality — some priestly longing for burial fees; and that as for the building — they were built like coral rocks by swarms of insects — by swarms of poor Egyptians, who were not only the abject tools and slaves of power, but who also ate onions for the reward of their immortal labors. The Pyramids are quite of this world.



I of course ascended to the summit of the great Pyramid, and also explored its chambers; but these I need not describe. The first time that I went to the Pyramids of Ghizeh, there were a number of Arabs hanging about in its neighborhood, and wanting to receive presents on various pretences: their sheik was with them. There was also present an ill-looking fellow in soldier's uniform. This man on my departure claimed a reward, on the ground that he had maintained order

and decorum amongst the Arabs. His claim was not considered valid by my dragoman, and was rejected accordingly. My donkey-boys afterwards said they had overheard this fellow propose to the sheik to put me to death whilst I was in the interior of the great Pyramid, and to share with him the booty. Fancy a struggle for life in one of those burial chambers, with acres and acres of solid masonry between one's self and the daylight! I felt exceedingly glad that I had not made the rascal a present.

Egyptian Sheik.

I visited the very ancient Pyramids of Aboukir and Sakkara. There are many of these, differing the one from the other in shape as well as size; and it struck me that taken together they might be looked upon as showing the progress and perfection (such as it is) of pyramidical architecture. One of the pyramids at Sakkara is almost a rival for the full-grown monster at Ghizeh; others are scarcely more than vast heaps of brick and stone; and these last suggested to me the idea that after all the Pyramid is nothing more nor less than a variety of the sepulchral mound so common in most countries (including, I believe, Hindostan, from whence the Egyptians are supposed to have come). Men accustomed to raise these structures for their dead kings or conquerors would carry the usage with them in their migrations; but arriving in Egypt, and seeing the impossibility of finding earth sufficiently tenacious for a mound, they would approximate as nearly as might be to their ancient custom by raising up a round heap of stones, in

THE SPHINX.

short conical pyramids. Of these there are several at Sakkara, and the materials of some are thrown together without any order or regularity. The transition from this simple form to that of the square angular pyramid was easy and natural; and it seemed to me that the gradations through which the style passed from infancy up to its mature enormity could plainly be traced at Sakkara.

The Sphynx.

And near the Pyramids, more wondrous and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt, there sits the lonely Sphynx. Comely the creature is, but the comeliness is not of this world: the once worshipped beast is a deformity and a monster to this generation; and yet you can see that those lips, so thick and heavy, were fashioned according to some ancient mould of beauty — some mould of beauty now forgotten — forgotten because that Greece drew forth Cytherea from the flashing foam of the Ægean, and in her image created new forms of beauty, and made it a law among men that the short and proudly-wreathed lip should stand for the sign and the main condition of loveliness through all generations to come. Yet still there lives on the race of those who were beautiful in the fashion of the elder world; and Christian girls of Coptic blood will look on you with the sad, serious gaze, and kiss your charitable hand with the big pouting lips of the very Sphynx.

Laugh and mock if you will at the worship of stone idols; but mark ye this, ye breakers of images, that in one regard, the stone idol bears awful semblance of

Deity — unchangefulness in the midst of change — the same seeming will and intent for ever and ever inexorable! Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian kings — upon Greek and Roman, upon Arab and Ottoman conquerors — upon Napoleon dreaming of an Eastern empire — upon battle and pestilence — upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race — upon keen-eyed travellers — Herodotus yesterday, and Warburton to-day — upon all and more this unworldly Sphynx has watched, and watched like a Providence with the same earnest eyes, and the same sad, tranquil mien. And we, we shall die, and Islam will wither away; and the Englishman, straining far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile and sit in the seats of the Faithful, and still that sleepless rock will lie watching and watching the works of the new busy race, with those same sad earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlasting. You dare not mock the Sphynx.

THE SECOND CATARACT

(From a Thousand Miles Up the Nile.)

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

A FRESH breeze, a full sail, and the consciousness of a holiday well earned, carried us gayly along from Abou Simbel to Wady Halfeh. We started late in the afternoon of the first day, made about twelve miles before the wind dropped, and achieved the remaining twenty-eight miles before noon the next day. It was our last trip on the Nile under canvas. At Wady Halfeh the Philæ was doomed to be dismantled. The big sail that had so long been our pride and delight would there be taken down, and our good boat, her grace and swiftness gone at one fell swoop, would become a mere lumbering barge, more suggestive of civic outings on the Thames than of Cleopatra's galley.

For some way beyond Abou Simbel, the western bank is fringed by a long line of volcanic mountains, as much alike in height, size, and shape, as a row of martello towers. They are divided from one another by a series of perfectly uniform sand-drifts; while on the rounded

top of each mountain, thick as the currants on the top of a certain cake, known to schoolboys by the endearing name of "black-caps," lies a layer of the oddest black stones in the world. Having more than once been to the top of the rock of Abshek (which is the first large mountain of the chain, and strewn in the same way) we recognized the stones, and knew what they were like. In color they are purplish black, tinged here and there with dull red. They ring like clinkstone when struck, and in shape are most fantastic. L—— picked up some little petrified bunches of grapes. Others are twisted and writhen like the Vesuvian lava of 1871. They lie loose upon the surface, and are of all sizes; some being as small as currants, and others as large as quartern loaves. Speaking as one having no kind of authority, I should say that these stones are unquestionably of fiery parentage. One seems to see how, boiling and bubbling in a state of fusion, they must have been suddenly checked by contact with some cooler medium.

Where the chain ends, about three or four miles above Abou Simbel, the view widens, and a host of outlying mountains are seen scattered over an immense plain reaching for miles into the western desert. On the eastern bank, Kalat Adda, a huge, rambling Roman citadel, going to solitary ruin on the last water-washed precipice to the left — brings the opposite range to a like end, and abuts on a similar plain, also scattered over with detached peaks. The scene here is desolately magnificent. A large island covered with palms divides the Nile in two branches, each of which looks as wide as the whole river. An unbounded distance opens

away to the silvery horizon. On the banks there is no verdure; neither is there any sign of human toil. Nothing lives, nothing moves, save the wind and the river.

Of all the strange peaks we have yet seen, the mountains hereabout are the strangest. Alone or in groups, they start up here and there from the desert, on both sides, like the pieces on a chess-board. They are for the most part conical; but they are not extinct craters, such as are the volcanic cones of Korosko and Dakkeh. Seeing how they all rose to about the same height and were alike capped with that mysterious *couche* of shining black stones, the writer could not help fancying that, like the isolated Rocher de Corneille and Rocher de St. Michael at Puy, they might be but fragments of a rocky crust, rent and swept away at some infinitely remote period of the world's history, and that the level of their present summits might represent perhaps the ancient level of the plain.

As regards form, they are weird enough for the wildest geological theories. All taper more or less toward the top. One is four-sided, like a pyramid; another, in shape a truncated cone, looks as if crowned with a pagoda summer-house; a third seems to be surmounted by a mosque and cupola; a fourth is scooped out in tiers of arches; a fifth is crowned, apparently, with a cairn of piled stones; and so on, with variations as endless as they are fantastic. A geologist might perhaps account for these caprices by showing how fire and earthquake and deluge had here succeeded each other; and how, after being first covered with volcanic stones and then split into chasms, the valleys thus

opened had by and by been traversed by torrents which wore away the softer parts of the rock and left the harder standing.

Some way beyond Kalat Adda, when the Abou Simbel range and palm island have all but vanished in the distance and the lonely peak called the Mountain of the Sun (Gebel esh-Shems), has been left far behind, we came upon a new wonder — namely: upon two groups of scattered tumuli, one on the eastern, one on the western bank. Not volcanic forms these; not even accidental forms, if one may venture to form an opinion from so far off. They are of various sizes; some little, some big; all perfectly round and smooth and covered with a rich, greenish-brown alluvial soil. How did they come there? Who made them? What did they contain? The Roman ruin close by — the two hundred and forty thousand deserters who must have passed this way — the Egyptian and Ethiopian armies that certainly poured their thousands along these very banks, and might have fought many a battle on this open plain, suggest all kinds of possibilities and fill one's head with visions of buried arms and jewels and cinerary urns. We are

Fellah Ploughing.

more than half-minded to stop the boat and land that very moment; but are content on second thoughts with promising ourselves that we will at least excavate one of the smaller hillocks on our way back.

And now, the breeze freshening and the dahabeeyah tearing gallantly along, we leave the tumulia behind, and enter upon a more desolate region, where the mountains recede farther than ever and the course of the river is interrupted by perpetual sand-banks.

On one of these sand-banks, just a few yards above the edge of the water, lay a log of drift-wood, apparently a battered old palm trunk, with some remnants of broken branches yet clinging to it; such an object, in short, as my American friends would very properly call a "snag."

Our pilot leaned forward on the tiller, put his finger to his lip and whispered:

"Crocodilo!"

The painter, the idle man, the writer, were all on deck, and not one believed him. They had seen too many of these snags already and were not going to let themselves again be excited about nothing.

The pilot pointed to the cabin where L—— and the little lady were indulging in that minor vice called afternoon tea.

"Sittèh!" said he, "call sittèh! Crocodilo!"

We examined the object through our glasses. We laughed the pilot to scorn. It was the worst imitation of a crocodile that we had yet seen.

All at once the palm-trunk lifted up its head, cocked its tail, found its legs, set off running, wriggling, un-

dulating down the slope with incredible rapidity and was gone before we could utter an exclamation.

We three had a bad time when the other two came up and found that we had seen our first crocodile without them.

A sand-bank which we passed next morning was scored all over with fresh trails and looked as if it had been the scene of a crocodile-parliament. There must have been at least twenty or thirty members present at the sitting; and the freshness of the marks showed that they had only just dispersed.

A keen and cutting wind carried us along the last thirty miles of our journey. We had supposed that the farther south we penetrated the hotter we should find the climate; yet now, strange to say, we were shivering in sealskins, under the most brilliant sky in the world and in a latitude more southerly than that of Mecca or Calcutta. It was some compensation, however, to run at full speed past the dullest of Nile scenery, seeing only sand-banks in the river; sand-hills and sand-flats on either hand; a disused shâdûf or a skeleton-boat rotting at the water's edge; a wind-tormented Dôm palm struggling for existence on the brink of the bank.

At a fatal corner about six miles below Wady Halfeh, we passed a melancholy flotilla of dismantled dahabeeyahs — the Fostât, the Zenobia, the Alice, the

Mansoorah — all alike weather-bound and laid up helplessly against the wind. The Mansoorah, with Captain and Mrs. E—— on board, had been three days doing these six miles; at which rate of progress they might reasonably hope to reach Cairo in about a year and a month.

The palms of Wady Halfeh, blue with distance, came into sight at the next bend; and by noon the Philæ was once more moored alongside the Bagstones under a shore crowded with cangias, covered with bales and packing-cases and, like the shores of Mahatta and Assûan, populous with temporary huts. For here it is that traders going by water embark and disembark on their way to and fro between Dongola and the first cataract.

There were three temples — or at all events three ancient Egyptian buildings — once upon a time on the western bank over against Wady Halfeh. Now there are a few broken pillars, a solitary fragment of brick pylon, some remains of a flight of stone steps leading down to the river, and a wall of inclosure overgrown with wild pumpkins. These ruins, together with a rambling native Khan and a noble old sycamore, form a picturesque group backed by amber sand-cliffs, and mark the site of a lost city belonging to the early days of Usurtesen III.

The second, or great, cataract begins a little way above Wady Halfeh and extends over a distance of many miles. It consists, like the first cataract, of a succession of rocks and rapids, and is skirted for the first five miles or so by the sand-cliff ridge which, as I have said, forms a background to the ruins just opposite

Wady Halfeh. This ridge terminates abruptly in the famous precipice known as the Rock of Abusîr. Only adventurous travellers bound for Dongola or Khartûm go beyond this point; and they, for the most part, take the shorter route across the desert from Korosko. L—— and the writer would fain have hired camels and pushed on as far as Semneh; which is a matter of only two days' journey from Wady Halfeh, and, for people provided with sketching-tents, is one of the easiest of inland excursions.

One may go to the Rock of Abusîr by land or by water. The happy couple and the writer took two native boatmen versed in the intricacies of the cataract and went in the felucca. L—— and the painter preferred donkeying. Given a good breeze from the right quarter, there is, as regards time, but little to choose between the two routes. No one, however, who has approached the Rock of Abusîr by water, and seen it rise like a cathedral front from the midst of that labyrinth of rocky islets — some like clusters of basaltic columns, some crowned with crumbling ruins, some bleak and bare, some green with wild pomegranate trees — can doubt which is the more picturesque.

Landing among the tamarisks at the foot of the cliff, we come to the spreading skirts of a sand-drift steeper and more fatiguing to climb than the sand-drift at Abou Simbel. We do climb it, however, though somewhat sulkily, and, finding the donkey-party perched upon the top, are comforted with draughts of ice-cold lemonade, brought in a kullah from Wady Halfeh.

The summit of the rock is a mere edge, steep and overhanging toward east and south, and carved all over

with autographs in stone. Some few of these are interesting; but for the most part they record only the visits of the illustrious-obscure. We found Belzoni's name; but looked in vain for the signatures of Burckhardt, Champollion, Lepsius and Ampère.

Owing to the nature of the ground and the singular clearness of the atmosphere, the view from this point seemed to be the most extensive I had ever looked upon. Yet the height of the Rock of Abusîr is comparatively insignificant. It would count but as a mole-hill, if measured against some Alpine summits of my acquaintance. I doubt whether it is as lofty as even the great pyramid. It is, however, a giddy place to look down from, and seems higher than it is.

It is hard, now that we are actually here, to realize that this is the end of our journey. The cataract — an immense multitude of black and shining islets, among which the river, divided into hundreds of separate channels, spreads far and wide for a distance, it is said, of more than sixteen miles — foams at our feet. Foams, and frets, and falls; gushing smooth and strong where its course is free; murmuring hoarsely where it is interrupted; now hurrying; now loitering; here eddying in oily circles; there lying in still pools unbroken by a ripple; everywhere full of life, full of voices; everywhere shining to the sun. Northward, where it winds away toward Abou Simbel, we see all the fantastic mountains of yesterday on the horizon. To the east, still bounded by out-liers of the same disconnected chain, lies a rolling waste of dark and stony wilderness trenched with innumerable valleys through which flow streams of sand. On the western side, the continuity of the view

is interrupted by the ridge which ends with Abusîr. Southward the Libyan desert reaches away in a vast undulating plain; tawny, arid, monotonous; all sun; all sand; lit here and there with arrowy flashes of the Nile. Farthest of all, pale but distinct, on the outermost rim of the world, rise two mountain summits, one long, one dome-like. Our Nubians tell us that these are the mountains of Dongola. Comparing our position with that of the third cataract as it appears upon the map, we come to the conclusion that these ghost-like silhouettes are the summits of Mount Fogo and Mount Arambo — two apparently parallel mountains situated on opposite sides of the river about ten miles below Hannek, and consequently about one hundred and forty-five miles, as the bird flies, from the spot on which we are standing.

In all this extraordinary panorama, so wild, so weird, so desolate, there is nothing really beautiful except the color. But the color is transcendent. Never, even in Egypt, have I seen anything so tender, so transparent, so harmonious. I shut my eyes and it all comes before me. I see the amber of the sands; the pink and pearly mountains; the cataract rocks, all black and purple and polished; the dull gray palms that cluster here and there upon the larger islands; the vivid verdure of the tamarisks and pomegranates; the Nile, a greenish-brown flecked with yeasty foam; over all, the blue and burning sky, permeated with light, and palpitating with sunshine.

I made no sketch. I felt that it would be ludicrous to attempt it. And I feel now that any endeavor to put the scene into words is a mere presumptuous effort

to describe the indescribable. Words are useful instruments; but, like the etching needle and the burin, they stop short at form. They cannot translate color.

If a traveller pressed for time asked me whether he should or should not go as far as the second cataract, I think I should recommend him to turn back from Abou Simbel. The trip must cost four days; and if the wind should happen to be unfavorable either way, it may cost six or seven. The forty miles of river that have to be twice traversed are the dullest on the Nile; the cataract is but an enlarged and barren edition of the cataract between Assûan and Philæ; and the great view, as I have said, has not that kind of beauty which attracts the general tourist.

It has an interest, however, beyond and apart from that of beauty. It rouses one's imagination to a sense of the greatness of the Nile. We look across a world of desert, and see the river still coming from afar. We have reached a point at which all that is habitable and familiar comes abruptly to an end. Not a village, not a bean-field, not a shâdûf, not a sakkieh, is to be seen in the plain below. There is no sail on those dangerous waters. There is no moving creature on those pathless sands. But for the telegraphic wires stalking, ghost-like, across the desert, it would seem as if we had touched the limit of civilization, and were standing on the threshold of a land unexplored.

Yet for all this, we feel as if we were at only the beginning of the mighty river. We have journeyed well-nigh a thousand miles against the stream; but what is that to the distance which still lies between us and the great lakes? And how far beyond the great

lakes must we seek for the source that is even yet undiscovered?

We stayed at Wady Halfeh but one night and paid but one visit to the cataract. We saw no crocodiles, though they are still plentiful among these rocky islets. The M. B.'s, who had been here a week, were full of crocodile stories and of Alfred's deeds of arms. He

Fishing Skiff on the Nile.

had stalked and shot a monster, two days before our arrival; but the creature had rushed into the water when hit, waving its tail furiously above its head, and had neither been seen nor heard of since.

Like Achilles, the crocodile has but one vulnerable spot; and this is a small unarmored patch behind the forearm. He will take a good deal of killing even there, unless the bullet finds its way to a vital part, or is of the diabolical kind called "explosive." Even

when mortally wounded, he seldom drops on the spot. With his last strength, he rushes to the water and dies at the bottom.

After three days the carcass rises and floats, and our friends were now waiting in order that Alfred might bag his big game. Too often, however, the poor brute either crawls into a hole, or, in his agony, becomes entangled among weeds and comes up no more. For one crocodile bagged, a dozen regain the river, and, after lingering miserably under water, die out of sight and out of reach of the sportsman.

While we were climbing the Rock of Abusîr our men were busy taking down the big sail and preparing the Philæ for her long and ignominious journey downstream. We came back to find the mainyard laid along like a roof-tree above our heads; the sail rolled up in a huge ball and resting on the roof of the kitchen; the small aftersail and yard hoisted on the mainmast; the oars lashed six on each side; and the lower deck a series of yawning chasms, every alternate plank being taken up so as to form seats and standing places for the rowers.

Thus dismantled, the dahabeeyah becomes, in fact, a galley. Her oars are now her chief motive power; and a crew of steady rowers (having always the current in their favor) can do thirty miles a day. When, however, a good breeze blows from the south, the small sail and the current are enough to carry the boat well along; and then the men reserve their strength for rowing by night, when the wind has dropped. Sometimes, when it is a dead calm and the rowers need rest, the dahabeeyah is left to her own devices and floats

with the stream — now waltzing ludicrously in the middle of the river; now drifting sidewise like Mr. Winkle's horse; now sidling up to the east bank; now changing her mind and blundering over to the west; making upon an average about a mile and a half or two miles an hour, and presenting a pitiful spectacle of helpless imbecility. At other times, however, the head wind blows so hard that neither oars nor current avail; and then there is nothing for it but to lie under the bank and wait for better times.

This was our sad case in going back to Abou Simbel. Having struggled with no little difficulty through the first five-and-twenty miles, we came to a dead-lock about half-way between Faras and Gebel-esh-Shems. Carried forward by the stream, driven back by the wind, buffeted by the waves, and bumped incessantly by the rocking to and fro of the felucca, our luckless Philæ, after oscillating for hours within the space of a mile, was run at last into a sheltered nook, and there left in peace till the wind should change or drop.

Imprisoned here for a day and a half, we found ourselves, fortunately, within reach of the tumuli which we had already made up our minds to explore. Making first for those on the east bank, we took with us in the felucca four men to row and dig, a fire-shovel, a small hatchet, an iron bar, and a large wicker basket, which were the only implements we possessed. What we wanted both then and afterward, and what no dehabeeyah should ever be without, were two or three good spades, a couple of picks, and a crowbar.

Climbing to the top of one of the highest of these hillocks, we began by surveying the ground. The

desert here is firm to the tread, flat, compact, and thickly strewn with pebbles. Of the fine yellow sand which characterizes the Libyan bank, there is little to be seen, and that little lies like snow in drifts and clefts and hollows, as if carried thither by the wind. The tumuli, however, are mounded of pure alluvial mould, smooth, solid, and symmetrical. We counted thirty-four of all sizes, from five to about five-and-thirty feet in height, and saw at least as many more on the opposite side of the river.

Selecting one of about eight feet high, we then set the sailors to work; and although it was impossible, with so few men and such insufficient tools, to cut straight through the centre of the mound, we at all events succeeded in digging down to a solid substratum of lumps of crude clay, evidently moulded by hand.

Whether these formed only the foundation of the tumulus, or concealed a grave excavated below the level of the desert, we had neither time nor means to ascertain. It was something, at all events, to have convinced ourselves that the mounds were artificial.

As we came away, we met a Nubian peasant trudg-

ing northward. He was leading a sorry camel; had a cockerel under his arm; and was followed by a frightened woman, who drew her shawl over her face and cowered behind him at sight of the Ingleezeh.

We asked the man what the mounds were, and who made them; but he shook his head, and said they had been there "from old time." We then inquired by what name they were known in these parts; to which, urging his camel forward, he replied hesitatingly that they had a name, but that he had forgotten it.

Having gone a little way, however, he presently turned back, saying that he now remembered all about it, and that they were called "The Horns of Yackma."

More than this we could not get from him. Who Yackma was, or how he came to have horns, or why his horns should take the form of tumuli, was more than he could tell or we could guess.

We gave him a small backshîsh, however, in return for this mysterious piece of information, and went our way with all possible speed; intending to row across and see the mounds on the opposite bank before sunset. But we had not calculated upon the difficulty of either threading our way among a chain of sand-banks, or going at least two miles farther north, so as to get round into the navigable channel at the other side. We of course tried the shorter way, and after running aground some three or four times, had to give it up, hoist our little sail, and scud homeward as fast as the wind would carry us.

The coming back thus, after an excursion in the felucca, is one of the many pleasant things that one has to remember of the Nile. The sun has set; the

after-glow has faded; the stars are coming out. Leaning back with a satisfied sense of something seen or done, one listens to the old dreamy chant of the rowers and to the ripple under the keel. The palms, meanwhile, glide past, and are seen in bronzed relief against the sky. Presently the big boat, all glittering with lights, looms up out of the dusk. A cheery voice hails from the poop. We glide under the bows. Half a dozen smiling brown faces bid us welcome, and as many pairs of brown hands are outstretched to help us up the side. A savory smell is wafted from the kitchen; a pleasant vision of the dining-saloon, with table ready spread and lamps ready lit, flashes upon us through the open doorway. We are at home once more. Let us eat, drink, rest, and be merry; for to-morrow the hard work of sight-seeing and sketching begins again.

IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND

(From English Traits.)

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

I TOOK my berth in the packet-ship Washington Irving, and sailed from Boston on Tuesday, 5th October, 1847.

On Friday, at noon, we had only made one hundred and thirty-four miles. A nimble Indian would have swum as far; but the captain affirmed that the ship would show us in time all her paces, and we crept along through the floating drift of boards, logs, and chips, which the rivers of Maine and New Brunswick pour into the sea after a freshet.

At last, on Sunday night, after doing one day's work in four, the storm came, the winds blew, and we flew before a north-wester, which strained every rope and sail. The good ship darts through the water all day, all night, like a fish, quivering with speed, gliding through liquid leagues, sliding from horizon to horizon. She has passed Cape Sable; she has reached the Banks; the land-birds are left; gulls, haglets, ducks, petrels, swim, dive, and hover around; no fishermen; she has passed the Banks; left five sail behind her, far on the

edge of the west at sundown, which were far east of us at morn, — though they say at sea a stern chase is a long race, — and still we fly for our lives. The shortest sea-line from Boston to Liverpool is 2850 miles. This a steamer keeps, and saves 150 miles. A sailing ship can never go in a shorter line than 3000, and usually it is much longer. Our good master keeps his kites up to the last moment, studding-sails alow and aloft, and, by incessant straight steering, never loses a rod of way. Watchfulness is the law of the ship, — watch on watch, for advantage and for life. Since the ship was built, it seems, the master never slept but in his day-clothes whilst on board. "There are many advantages," says Saadi, "in sea-voyaging, but security is not one of them." Yet in hurrying over these abysses, whatever dangers we are running into, we are certainly running out of the risks of hundreds of miles every day, which have their own chances of squall, collision, sea-stroke, piracy, cold, and thunder. Hour for hour, the risk on a steamboat is greater; but the speed is safety, or, twelve days of danger, instead of twenty-four. Our ship was registered 750 tons, and weighed perhaps, with all her freight, 1500 tons. The mainmast, from the deck to the top-button, measured 115 feet; the length of the deck, from stem to stern, 155. It is impossible not to personify a ship; everybody does, in everything they say: — she behaves well; she minds her rudder; she swims like a duck; she runs her nose into the water; she looks into a port. Then that wonderful *esprit du corps*, by which we adopt into our self-love everything we touch, makes us all champions of her sailing qualities.

The conscious ship hears all the praise. In one week

she has made 1467 miles, and now, at night, seems to hear the steamer behind her, which left Boston to-day at two, has mended her speed, and is flying before the gray south wind eleven and a half knots the hour. The sea-fire shines in her wake, and far around wherever a wave breaks. I read the hour, 9h. 45′, on my watch by this light. Near the equator, you can read small print by it; and the mate describes the phosphoric insects, when taken up in a pail, as shaped like a Carolina potato.

I find the sea-life an acquired taste, like that for tomatoes and olives. The confinement, cold, motion, noise, and odor are not to be dispensed with. The floor of your room is sloped at an angle of twenty or thirty degrees, and I waked every morning with the belief that some one was tipping up my berth. Nobody likes to be treated ignominiously, upset, shoved against the side of the house, rolled over, suffocated with bilge, mephitis, and stewing oil. We get used to these annoyances at last, but the dread of the sea remains longer. The sea is masculine, the type of active strength. Look, what egg-shells are drifting all over it, each one, like ours, filled with men in ecstasies of terror, alternating with cockney conceit, as the sea is rough or smooth. Is this sad-colored circle an eternal cemetery? In our graveyards we scoop a pit, but this aggressive water opens mile-wide pits and chasms, and makes a mouthful of a fleet. To the geologist, the sea is the only firmament; the land is in perpetual flux and change, now blown up like a tumor, now sunk in a chasm, and the registered observations of a few hundred years find it in a perpetual tilt, rising and falling. The sea keeps

its old level; and 'tis no wonder that the history of our race is so recent, if the roar of the ocean is silencing our traditions. A rising of the sea, such as has been observed, say an inch in a century, from east to west on the land, will bury all the towns, monuments, bones, and knowledge of mankind, steadily and insensibly. If it is capable of these great and secular mischiefs, it is quite as ready at private and local damage; and of this no landsman seems so fearful as the seaman. Such discomfort and such danger as the narratives of the captain and mate disclose are bad enough as the costly fee we pay for entrance to Europe; but the wonder is always new that any sane man can be a sailor. And here, on the second day of our voyage, stepped out a little boy in his shirt-sleeves, who had hid himself, whilst the ship was in port, in the bread-closet, having no money, and wishing to go to England. The sailors have dressed him in Guernsey frock, with a knife in his belt, and he is climbing nimbly about after them, — "likes the work first-rate, and, if the captain will take him, means now to come back again in the ship." The mate avers that this is the history of all sailors; nine out of ten are runaway boys; and adds that all of them are sick of the sea, but stay in it out of pride. Jack has a life of risks, incessant abuse, and the worst pay. It is a little better with the mate, and not very much better with the captain. A hundred dollars a month is reckoned high pay. If sailors were contented, if they had not resolved again and again not to go to sea any more, I should respect them.

Of course, the inconveniences and terrors of the sea are not of any account to those whose minds are pre-

occupied. The water-laws, arctic frost, the mountain, the mine, only shatter cockneyism; every noble activity makes room for itself. A great mind is a good sailor, as a great heart is. And the sea is not slow in disclosing inestimable secrets to a good naturalist.

'Tis a good rule in every journey to provide some piece of liberal study to rescue the hours which bad weather, bad company, and taverns steal from the best economist. Classics which at home are drowsily read have a strange charm in a country inn, or in the transom of a merchant brig. I remember that some of the happiest and most valuable hours I have owed to books, passed many years ago, on shipboard. The worst impediment I have found at sea is the want of light in the cabin.

We found on board the usual cabin library: Basil Hall, Dumas, Dickens, Bulwer, Balzac, and Sand were our sea-gods. Among the passengers, there was some variety of talent and profession; we exchanged our experiences, and all learned something. The busiest talk with leisure and convenience at sea, and sometimes a memorable fact turns up, which you have long had a vacant niche for, and seize with the joy of a collector. But, under the best conditions, a voyage is one of the severest tests to try a man. A college examination is nothing to it. Sea-days are long, — these lack-lustre, joyless days which whistled over us; but they were few, — only fifteen, as the captain counted, sixteen according to me. Reckoned from the time when we left soundings, our speed was such that the captain drew the line of his course in red ink on his chart, for the encouragement or envy of future navigators.

It has been said that the King of England would consult his dignity by giving audience to foreign ambassadors in the cabin of a man-of-war. And I think the white path of an Atlantic ship the right avenue to the palace front of this seafaring people, who for hundreds of years claimed the strict sovereignty of the sea, and exacted toll and the striking sail from the ships of all other peoples. When their privilege was disputed by the Dutch and other junior marines, on the plea that you could never anchor on the same wave, or hold property in what was always flowing, the English did not stick to claim the channel, or bottom of all the main. "As if," said they, "we contended for the drops of the sea, and not for its situation, or the bed of those waters. The sea is bounded by his majesty's empire."

As we neared the land, its genius was felt. This was inevitably the British side. In every man's thought arises now a new system, English sentiments, English loves and fears, English history and social modes. Yesterday, every passenger had measured the speed of the ship by watching the bubbles over the ship's bulwarks. To-day, instead of bubbles, we measure by Kinsale, Cork, Waterford, and Ardmore. There lay the green shore of Ireland, like some coast of plenty. We could see towns, towers, churches, harvests; but the curse of eight hundred years we could not discern.

Alfieri thought Italy and England the only countries worth living in; the former, because there nature vindicates her rights, and triumphs over the evils inflicted by the governments; the latter, because art conquers nature, and transforms a rude, ungenial land into a

paradise of comfort and plenty. England is a garden. Under an ash-colored sky, the fields have been combed and rolled till they appear to have been finished with a pencil instead of a plough. The solidity of the structures that compose the towns speak the industry of ages. Nothing is left as it was made. Rivers, hills, valleys, the sea itself feel the hand of a master. The long habitation of a powerful and ingenious race has turned every rood of land to its best use, has found all the capabilities, the arable soil, the quarriable rock, the highways, the byways, the fords, the navigable waters; and the new arts of intercourse meet you everywhere; so that England is a huge phalanstery, where all that man wants is provided within the precinct. Cushioned and comforted in every manner, the traveller rides as on a cannon-ball, high and low, over rivers and towns, through mountains, in tunnels of three or four miles, at near twice the speed of our trains; and reads quietly the Times newspaper, which, by its immense correspondence and reporting, seems to have machinized the rest of the world for his occasion.

The problem of the traveller landing at Liverpool is, Why England is England? What are the elements of that power which the English hold over other nations? If there be one test of national genius universally accepted, it is success; and if there be one successful country in the universe for the last millennium, that country is England.

A wise traveller will naturally choose to visit the best of actual nations; and an American has more reasons than another to draw him to Britain. In all that is done or begun by the Americans towards right

thinking or practice, we are met by a civilization already settled and overpowering. The culture of the day, the thoughts and aims of men, are English thoughts and aims. A nation considerable for a thousand years since Egbert, it has, in the last centuries, obtained the ascendant, and stamped the knowledge, activity, and power of mankind with its impress. Those who resist it do not feel it or obey it less. The Russian in his snows is aiming to be English. The Turk and Chinese also are making awkward efforts to be English. The practical common-sense of modern society, the Utilitarian direction which labor, laws, opinion, religion take, is the natural genius of the British mind. The influence of France is a constituent of modern civility, but not enough opposed to the English for the most wholesome effect. The American is only the continuation of the English genius into new conditions, more or less propitious.

See what books fill our libraries. Every book we read, every biography, play, romance, in whatever form, is still English history and manners. So that a sensible Englishman once said to me, "As long as you do not grant us copyright, we shall have the teaching of you."

But we have the same difficulty in making a social or moral estimate of England, as the sheriff finds in drawing a jury to try some cause which has agitated the whole community, and on which everybody finds himself an interested party. Officers, jurors, judges have all taken sides. England has inoculated all nations with her civilization, intelligence, and tastes; and, to resist the tyranny and prepossession of the

British element, a serious man must aid himself, by comparing with it the civilizations of the farthest east and west, the old Greek, the Oriental, and, much more, the ideal standard, if only by means of the very impatience which English forms are sure to awaken in independent minds.

Besides, if we will visit London, the present time is the best time, as some signs portend that it has reached its highest point. It is observed that the English interest us a little less within a few years; and hence the impression that the British power has culminated, is in solstice, or already declining.

As soon as you enter England, which, with Wales, is no larger than the State of Georgia,[1] this little land stretches by an illusion to the dimensions of an empire. The innumerable details, the crowded succession of towns, cities, cathedrals, castles, and great and decorated estates, the number and power of the trades and guilds, the military strength and splendor, the multitudes of rich and remarkable people, the servants and equipages, — all these catching the eye, and never allowing it to pause, hide all boundaries by the impression of magnificence and endless wealth.

I reply to all the urgencies that refer me to this and that object indispensably to be seen, — Yes, to see England well needs a hundred years; for, what they told me was the merit of Sir John Soane's Museum, in London, — that it was well packed and well saved, — is the merit of England; — it is stuffed full, in all corners and crevices, with towns, towers, churches, villas, palaces,

[1] Add South Carolina, and you have more than an equivalent for the area of Scotland.

hospitals, and charity-houses. In the history of art it is a long way from a cromlech to York minster; yet all the intermediate steps may still be traced in this all-preserving island.

The territory has a singular perfection. The climate is warmer by many degrees than it is entitled to by latitude. Neither hot nor cold, there is no hour in the whole year when one cannot work. Here is no winter, but such days as we have in Massachusetts in November, a temperature which makes no exhausting demand on human strength, but allows the attainment of the largest stature. Charles the Second said, "it invited men abroad more days in the year and more hours in the day than another country." Then England has all the materials of a working country except wood. The constant rain, — a rain with every tide in some parts of the island, — keeps its multitude of rivers full, and brings agricultural production up to the highest point. It has plenty of water, of stone, of potter's clay, of coal, of salt, and of iron. The land naturally abounds with game; immense heaths and downs are paved with quails, grouse, and woodcock, and the shores are animated by water birds. The rivers and the surrounding sea spawn with fish; there are salmon for the rich, and sprats and herrings for the poor. In the northern lochs the herring are in innumerable shoals; at one season, the country people say, the lakes contain one part water and two parts fish.

The only drawback on this industrial conveniency is the darkness of its sky. The night and day are too nearly of a color. It strains the eyes to read and to write. Add the coal smoke. In the manufacturing

towns, the fine soot or *blacks* darken the day, give white sheep the color of black sheep, discolor the human saliva, contaminate the air, poison many plants, and corrode the monuments and buildings.

The London fog aggravates the distempers of the sky, and sometimes justifies the epigram on the climate by an English wit, "in a fine day, looking up a chimney; in a foul day, looking down one." A gentleman in Liverpool told me that he found he could do without a fire in his parlor about one day in the year. It is, however, pretended that the enormous consumption of coal in the island is also felt in modifying the general climate.

Factitious climate, factitious position. England resembles a ship in its shape, and, if it were one, its best admiral could not have worked it, or anchored it in a more judicious or effective position. Sir John Herschel said, "London was the centre of the terrene globe." The shopkeeping nation, to use a shop word, has a *good stand*. The old Venetians pleased themselves with the flattery that Venice was in 45°, midway between the poles and the line; as if that were an imperial centrality. Long of old, the Greeks fancied Delphi the navel of the earth, in their favorite mode of fabling the earth to be an animal. The Jews believed Jerusalem to be the centre. I have seen a kratometric chart designed to show that the city of Philadelphia was in the same thermic belt, and, by inference, in the same belt of empire, as the cities of Athens, Rome, and London. It was drawn by a patriotic Philadelphian, and was examined with pleasure, under his showing, by the inhabitants of Chestnut Street. But when carried to Charleston, to New

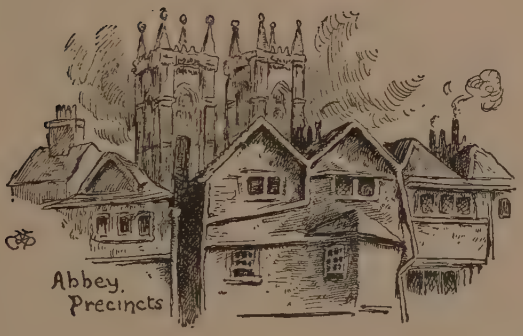
Orleans, and to Boston, it somehow failed to convince the ingenious scholars of all those capitals.

But England is anchored at the side of Europe, and right in the heart of the modern world. The sea, which, according to Virgil's famous line, divided the poor Britons utterly from the world, proved to be the ring of marriage with all nations. It is not down in the books, — it is written only in the geologic strata, — that fortunate day when a wave of the German Ocean burst the old isthmus which joined Kent and Cornwall to France, and gave to this fragment of Europe its impregnable sea wall, cutting off an island of eight hundred miles in length, with an irregular breadth reaching to three hundred miles; a territory large enough for independence, enriched with every seed of national power, so near, that it can see the harvests of the continent; and so far, that who would cross the strait must be an expert mariner, ready for tempests. As America, Europe, and Asia lie, these Britons have precisely the best commercial position in the whole planet, and are sure of a market for all the goods they can manufacture. And to make these advantages avail, the river Thames must dig its spacious outlet to the sea from the heart of the kingdom, giving road and landing to innumerable ships, and all the conveniency to trade, that a people so skilful and sufficient in economizing water-front by docks, warehouses, and lighters required. When James the First declared his purpose of punishing London by removing his Court, the Lord Mayor replied, "that, in removing his royal presence from his lieges, they hoped he would leave them the Thames."

In the variety of surface, Britain is a miniature of Europe, having plain, forest, marsh, river, seashore; mines in Cornwall; caves in Matlock and Derbyshire; delicious landscape in Dovedale, delicious sea-view at Tor Bay, Highlands in Scotland, Snowdon in Wales; and, in Westmoreland and Cumberland, a pocket Switzerland, in which the lakes and mountains are on a sufficient scale to fill the eye and touch the imagination. It is a nation conveniently small. Fontenelle thought that nature had sometimes a little affectation; and there is such an artificial completeness in this nation of artificers, as if there were a design from the beginning to elaborate a bigger Birmingham. Nature held counsel with herself, and said, "My Romans are gone. To build my new empire, I will choose a rude race, all masculine, with brutish strength. I will not grudge a competition of the roughest males. Let buffalo gore buffalo, and the pasture to the strongest! For I have work that requires the best will and sinew. Sharp and temperate northern breezes shall blow, to keep that will alive and alert. The sea shall disjoin the people from others, and knit them to a fierce nationality. It shall give them markets on every side. Long time I will keep them on their feet, by poverty, border-wars, seafaring, sea-risks, and the stimulus of gain. An island, — but not so large, the people not so many, as to glut the great markets and depress one another, but proportioned to the size of Europe and the continents."

With its fruits, and wares, and money, must its civil influence radiate. It is a singular coincidence to this geographic centrality, the spiritual centrality,

which Emanuel Swedenborg ascribes to the people. "For the English nation, the best of them are in the centre of all Christians, because they have interior intellectual light. This appears conspicuously in the spiritual world. This light they derive from the liberty of speaking and writing, and thereby of thinking."



STRATFORD-ON-AVON

(From the Sketch-Book.)

By WASHINGTON IRVING.

Thou soft flowing Avon, by thy silver stream
Of things more than mortal sweet Shakespeare would dream;
The fairies by moonlight dance round his green bed,
For hallowed the turf is which pillowed his head.

Garrick.

TO a homeless man, who has no spot on this wide world which he can truly call his own, there is a momentary feeling of something like independence and territorial consequence, when, after a weary day's travel, he kicks off his boots, thrusts his feet into slippers, and stretches himself before an inn fire. Let the world without go as it may; let kingdoms rise or fall, so long as he has the wherewithal to pay his bill, he is, for the time being, the very monarch of all he surveys. The arm-chair is his throne, the poker his sceptre, and the little parlor, of some twelve feet square, his undisputed empire. It is a morsel of certainty, snatched from the midst of the uncertainties of

life; it is a sunny moment gleaming out kindly on a cloudy day; and he who has advanced some way on the pilgrimage of existence, knows the importance of husbanding even morsels and moments of enjoyment. "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" thought I, as I gave the fire a stir, lolled back in my elbow-chair, and cast a complacent look about the little parlor of the Red Horse, at Stratford-on-Avon.

The words of sweet Shakespeare were passing through my mind as the clock struck midnight from the tower of the church in which he lies buried. There was a gentle tap at the door, and a pretty chambermaid, putting in her smiling face, inquired, with a hesitating air, whether I had rung. I understood it as a modest hint that it was time to retire. My dream of absolute dominion was at an end; so abdicating my throne like a prudent potentate, to avoid being deposed, and putting the Stratford Guide-Book under my arm, as a pillow companion, I went to bed and dreamt all night of Shakespeare, the Jubilee, and David Garrick.

The next morning was one of those quickening mornings which we sometimes have in early spring; for it was about the middle of March. The chills of a long winter had suddenly given way; the north wind had spent its last gasp; and a mild air came stealing from the west, breathing the breath of life into nature, and wooing every bud and flower to burst forth into fragrance and beauty.

I had come to Stratford on a poetical pilgrimage. My first visit was to the house where Shakespeare was born, and where, according to tradition, he was brought up to his father's craft of wool-combing. It is a small,

mean-looking edifice of wood and plaster, a true nestling-place of genius, which seems to delight in hatching its offspring in by-corners. The walls of its squalid chambers are covered with names and inscriptions in every language, by pilgrims of all nations, ranks, and conditions, from the prince to the peasant; and present a striking instance of the spontaneous and universal homage of mankind to the great poet of nature.

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE.

The house is shown by a garrulous old lady, in a frosty red face, lighted up by a cold blue anxious eye, and garnished with artificial locks of flaxen hair, curling from under an exceedingly dirty cap. She was peculiarly assiduous in exhibiting the relics with which this, like all other celebrated shrines, abounds. There was the shattered stock of the very matchlock with which Shakespeare shot the deer, on his poaching exploits. There, too, was his tobacco-box; which proves that he was a rival smoker of Sir Walter Raleigh; the sword also with which he played Hamlet; and the identical lantern with which Friar Laurence discovered

Romeo and Juliet at the tomb! There was an ample supply also of Shakespeare's mulberry-tree, which seems to have as extraordinary powers of self-multiplication as the wood of the true cross; of which there is enough extant to build a ship of the line.

The most favorite object of curiosity, however, is Shakespeare's chair. It stands in the chimney-nook of a small gloomy chamber, just behind what was his father's shop. Here he may many a time have sat when a boy, watching the slowly-revolving spit, with all the longing of an urchin; or, of an evening, listening to the crones and gossips of Stratford, dealing forth churchyard tales and legendary anecdotes of the troublesome times in England. In this chair it is the custom of everyone who visits the house to sit: whether this be done with the hope of imbibing any of the inspiration of the bard, I am at a loss to say; I merely mention the fact; and mine hostess privately assured me that, though built of solid oak, such was the fervent zeal of devotees, that the chair had to be new-bottomed at least once in three years. It is worthy of notice also, in the history of this extraordinary chair, that it partakes something of the volatile nature of the Santa Casa of Loretto, or the flying chair of the Arabian enchanter; for though sold some few years since to a northern princess, yet, strange to tell, it has found its way back again to the old chimney-corner.

I am always of easy faith in such matters, and am very willing to be deceived, where the deceit is pleasant and costs nothing. I am therefore a ready believer in relics, legends, and local anecdotes of goblins and great men; and would advise all travellers who travel for

their gratification to be the same. What is it to us whether these stories are true or false so long as we can persuade ourselves into the belief of them, and enjoy all the charm of the reality? There is nothing like resolute good-humored credulity in these matters; and on this occasion I went even so far as willingly to believe the claims of mine hostess to a lineal descent from the poet, when, unluckily for my faith, she put into my hands a play of her own composition, which set all belief in her consanguinity at defiance.

From the birthplace of Shakespeare a few paces brought me to his grave. He lies buried in the chancel of the parish church, a large and venerable pile, mouldering with age, but richly ornamented. It stands on the banks of the Avon, on an embowered point, and separated by adjoining gardens from the suburbs of the town. Its situation is quiet and retired: the river runs murmuring at the foot of the churchyard, and the elms which grow upon its banks droop their branches into its clear bosom. An avenue of limes, the boughs of which are curiously interlaced, so as to form in summer an arched way of foliage, leads up from the gate of the yard to the church porch. The graves are overgrown with grass; the gray tombstones, some of them nearly sunk into the earth, are half-covered with moss, which has likewise tinted the reverend old building. Small birds have built their nests among the cornices and fissures of the walls, and keep up a continual flutter and chirping; and rooks are sailing and cawing about its lofty gray spire.

In the course of my rambles I met with the gray-headed sexton, and accompanied him home to get the

key of the church. He had lived in Stratford, man and boy, for eighty years, and seemed still to consider himself a vigorous man, with the trivial exception that he had nearly lost the use of his legs for a few years past. His dwelling was a cottage, looking out upon the Avon and its bordering meadows, and was a picture of that neatness, order, and comfort, which pervade the humblest dwelling in this country. A low white-washed room, with a stone floor carefully scrubbed, served for parlor, kitchen, and hall. Rows of pewter and earthen dishes glittered along the dresser. On an old oaken table, well rubbed and polished, lay the family Bible and prayer-book, and the drawer contained the family library, composed of about half a score of well-thumbed volumes. An ancient clock, that important article of cottage furniture, ticked on the opposite side of the room, with a bright warming-pan hanging on one side of it, and the old man's horn-handled Sunday cane on the other. The fireplace, as usual, was wide and deep enough to admit a gossip knot within its jams. In one corner sat the old man's granddaughter sewing, a pretty blue-eyed girl, — and in the opposite corner was a superannuated crony, whom he addressed by the name of John Ange, and who, I found, had been his companion from childhood. They had played together in infancy; they had worked together in manhood; they were now tottering about and gossiping away the evening of life; and in a short time they will probably be buried together in the neighboring churchyard. It is not often that we see two streams of existence running thus evenly and tranquilly side by side; it is only in such quiet

"bosom scenes" of life that they are to be met with.

I had hoped to gather some traditionary anecdotes of the bard from these ancient chroniclers; but they had nothing new to impart. The long interval, during which Shakespeare's writing lay in comparative neglect,

has spread its shadow over history; and it is his good or evil lot, that scarcely anything remains to his biographers but a scanty handful of conjectures.

The sexton and his companion had been employed as carpenters, on the preparations for the celebrated Stratford jubilee, and they remembered Garrick, the prime mover of the fête, who superintended the arrangements,

and who, according to the sexton, was "a short punch man, very lively and bustling." John Ange had assisted also in cutting down Shakespeare's mulberry-tree, of which he had a morsel in his pocket for sale, no doubt a sovereign quickener of literary conception.

I was grieved to hear these two worthy wights speak very dubiously of the eloquent dame who shows the Shakespeare house. John Ange shook his head when I mentioned her valuable and inexhaustible collection of relics, particularly her remains of the mulberry-tree; and the old sexton even expressed a doubt as to Shakespeare having been born in her house. I soon discovered that he looked upon her mansion with an evil eye, as a rival to the poet's tomb; the latter having comparatively but few visitors. Thus it is that historians differ at the very outset, and mere pebbles make the stream of truth diverge into different channels, even at the fountain-head.

Shakespeare's Tomb.

We approached the church through the avenue of limes, and entered by a Gothic porch, highly ornamented with carved doors of massive oak. The interior is spacious, and the architecture and embellishments superior to those of most country churches. There are several ancient monuments of nobility and gentry, over some of which hang funeral escutcheons, and banners dropping piecemeal from the walls. The tomb of Shakespeare is in the chancel. The place is solemn and sepulchral. Tall elms wave before the pointed windows, and the Avon, which runs at a short distance from the walls, keeps up a low perpetual murmur. A flat stone marks the spot where the bard is buried. There are four lines inscribed on it, said to have been written by himself, and which have in them something extremely awful. If they are indeed his own, they show that solicitude about the quiet of the grave which seems natural to fine sensibilities and thoughtful minds:

> "Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbeare
> To dig the dust inclosèd here.
> Blessed be he that spares these stones,
> And curst be he that moves my bones."

Just over the grave, in a niche of the wall, is a bust of Shakespeare, put up shortly after his death, and considered as a resemblance. The aspect is pleasant and serene, with a finely arched forehead; and I thought I could read in it clear indications of that cheerful, social disposition, by which he was as much characterized among his contemporaries as by the vastness of his genius. The inscription mentions his age at the time of his decease — fifty-three years; an untimely death

for the world: for what fruit might not have been expected from the golden autumn of such a mind, sheltered as it was from the stormy vicissitudes of life, and flourishing in the sunshine of popular and royal favor!

The inscription on the tombstone has not been without its effect. It has prevented the removal of his remains from the bosom of his native place to Westminster Abbey, which was at one time contemplated. A few years since also, as some laborers were digging to make an adjoining vault, the earth caved in, so as to leave a vacant space almost like an arch, through which one might have reached into his grave. No one, however, presumed to meddle with the remains so awfully guarded by a malediction; and lest any of the idle or the curious, or any collector of relics, should be tempted to commit depredations, the old sexton kept watch over the place for two days, until the vault was finished, and the aperture closed again. He told me he had made bold to look in at the hole, but could see neither coffin nor bones; nothing but dust. It was something, I thought, to have seen the dust of Shakespeare.

Next to this grave are those of his wife, his favorite daughter Mrs. Hall, and others of his family. On a tomb close by, also, is a full length effigy of his old friend John Combe, of usurious memory; on whom he is said to have written a ludicrous epitaph. There are other monuments around, but the mind refuses to dwell on anything that is not connected with Shakespeare. His idea pervades the place — the whole pile seems but as his mausoleum. The feelings, no longer checked and thwarted by doubt, here indulge in perfect confidence; other traces of him may be false or dubious, but

here is palpable evidence and absolute certainty. As I trod the sounding pavement, there was something intense and thrilling in the idea, that, in very truth, the remains of Shakespeare were mouldering beneath my feet. It was a long time before I could prevail upon myself to leave the place; and as I passed through the churchyard, I plucked a branch from one of the yew-trees, the only relic that I have brought from Stratford.

I had now visited the usual objects of a pilgrim's devotion, but I had a desire to see the old family seat of the Lucys at Charlecot, and to ramble through the park where Shakespeare, in company with some of the roisterers of Stratford, committed his youthful offence of deer-stealing. In this hairbrained exploit we are told that he was taken prisoner and carried to the keeper's lodge, where he remained all night in doleful captivity. When brought into the presence of Sir Thomas Lucy, his treatment must have been galling and humiliating; for it so wrought upon his spirit as to produce a rough pasquinade, which was affixed to the park gate at Charlecot. . . .

The old mansion of Charlecot and its surrounding park still remain in the possession of the Lucy family, and are peculiarly interesting from being connected with this whimsical but eventful circumstance in the scanty history of the bard. As the house stood at little more than three miles' distance from Stratford, I resolved to pay it a pedestrian visit, that I might stroll leisurely through some of those scenes from which Shakespeare must have derived his earliest ideas of rural imagery.

The country was yet naked and leafless; but English

scenery is always verdant, and the sudden change in the temperature of the weather was surprising in its quickening effects upon the landscape. It was inspiring and animating to witness this first awakening of spring; to feel its warm breath stealing over the senses; to see the moist, mellow earth beginning to put forth the green sprout and the tender blade; and the trees and shrubs, in their reviving tints and bursting buds, giving the promise of returning foliage and flower. The cold snow-drop, that little borderer on the skirts of winter, was to be seen with its chaste white blossoms in the small gardens before the cottages. The bleating of the new-dropt lambs was faintly heard from the fields. The sparrow twittered about the thatched eaves and budding hedges; the robin threw a livelier note into his late querulous wintry strain; and the lark, springing up from the reeking bosom of the meadow, towered away into the bright fleecy cloud, pouring forth torrents of melody. As I watched the little songster, mounting up higher and higher, until his body was a mere speck on the white bossom of the cloud, while his ear was still filled with music, it called to mind Shakespeare's exquisite little song in "Cymbeline:"

"Hark! hark! the lark at heav'n's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs,
On chalicèd flowers that lies.

And winking mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise!"

Indeed, the whole country about here is poetic ground: everything is associated with the idea of Shakespeare. Every old cottage that I saw, I fancied into some resort of his boyhood, where he had acquired his intimate knowledge of rustic life and manners, and heard those legendary tales and wild superstitions which he has woven like witchcraft into his dramas. For in his time, we are told, it was a popular amusement in winter evening "to sit round the fire, and tell merry tales of errant knights, queens, lovers, lords, ladies, giants, dwarfs, thieves, cheaters, witches, fairies, goblins, and friars."

My route for a part of the way lay in sight of the Avon, which made a variety of the most fanciful doublings and windings through a wide and fertile valley; sometimes glittering from among willows, which fringed its borders; sometimes disappearing among groves, or beneath green banks; and sometimes rambling out into full view, and making an azure sweep round a slope of meadow land. This beautiful bosom of country is called the Vale of the Red Horse. A distant line of undulating blue hills seems to be its boundary, whilst all the soft intervening landscape lies in a manner enchained in the silver links of the Avon.

After pursuing the road for about three miles, I turned off into a foot-path, which led along the borders of fields and under hedge-rows to a private gate of the park; there was a stile, however, for the benefit of the pedestrian; there being a public right of way through the grounds. I delight in these hospitable estates, in which everyone has a kind of property — at least as far as the foot-path is concerned. It in some measure

reconciles a poor man to his lot, and what is more, to the better lot of his neighbor, thus to have parks and pleasure-grounds thrown open for his recreation. He breathes the pure air as freely, and lolls as luxuriously under the shade, as the lord of the soil; and if he has not the privilege of calling all that he sees as his own, he has not, at the same time, the trouble of paying for it, and keeping it in order.

I now found myself among noble avenues of oaks and elms, whose vast size bespoke the growth of centuries. The wind sounded solemnly among their branches, and the rooks cawed from their hereditary nests in the tree tops. The eye ranged through a long lessening vista, with nothing to interrupt the view but a distant statue, and a vagrant deer stalking like a shadow across the opening.

There is something about these stately old avenues that has the effect of Gothic architecture, not merely from the pretended similarity of form, but from their bearing the evidence of long duration, and of having had their origin in a period of time with which we associate ideas of romantic grandeur. They betoken also the long-settled dignity, and proudly concentrated independence of an ancient family; and I have heard a worthy but aristocratic old friend observe, when speaking of the sumptuous palaces of modern gentry, that "money could do much with stone and mortar, but, thank Heaven, there was no such thing as suddenly building up an avenue of oaks."

It was from wandering in early life among this rich scenery, and about the romantic solitudes of the adjoining park of Fullbroke, which then formed a part of

the Lucy estate, that some of Shakespeare's commentators have supposed he derived his noble forest meditations of Jacques, and the enchanting woodland pictures in "As You Like It." It is in lonely wanderings through such scenes, that the mind drinks deep but quiet draughts of inspiration, and becomes intensely sensible of the beauty and majesty of nature. The imagination kindles into reverie and rapture; vague but exquisite images and ideas keep breaking upon it; and we revel in a mute and almost incommunicable luxury of thought. It was in some such mood, and perhaps under one of those very trees before me, which threw their broad shades over the grassy banks and quivering waters of the Avon, that the poet's fancy may have sailed forth into that little song which breathes the very soul of a rural voluptuary:

"Under the green-wood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry throat
Unto the sweet bird's note,
Come hither, come thither, come hither,
Here shall he see
No enemy —
But winter and rough weather."

I had now come in sight of the house. It was a large building of brick, with stone quoins, and is in the Gothic style of Queen Elizabeth's day, having been built in the first year of her reign. The exterior remains very nearly in its original state, and may be considered a fair specimen of the residence of a wealthy country gentlemen of those days. A great gate-way opens from the park into a kind of courtyard in front

of the house, ornamented with a grass-plot, shrubs, and flower-beds. The gateway is in imitation of the ancient barbican; being a kind of outpost, and flanked by towers; though evidently for mere ornament, instead of defence. The front of the house is completely in the old style; with stone shafted casements, a great bow-window of heavy stone work, and a portal with armorial bearings over it, carved in stone. At each corner of the building is an octagon tower, surmounted by a gilt ball and weathercock. The Avon, which winds through the park, makes a bend just at the foot of a gently sloping bank, which sweeps down from the rear of the house. Large herds of deer were feeding or reposing upon its borders; and swans were sailing majestically upon its bosom. As I contemplated the venerable old mansion, I called to mind Falstaff's encomium on Justice Shallow's abode, and the affected indifference and real vanity of the latter:

Charlecot Mansion.

"*Falstaff.* You have here a goodly dwelling and a rich.

Shallow. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John: — marry, good air."

Whatever may have been the joviality of the old mansion in the days of Shakespeare, it had now an air of stillness and solitude. The great iron gateway that opened into the courtyard was locked; there was no show of servants bustling about the place; the deer gazed quietly at me as I passed, being no longer harried by the moss-troopers of Stratford. The only sign of domestic life that I met with was a white cat, stealing with wary look and stealthy pace towards the stables, as if on some nefarious expedition. I must not omit to mention the carcass of a scoundrel crow which I saw suspended against the barn wall, as it shows that the Lucys still inherit that lordly abhorrence of poachers, and maintain that rigorous exercise of territorial power which was so strenuously manifested in the case of the bard.

After prowling about for some time, I at length found my way to a lateral portal, which was the every-day entrance to the mansion. I was courteously received by a worthy old housekeeper, who, with the civility and communicativeness of her order, showed me the interior of the house. The greater part has undergone alterations, and been adapted to modern tastes of modes of living: there is a fine old oaken staircase; and the great hall, that noble feature in an ancient manor-house, still retains much of the appearance it must have had in the days of Shakespeare. The ceiling is arched and lofty; and at one end is a gallery, in which stands an organ. The weapons and trophies of the chase, which formerly adorned the hall of a country gentleman, have made way for family portraits. There is a wide hospitable fireplace, calculated for an ample old-fashioned

wood fire, formerly the rallying place of winter festivity. On the opposite side of the hall is the huge Gothic bow-window, with stone shafts, which looks out upon the court-yard. Here are emblazoned in stained glass the armorial bearings of the Lucy family for many generations, some being dated in 1558. I was delighted to observe in the quarterings the three white luces by which the character of Sir Thomas was first identified with that of Justice Shallow. They are mentioned in the first scene of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," where the Justice is in a rage with Falstaff for having "beaten his men, killed his deer, and broken into his lodge." The poet had no doubt the offences of himself and his comrades in mind at the time, and we may suppose the family pride and vindictive threats of the puissant Shallow to be a caricature of the pompous indignation of Sir Thomas.

"*Shallow.* Sir Hugh, persuade me not. I will make a Star Chamber matter of it; if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, Esq.

Slender. In the county of Gloster, justice, peace, and coram.

Shallow. Ay, cousin Slender, and custalorum.

Slender. Ay, and ratalorum too, and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself Armigero in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation. Armigero.

Shallow. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slender. All his successors gone before him have done 't, and all his ancestors that come after him may; they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shallow. The council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Evans. It is not meet the council hear of a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot; the council, hear you, shall desire to hear

the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

Shallow. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it!"

Near the window thus emblazoned hung a portrait by Sir Peter Lely of one of the Lucy family, a great beauty of the time of Charles the Second: the old housekeeper shook her head as she pointed to the picture, and informed me that this lady had been sadly addicted to cards, and had gambled away a great portion of the family estate, among which was that part of the park where Shakespeare and his comrades had killed the deer. The lands thus lost have not been entirely regained by the family, even at the present day. It is but justice to this recreant dame to confess that she had a surpassingly fine hand and arm.

The picture which most attracted my attention was a great painting over the fireplace, containing likenesses of Sir Thomas Lucy and his family, who inhabited the hall in the latter part of Shakespeare's lifetime. I at first thought it was the vindictive knight himself, but the housekeeper assured me that it was his son; the only likeness extant of the former being an effigy upon his tomb in the church of the neighboring hamlet of Charlecot. The picture gives a lively idea of the costume and manners of the time. Sir Thomas is dressed in ruff and doublet; white shoes with roses in them; and has a peaked yellow, or, as Master Slender would say, "a cane-colored beard." His lady is seated on the opposite side of the picture in wide ruff and long stomacher, and the children have a most venerable stiffness and formality of dress. Hounds and spaniels are

mingled in the family group; a hawk is seated on his perch in the foreground, and one of the children holds a bow; — all intimating the knight's skill in hunting, hawking, and archery — so indispensable to an accomplished gentleman in those days.

I regretted to find that the ancient furniture of the hall had disappeared; for I had hoped to meet with the stately elbow-chair of carved oak, in which the country 'Squire of former days was wont to sway the sceptre of empire over his rural domains; and in which might be presumed the redoubted Sir Thomas sat enthroned in

The Parish Church.

awful state, when the recreant Shakespeare was brought before him. As I like to deck out pictures for my entertainment, I pleased myself with the idea that this very hall had been the scene of the unlucky bard's examination on the morning after his captivity in the lodge. I fancied to myself the rural potentate, surrounded by his body-guard of butler, pages, and the blue-coated serving-men with their badges; while the luckless culprit was brought in, forlorn, and chapfallen, in the custody of game-keepers, huntsmen, and whippers-in, and followed by a rabble rout of country clowns. I fancied bright faces of curious housemaids peeping from the half-

opened doors; while from the gallery the fair daughters of the Knight leaned gracefully forward, eying the youthful prisoner with that pity "that dwells in womanhood." Who would have thought that this poor varlet, thus trembling before the brief authority of a country 'Squire, and the sport of rustic boors, was soon to become the delight of princes; the theme of all tongues and ages; the dictator to the human mind; and was to confer immortality on his oppressor by a caricature and a lampoon!

I was now invited by the butler to walk into the garden, and I felt inclined to visit the orchard and arbor where the Justice treated Sir John Falstaff and Cousin Silence "to a last year's pippen of his own graffing, with a dish of carraways," but I had already spent so much of the day in my rambling, that I was obliged to give up any further investigations. When about to take my leave I was gratified by the civil entreaties of the housekeeper and butler, that I would take some refreshment—an instance of good old hospitality, which I grieve to say we castle-hunters seldom meet with in modern days. I make no doubt it is a virtue which the present representative of the Lucys inherits from his ancestors; for Shakespeare, even in his caricature, makes Justice Shallow importunate in this respect, as witness his pressing instances to Falstaff:

"By cock and pye, Sir, you shall not away to-night * * * . I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused * * * . Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws tell 'William Cook.'"

I now bade a reluctant farewell to the old hall. My mind had become so completely possessed by the imaginary scenes and characters connected with it, that I seemed to be actually living among them. Everything brought them as it were before my eyes; and as the door of the dining-room opened, I almost expected to hear the feeble voice of Master Silence quavering forth his favorite ditty:

> "'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
> And welcome merry Shrove-tide!"

VIEWS AFOOT IN EUROPE

By BAYARD TAYLOR.

A Day in Ireland.

THE next morning was misty and rainy, but I preferred walking the deck and drying myself occasionally beside the chimney, to sitting in the dismal room below. We passed the Isle of Man, and through the whole forenoon were tossed about very disagreeably in the North Channel. In the afternoon we stopped at Larne, a little antiquated village, not far from Belfast, at the head of a crooked arm of the sea. There is an old ivy-grown tower near, and high green mountains rise up around. After leaving it, we had a beautiful panoramic view of the northern coast. Many of the precipices are of the same formation as the Causeway; Fairhead, a promontory of this kind, is grand in the extreme. The perpendicular face of fluted rock is about three hundred feet in height, and towering up sublimely from the water, seemed almost to overhang our heads.

My companion compared it to Niagara Falls petrified; and I think the simile very striking. It is like a cataract falling in huge waves, in some places leaping out from a projecting rock, in others descending in an unbroken sheet.

We passed the Giant's Causeway after dark, and about eleven o'clock reached the harbor of Port Rush, where, after stumbling up a strange old street, in the dark, we found a little inn, and soon forgot the Irish Coast and everything else.

In the morning when we arose it was raining, with little prospect of fair weather, but having expected nothing better, we set out on foot for the Causeway. The rain, however, soon came down in torrents, and we were obliged to take shelter in a cabin by the roadside. The whole house consisted of one room, with bare walls and roof, and earthen floor, while a window of three or four panes supplied the light. A fire of peat was burning on the hearth, and the breakfast, of potatoes alone, stood on the table. The occupants received us with rude but genuine hospitality, giving us the only seats in the room to sit upon; except a rickety bedstead that stood in one corner and a small table, there was no other furniture in the house. The man appeared rather intelligent, and although he complained of the hardness of their lot, had no sympathy with O'Connell or the Repeal movement.

We left this miserable hut as soon as it quit raining — and, though there were many cabins along the road, few were better than this. At length, after passing the walls of an old church, in the midst of older tombs, we saw the roofless towers of Dunluce Castle, on the

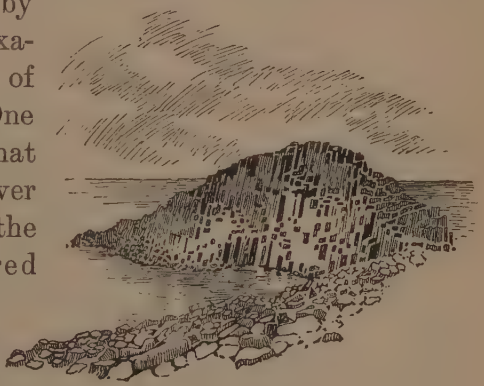
sea-shore. It stands on an isolated rock, rising perpendicularly two hundred feet above the sea, and connected with the cliffs of the mainland by a narrow arch of masonry. On the summit of the cliffs were the remains of the buildings where the ancient lords kept their vassals. An old man, who takes care of it for Lord Antrim, on whose property it is situated, showed us the way down to the castle. We walked across the narrow arch, entered the ruined hall, and looked down on the roaring sea below. It still rained, the wind swept furiously through the decaying arches of the banqueting hall and waved the long grass on the desolate battlements. Far below, the sea foamed white on the breakers and sent up an unceasing boom. It was the most mournful and desolate picture I ever beheld. There were some low dungeons yet entire, and rude stairways, where, by stooping down, I could ascend nearly to the top of one of the towers, and look out on the wild scenery of the coast.

Going back, I found a way down the cliff, to the mouth of a cavern in the rock, which extends under the whole castle to the sea. Sliding down a heap of sand and stones, I stood under an arch eighty feet high; in front the breakers dashed into the entrance, flinging the spray half-way to the roof, while the sound rang up through the arches like thunder. It seemed to me the haunt of the old Norsemen's sea-gods!

We left the road near Dunluce and walked along the smooth beach to the cliffs that surround the Causeway. Here we obtained a guide, and descended to one of the caves which can be entered from the shore. Opposite the entrance a bare rock called Sea Gulf Isle, rises out

of the sea like a church steeple. The roof at first was low, but we shortly came to a branch that opened on the sea, where the arch was forty-six feet in height. The breakers dashed far into the cave, and flocks of sea-birds circled round its mouth. The sound of a gun was like a deafening peal of thunder, crashing from arch to arch till it rolled out of the cavern.

On the top of the hill a splendid hotel is erected for visitors to the Causeway; after passing this we descended to the base of the cliffs, which are here upwards of four hundred feet high, and soon began to find, in the columnar formation of the rocks, indications of our approach. The guide pointed out some columns which appeared to have been melted and run together, from which Sir Humphry Davy attributed the formation of the Causeway to the action of fire. Near this is the Giant's Well, a spring of the purest water, the bottom formed by three perfect hexagons, and the sides of regular columns. One of us observing that no giant had ever drunk from it, the old man answered — "perhaps not: but it was made by a giant — God Almighty!"



Giant's Causeway.

From the well, the Causeway commences — a mass of columns, from triangular to octagonal, lying in compact forms, and extending into the sea. I was

somewhat disappointed at first, having supposed the Causeway to be of great height, but I found the Giant's Loom, which is the highest part of it, to be but about fifty feet from the water. The singular appearance of the columns and the many strange forms which they assume, render it nevertheless, an object of the greatest interest. Walking out on the rocks we came to the Ladies' Chair, the seat, the back, sides, and footstool, being all regularly formed by the broken columns. The guide said that any lady who would take three drinks from the Giant's Well, then sit in this chair and think of any gentleman for whom she had a preference, would be married before a twelvemonth. I asked him if it would answer as well for gentlemen, for by a wonderful coincidence we had each drank three times at the well! He said it would, and thought he was confirming his statement.

A cluster of columns about half-way up the cliff is called the Giant's Organ — from its very striking resemblance to that instrument, and a single rock, worn by the waves into the shape of a rude seat, is his chair. A mile or two farther along the coast, two cliffs project from the range, leaving a vast semicircular space between, which, from its resemblance to the old Roman theatres, was appropriated for that purpose by the Giant. Half-way down the crags are two or three pinnacles of rock, called the Chimneys, and the stumps of several others can be seen, which, it is said, were shot off by a vessel belonging to the Spanish Armada, in mistake for the towers of Dunluce Castle. The vessel was afterwards wrecked in the bay below, which has ever since been called Spanish Bay, and in calm weather

the wreck may be still seen. Many of the columns of the Causeway have been carried off and sold as pillars for mantels — and though a notice is put up threatening any one with the rigor of the law, depredations are occasionally made.

Returning, we left the road at Dunluce, and took a path which led along the summit of the cliffs. The twilight was gathering, and the wind blew with perfect fury, which, combined with the black and stormy sky, gave the coast an air of extreme wildness. All at once, as we followed the winding path, the crags appeared to open before us, disclosing a yawning chasm, down which a large stream, falling in an unbroken sheet, was lost in the gloom below. Witnessed in a calm day, there may perhaps be nothing striking about it, but coming upon us at once, through the gloom of twilight, with the sea thundering below and a scowling sky above, it was absolutely startling.

The path at last wound, with many a steep and slippery bend, down the almost perpendicular crags, to the shore, at the foot of a giant isolated rock, having a natural arch through it, eighty feet in height. We followed the narrow strip of beach, having the bare crags on one side and a line of foaming breakers on the other. It soon grew dark; a furious storm came up and swept like a hurricane along the shore. I then understood what Horne meant by "the lengthening javelins of the blast," for every drop seemed to strike with the force of an arrow, and our clothes were soon pierced in every part.

Then we went up among the sand hills, and lost each other in the darkness, when, after stumbling about

among the gullies for half an hour, shouting for my companions, I found the road and heard my call answered; but it happened to be two Irishmen, who came up and said — "And is it another gintleman ye're callin' for? we heard some one cryin', and didn't know but somebody might be kilt."

Finally, about eleven o'clock we all arrived at the inn, dripping with rain, and before a warm fire concluded the adventures of our day in Ireland.

Ben Lomond and the Highland Lakes.

The steamboat Londonderry called the next day at Port Rush, and we left in her for Greenock. We ran down the Irish Coast, past Dunluce Castle and the Causeway; the Giant's Organ was very plainly visible, and the winds were strong enough to have sounded a storm-song upon it. Farther on we had a distant view of Carrick-a-Rede, a precipitous rock, separated by a yawning chasm from the shore, frequented by the catchers of sea-birds. A narrow swinging bridge, which is only passable in calm weather, crosses this chasm, two hundred feet above the water. . . .

The waves were as rough in the Channel as I ever saw them in the Atlantic, and our boat was tossed about like a plaything. By keeping still we escaped sickness, but we could not avoid the sight of the miserable beings who filled the deck. Many of them spoke in the Irish tongue, and our German friend (the student whom we had previously met) noticed in many of the words a resemblance to his mother tongue. I procured a bowl of soup from the steward, but as I was not able to eat it, I gave it to an old man whose hungry look and wist-

ful eyes convinced me it would not be lost on him. He swallowed it with ravenous avidity, together with a crust of bread, which was all I had to give him, and seemed for the time as happy and cheerful as if all his earthly wants were satisfied.

We passed by the foot of Goat Fell, a lofty mountain on the island of Arran, and sped on through the darkness past the hills of Bute, till we entered the Clyde. We arrived at Greenock at one o'clock at night, and walking at random through its silent streets, met a policeman, whom we asked to show us where we might find lodgings. He took my cousin and myself to the house of a poor widow, who had a spare bed which she let to strangers, and then conducted our comrade and the German to another lodging-place.

An Irish strolling musician, who was on board the Dumbarton boat, commenced playing soon after we left Greenock, and, to my surprise, struck at once into "Hail Columbia." Then he gave "The Exile of Erin," with the most touching sweetness; and I noticed that always after playing any air that was desired of him, he would invariably return to the sad lament, which I never heard executed with more feeling. It might have been the mild, soft air of the morning, or some peculiar mood of mind that influenced me, but I have been far less affected by music which would be considered immeasurably superior to his. I had been thinking of America, and going up to the old man, I quietly bade him play "Home." It thrilled with a painful delight that almost brought tears to my eyes. My companion started as the sweet melody arose, and turned towards me, his face kindling with emotion.

Dumbarton Rock rose higher and higher as we went up the Clyde, and before we arrived at the town I hailed the dim outline of Ben Lomond, rising far off among the highlands. The town is at the head of a small inlet, a short distance from the rock, which was once surrounded by water. We went immediately to the Castle. The rock is nearly five hundred feet high, and from its position and great strength as a fortress, has been called the Gibraltar of Scotland. The top is surrounded with battlements, and the armory and barracks stand in a cleft between the two peaks. We passed down a green lane, around the rock, and entered the castle on the south side. A soldier conducted us through a narrow cleft, overhung with crags, to the summit. Here, from the remains of a round building, called Wallace's Tower, from its having been used as a look-out station by that chieftain, we had a beautiful view of the whole of Leven Vale to Loch Lomond, Ben Lomond, and the Highlands, and on the other hand, the Clyde and the Isle of Bute. In the soft and still balminess of the morning, it was a lovely picture. In the armory, I lifted the sword of Wallace, a two-handed weapon, five feet in length. We were also shown a Lochaber battle-axe, from Bannockburn, and several ancient claymores.

We lingered long upon the summit before we forsook the stern fortress for the sweet vale spread out before us. It was indeed a glorious walk, from Dumbarton to Loch Lomond, through this enchanting valley. The air was mild and clear; a few light clouds occasionally crossing the sun, checkered the hills with sun and shade. I have as yet seen nothing that in pastoral

beauty can compare with its glassy winding stream, its mossy old woods, and guarding hills — and the ivy-grown, castellated towers embosomed in its forests, or standing on the banks of the Leven — the purest of rivers. At a little village called Renton, is a monument to Smollett, but the inhabitants seem to neglect his memory, as one of the tablets on the pedestal is broken and half fallen away. Further up the vale a farmer showed us an old mansion in the midst of a group of trees on the bank of the Leven, which he said belonged to Smollett — or Roderick Random, as he called him. Two or three old pear trees were still standing where the garden had formerly been, under which he was accustomed to play in his childhood.

At the head of Leven Vale, we set off in the steamer Water Witch over the crystal waters of Loch Lomond, passing Inch Murrin, the deer-park of the Duke of Montrose, and Inch Caillach,

> —— "where gray pines wave
> Their shadows o'er Clan Alpine's grave."

Under the clear sky and golden light of the departing sun, we entered the Highlands, and heard on every side names we had learned long ago in the days of Scott. Here were Glen Fruin and Bannochar, Ross Dhu and the pass of Beal-ma-na. Further still, we passed Rob Roy's rock, where the lake is locked in by lofty mountains. The cone-like peak of Ben Lomond rises far above on the right, Ben Voirlich stands in front, and the jagged crest of Ben Arthur looks over the shoulders of the western hills. A Scotchman on board pointed out to us the remarkable places, and

related many interesting legends. Above Inversnaid, where there is a beautiful waterfall, leaping over the rock and glancing out from the overhanging birches, we passed McFarland's Island, concerning the origin of which name, he gave a history. A nephew of one of the old Earls of Lennox, the ruins of whose castle we saw on Inch Murrin, having murdered his uncle's cook in a quarrel, was obliged to flee for his life. Returning after many years, he built a castle upon this island, which was always after named, on account of his exile, *Far-land*. On a precipitous point above Inversnaid, are two caves in the rock; one near the water is called Rob Roy's, though the guides generally call it Bruce's also, to avoid trouble, as the real Bruce's Cave is high up the hill. It is so called, because Bruce hid there one night, from the pursuit of his enemies. It is related that a mountain goat, who used this probably for a sleeping place, entered, trod on his mantle, and aroused him. Thinking his enemies were upon him, he sprang up, and saw the silly animal before him. In token of gratitude for this agreeable surprise, when he became king, a law was passed, declaring goats free throughout all Scotland — unpunishable for whatever trespass they might commit, and the legend further says, that not having been repealed, it continues in force at the present day.

On the opposite shore of the lake is a large rock, called Bull's Rock, having a door in the side, with a stairway cut through the interior to a pulpit on the top, from which the pastor at Arroquhar preaches a monthly discourse. The Gaelic legend of the rock is, that it once stood near the summit of the mountain

above, and was very nearly balanced on the edge of a precipice. Two wild bulls, fighting violently, dashed with great force against the rock, which, being thrown from its balance, was tumbled down the side of the mountain, till it reached its present position. The Scot was speaking with great bitterness of the betrayal of Wallace, when I asked him if it was still considered an insult to turn a loaf of bread bottom upwards in the presence of a Monteith. "Indeed it is, sir," said he, "I have often done it myself."

Until last May, travellers were taken no higher up the lake than Rob Roy's cave, but another boat having commenced running, they can now go beyond Loch Lomond, two miles up Glen Falloch, to the Inn of Inverarnan, thereby visiting some of the finest scenery in that part of the Highlands. It was ludicrous, however, to see the steamboat on a river scarcely wider than herself, in a little valley, hemmed in completely with lofty mountains. She went on, however, pushing aside the thickets which lined both banks, and I almost began to think she was going to take the shore for it, when we came to a place widened out for her to be turned around in; here we jumped ashore in a green meadow, on which the cool mist was beginning to descend.

When we arose in the morning, at 4 o'clock, to return with the boat, the sun was already shining upon the westward hills, scarcely a cloud was in the sky, and the air was pure and cool. To our great delight Ben Lomond was unshrouded, and we were told that a more favorable day for the ascent had not occurred for two months. We left the boat at Rowardennan, an inn at

the southern base of Ben Lomond. After breakfasting on Loch Lomond trout, I stole out to the shore while my companions were preparing for the ascent, and made a hasty sketch of the lake.

We purposed descending on the northern side and crossing the Highlands to Loch Katrine; though it was represented as difficult and dangerous by the guide who wished to accompany us, we determined to run the risk of being enveloped in a cloud on the summit, and so set out alone, the path appearing plain before us. We had no difficulty in following it up the lesser heights, around the base. It wound on, over rock and bog, among the heather and broom with which the mountain is covered, sometimes running up a steep acclivity, and then winding zigzag round a rocky ascent. The rains two days before had made the bogs damp and muddy, but with this exception, we had little trouble for some time. Ben Lomond is a doubly formed mountain. For about three-fourths of the way there is a continued ascent, when it is suddenly terminated by a large barren plain, from one end of which the summit shoots up abruptly, forming at the north side, a precipice five hundred feet high. As we approached the summit of the first part of the mountain, the way became very steep and toilsome; but the prospect, which had before been only on the south side, began to open on the east, and we saw suddenly spread out below us, the vale of Monteith, with "far Loch Ard and Aberfoil" in the centre, and the huge front of Benvenue filling up the picture. Taking courage from this, we hurried on. The heather had become stunted and dwarfish, and the ground was covered with short,

brown grass. The mountain sheep, which we saw looking at us from the rock above, had worn so many paths along the side, that we could not tell which to take, but pushed on in the direction of the summit, till thinking it must be near at hand, we found a mile and a half of plain before us, with the top of Ben Lomond at the farther end. The plain was full of wet moss, crossed in all directions by deep ravines or gullies worn in it by the mountain rains, and the wind swept across with a tempest-like force.

I met, near the base, a young gentleman from Edinburgh, who had left Rowardennan before us, and we commenced ascending together. It was hard work, but neither liked to stop, so we climbed up to the first resting place, and found the path leading along the brink of the precipice. We soon attained the summit, and climbing up a little mound of earth and stones, I saw the half of Scotland at a glance. The clouds hung just above the mountain tops, which rose all around like the waves of a mighty sea. On every side — near and far — stood their misty summits, but Ben Lomond was the monarch of them all. Loch Lomond lay unrolled under my feet like a beautiful map, and just opposite, Loch Long thrust its head from between the feet of the crowded hills, to catch a glimpse of the giant. We could see from Ben Nevis to Ayr — from Edinburgh to Staffa. Stirling and Edinburgh Castles would have been visible, but that the clouds hung low in the valley of the Forth and hid them from our sight.

The view from Ben Lomond is nearly twice as extensive as that from Catskill, being uninterrupted on every side, but it wants the glorious forest scenery,

clear, blue sky, and active, rejoicing character of the latter. We stayed about two hours upon the summit, taking refuge behind the cairn, when the wind blew strong. I found the smallest of flowers under a rock, and brought it away as a memento. In the middle of the precipice there is a narrow ravine or rather cleft in the rock, to the bottom, from whence the mountain slopes regularly but steeply down to the valley. At the bottom we stopped to awake the echoes, which were repeated four times; our German companion sang the "Hunters' Chorus," which resounded magnificently through this Highland hall. We drank from the river Forth, which starts from a spring at the foot of the rock, and then commenced descending. This was also toilsome enough. The mountain was quite wet and covered with loose stones, which, dislodged by our feet, went rattling down the side, oftentimes to the danger of the foremost ones; and when we had run or rather slid down the three miles, to the bottom, our knees trembled so as scarcely to support us.

Here, at a cottage on the farm of Coman, we procured some oat cakes and milk for dinner, from an old Scotch woman, who pointed out the direction of Loch Katrine, six miles distant; there was no road, nor indeed a solitary dwelling between. The hills were bare of trees, covered with scraggy bushes and rough heath, which in some places was so thick we could scarcely drag our feet through. Added to this, the ground was covered with a kind of moss that retained the moisture like a sponge, so that our boots ere long became thoroughly soaked. Several considerable streams were rushing down the side, and

many of the wild breed of black Highland cattle were grazing around. After climbing up and down one or two heights, occasionally startling the moor-cock and ptarmigan from their heathery coverts, we saw the valley of Loch Con; while in the middle of the plain on the top of the mountain we had ascended, was a sheet of water which we took to be Loch Ackill. Two or three wild fowl swimming on its surface were the only living things in sight. The peaks around shut it out from all view of the world; a single decayed tree leaned over it from a mossy rock, which gave the whole scene an air of the most desolate wildness. I forget the name of the lake; but we learned afterwards that the Highlanders consider it the abode of the fairies, or "men of peace," and that it is still superstitiously shunned by them after nightfall.

From the next mountain we saw Loch Ackill and Loch Katrine below, but a wet and weary descent had yet to be made. I was about throwing off my knapsack on a rock, to take a sketch of Loch Katrine, which appeared very beautiful from this point, when we discerned a cavalcade of ponies winding along the path from Inversnaid, to the head of the lake, and hastened down to take the boat when they should arrive. Our haste turned out to be unnecessary, however, for they had to wait for their luggage, which was long in coming. Two boatmen then offered to take us for two shillings and sixpence each, with the privilege of stopping at Ellen's Isle; the regular fare being two shillings. We got in, when, after exchanging a few words in Gaelic, one of them called to the travellers, of whom there were a number, to come and take passage at two

shillings — then at one and sixpence, and finally concluded by requesting them all to step on board the shilling boat! At length, having secured nine at this reduced price, we pushed off; one of the passengers took the helm, and the boat glided merrily over the clear water.

It appears there is some opposition among the boatmen this summer, which is all the better for travellers. They are a bold race, and still preserve many of the characteristics of the clan from which they sprung. One of ours, who had a chieftain-like look, was a MacGregor, related to Rob Roy. The fourth descendant in a direct line, now inhabits the Rob Roy mansion, at Glengyle, a valley at the head of the lake. A small steamboat was put upon Loch Katrine a short time ago, but the boatmen, jealous of this new invasion of their privilege, one night towed her out to the middle of the lake and there sunk her.

Near the point of Brianchoil is a very small island with a few trees upon it, of which the boatman related a story that was new to me. He said an eccentric individual, many years ago, built his house upon it — but it was soon beaten down by the winds and waves. Having built it up with like fortune several times, he at last desisted, saying, "bought wisdom was the best;" since when it has been called the Island of Wisdom. On the shore below, the boatman showed us his cottage. The whole family were out at the door to witness our progress; he hoisted a flag, and when we came opposite, they exchanged shouts in Gaelic. As our men resumed their oars again, we assisted in giving three cheers, which made the echoes of Benvenue ring

again. Some one observed his dog, looking after us from a projecting rock, when he called out to him, "Go home, you brute!" We asked why he did not speak Gaelic also to the dog.

"Very few dogs, indeed," said he, "understand Gaelic, but they all understand English. And we therefore all use English when speaking to our dogs; indeed, I know some persons, who know nothing of English, that speak it to their dogs!"

They then sang, in a rude manner, a Gaelic song. The only word I could distinguish was Inch Caillach, the burying place of Clan Alpine. They told us it was the answer of a Highland girl to a foreign lord, who wished to make her his bride. Perhaps, like the American Indian, she would not leave the graves of her fathers. As we drew near the eastern end of the lake, the scenery became far more beautiful. The Trosachs opened before us. Ben Ledi looked down over the "forehead bare" of Ben An, and, as we turned a rocky point, Ellen's Isle rose up in front. It is a beautiful little turquoise in the silver setting of Loch Katrine. The northern side alone is accessible, all the others being rocky and perpendicular, and thickly grown with trees. We rounded the island to the little bay, bordered by the silver strand, above which is the rock from which Fitz-James wound his horn, and shot under an ancient oak which flung its long gray arms over the water; we here found a flight of rocky steps, leading to the top, where stood the bower erected by Lady Willoughby D'Eresby, to correspond with Scott's description. Two or three blackened beams are all that remain of it, having

been burned down some years ago, by the carelessness of a traveller.

The mountains stand all around, like giants, to "sentinel this enchanted land." On leaving the island, we saw the Goblin's Cave, in the side of Benvenue, called by the Gaels, "Coirnan-Uriskin." Near it is Beal-nam-bo, the pass of cattle, overhung with gray weeping birch-trees.

Here the boatmen stopped to let us hear the fine echo, and the names of "Rob Roy," and "Roderick Dhu," were sent back to us apparently as loud as they were given. The description of Scott is wonderfully exact, though the forest that feathered o'er the sides of Benvenue, has since been cut down and sold by the Duke of Montrose. When we reached the end of the lake it commenced raining, and we hastened on through the pass of Beal-an-Duine, scarcely taking time to glance at the scenery, till Loch Achray appeared through the trees, and on its banks the ivy-grown front of the inn of Ardcheancrochan, with its unpronounceable name.

We passed a glorious summer morning on the bank of Loch Katrine. The air was pure, fresh, and balmy, and the warm sunshine glowed upon forest and lake, upon dark crag and purple mountain-top. The lake was a scene in fairy-land. Returning over the rugged battle-plain in the jaws of the Trosachs, we passed the wild, lonely valley of Glenfinlas and Lanric Mead, at the head of Loch Vennachar, rounding the foot of Ben Ledi to Coilantogle Ford. We saw the desolate hills of Uam-var over which the stag fled from his lair in Glenartney, and keeping on through Callander, stopped

for the night at a little inn on the banks of the Teith. The next day we walked through Doune, over the lowlands to Stirling. Crossing Allan Water and the Forth, we climbed Stirling Castle and looked on the purple peaks of the Ochill Mountains, the far Grampians, and the battlefields of Bannockburn and Sheriff Muir. Our German comrade, feeling little interest in the memory of the poet-ploughman, left in the steamboat for Edinburgh; we mounted an English coach and rode to Falkirk, where we took the cars for Glasgow in order to attend the Burns Festival, on the 6th of August. . . .

The next day when we arose it was raining, and I feared that the weather might dampen somewhat the pleasures of the day, as it had done the celebrated tournament at Eglintoun Castle. We reached the station in time for the first train, and sped in the face of the wind over the plains of Ayrshire, which, under such a gloomy sky, looked most desolate. We ran some distance along the coast, having a view of the Hills of Arran, and reached Ayr about nine o'clock. We came first to the New Bridge, which had a triumphal arch in the middle, and the lines, from the "Twa Brigs of Ayr":

> "Will your poor narrow foot-path of a street,
> Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet,
> Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane and lime,
> Compare wi' bonnie brigs o' modern time?"

While on the arch of the "old brig" was the reply:

> "I'll be a brig when ye're a shapeless stane."

We saw the Wallace tower, a high Gothic building, having in front a statue of Wallace leaning on his sword, by Thom, a native of Ayr, and on our way to the green, where the procession was to assemble, passed under the triumphal arch thrown across the street opposite the inn where Tam O'Shanter caroused so long with Souter Johnny. Leaving the companies to form on the long meadow bordering the shore, we set out for the Doon, three miles distant. Beggars were seated at regular distances along the road, uttering the most dolorous whinings. Both bridges were decorated in the same manner, with miserable looking objects, keeping up, during the whole day, a continual lamentation.

A Trip to London.

We left Glasgow on the morning after returning from the Burns Festival, taking passage in the open cars for Edinburgh, for six shillings. On leaving the dépot, we plunged into the heart of the hill on which Glasgow Cathedral stands and were whisked through darkness and sulphury smoke to daylight again. The cars bore us past a spur of the Highlands through a beautiful country where women were at work in the fields, to Linlithgow, the birth-place of Queen Mary. The majestic ruins of its once-proud palace stand on a green meadow behind the town. In another hour we were walking through Edinburgh, admiring its palace-like edifices, and stopping every few minutes to gaze up at some lofty monument. Really, thought I, we call Baltimore the "Monumental City" for its two marble columns, and here is Edinburgh with one at every street corner! These, too, not in the midst of glaring

red buildings, where they seem to have been accidentally dropped, but framed in by loftly granite mansions, whose long vistas make an appropriate background to the picture.

We looked from Calton Hill on Salisbury Crags and over the Frith of Forth, then descended to dark old Holyrood, where the memory of lovely Mary lingers

Edinburgh Castle.

like a stray sunbeam in her cold halls, and the fair, boyish face of Rizzio looks down from the canvas on the armor of his murderer. We threaded the Canongate and climbed to the Castle; and finally, after a day and a half's sojourn, buckled on our knapsacks and marched out of the Northern Athens. In a short time the tall spire of Dalkeith appeared above the green

wood, and we saw to the right, perched on the steep bank of the Esk, the picturesque cottage of Hawthornden, where Drummond once lived in poetic solitude. We made haste to cross the dreary waste of the Muirfoot hills before nightfall, from the highest summit of which we took a last view of Edinburgh Castle and the Salisbury Crags, then blue in the distance. Far to the east were the hills of Lammermuir and the country of Mid-Lothian lay before us. It was all *Scott*-land. The Inn of Torsonce, beside the Gala Water, was our resting-place for the night. As we approached Galashiels the next morning, where the bed of the silver Gala is nearly emptied by a number of dingy manufactories, the hills opened, disclosing the sweet vale of the Tweed, guarded by the triple peak of the Eildon, at whose base lay nestled the village of Melrose.

I stopped at a bookstore to purchase a view of the Abbey; to my surprise nearly half the works were by American authors. They were Bryant, Longfellow, Channing, Emerson, Dana, Ware, and many others. The bookseller told me he had sold more of Ware's Letters than any other book in his store, "and also," to use his own words, "an immense number of the great Dr. Channing." I have seen English editions of Percival, Willis, Whittier, and Mrs. Sigourney, but Bancroft and Prescott are classed among the "standard *British* historians."

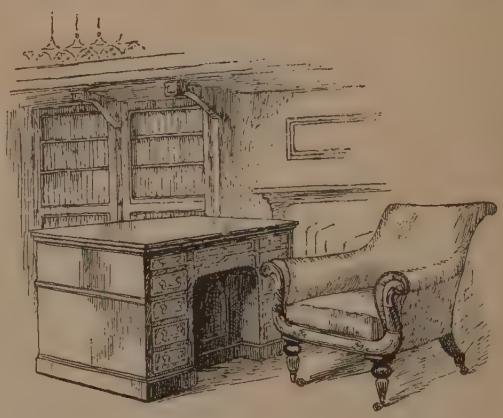
Crossing the Gala we ascended a hill on the road to Selkirk, and behold! the Tweed ran below, and opposite, in the midst of embowering trees planted by the hand of Scott, rose the gray halls of Abbottsford. We went down a lane to the banks of the swift stream, but

finding no ferry, B —— and I, as it looked very shallow, thought we might save a long walk by wading across. F —— preferred hunting for a boat; we two set out together, with our knapsacks on our backs, and our boots in our hands. The current was ice cold and very swift, and as the bed was covered with loose stones, it required the greatest care to stand upright. Looking at the bottom, through the rapid water, made my head so giddy, I was forced to stop and shut my eyes; my friend, who had firmer nerves, went plunging on to a deeper and swifter part, where the strength of the current made him stagger very unpleasantly. I called to him to return; the next thing I saw, he gave a plunge and went down to the shoulder in the cold flood. While he was struggling with a frightened expression of face to recover his footing, I leaned on my staff and laughed till I was on the point of falling also. To crown our mortification, F —— had found a ferry a few yards higher up and was on the opposite shore, watching us wade back again, my friend with dripping clothes and boots full of water. I could not forgive the pretty Scotch damsel who rowed us across, the mischievous lurking smile which told that she too had witnessed the adventure.

We found a foot-path on the other side, which led through a young forest to Abbotsford. Rude pieces of sculpture, taken from Melrose Abbey, were scattered around the gate, some half buried in the earth and overgrown with weeds. The niches in the walls were filled with pieces of sculpture, and an antique marble greyhound reposed in the middle of the courtyard. We rang the bell in an outer vestibule ornamented

with several pairs of antlers, when a lady appeared, who, from her appearance, I have no doubt was Mrs. Ormand, the "Duenna of Abbotsford," so humorously described by D'Arlincourt, in his "Three Kingdoms." She ushered us into the entrance hall, which has a magnificent ceiling of carved oak and is lighted by lofty stained windows. An effigy of a knight in armor stood at either end, one holding a huge two-handed sword found on Bosworth Field; the walls were covered with helmets and breast plates of the olden time.

Abbotsford Gate.



Among the curiosities in the Armory are Napoleon's pistols, the blunderbuss of Hofer, Rob Roy's purse and gun, and the offering box of Queen Mary. Through the folding doors between the dining-room, drawing-room and library, is a fine vista, terminated by a niche,

in which stands Chantrey's bust of Scott. The ceilings are of carved Scottish oak and the doors of American cedar. Adjoining the library is his study, the walls of which are covered with books; the doors and windows are double, to render it quiet and undisturbed. His books and inkstand are on the table and his writing-chair stands before it, as if he had left them but a moment before. In a little closet adjoining, where he kept his private manuscripts, are the clothes he last wore, his cane and belt, to which a hammer and small axe are attached, and his sword. A narrow staircase led from the study to his sleeping room above, by which he could come down at night and work while his family slept. The silence about the place is solemn and breathless, as if it waited to be broken by his returning footstep. I felt an awe in treading these lonely halls, like that which impressed me before the grave of Washington — a feeling that hallowed the spot, as if there yet lingered a low vibration of the lyre, though the minstrel had departed forever!

Plucking a wild rose that grew near the walls, I left Abbotsford, embosomed among the trees, and turned into a green lane that led down to Melrose. We went

immediately to the Abbey, in the lower part of the village, near the Tweed. As I approached the gate, the porteress came out, and having scrutinized me rather sharply, asked my name. I told her; — "Well," she added, "there is a *prospect* here for you." Thinking she alluded to the ruin, I replied: "Yes, the view is certainly very fine." "Oh! I don't mean that," she replied, "a young gentleman left a prospect here for you!" — whereupon she brought out a spy-glass, which I recognized as one that our German comrade had given to me. He had gone on and hoped to meet us at Jedburgh.

Melrose is the finest remaining specimen of Gothic architecture in Scotland. Some of the sculptured flowers in the cloister arches are remarkably beautiful and delicate, and the two windows — the south and east oriels — are of a lightness and grace of execution really surprising. We saw the tomb of Michael Scott, of King Alexander II., and that of the Douglas, marked with a sword. The heart of Bruce is supposed to have been buried beneath the high altar. The chancel is all open to the sky, and rooks build their nests among the wild ivy that climbs over the crum-

Melrose Abbey.

bling arches. One of these came tamely down and perched upon the hand of our fair guide. By a winding stair in one of the towers we mounted to the top of the arch and looked down on the grassy floor. I sat on the broken pillar, which Scott always used for a seat when he visited the Abbey, and read the disinterring of the magic book, in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." I never comprehended its full beauty till then; the memory of Melrose will give it a thrilling interest, in future. When we left, I was willing to say, with the Minstrel:

"Was never scene so sad and fair!"

After seeing the home and favorite haunt of Scott, we felt a wish to stand by his grave, but we had Ancrum Moor to pass before night, and the Tweed was between us and Dryburgh Abbey. We did not wish to try another watery adventure, and therefore walked on to the village of Ancrum, where a gate-keeper on the road gave us lodging and good fare, for a moderate price. Many of this class practice the double employment, and the economical traveller, who looks more to comfort than luxury, will not fail to patronize them.

Next morning we took a footpath over the hills to Jedburgh. From the summit there was a lovely view of the valley of the Teviot, with the blue Cheviots in the distance. I thought of Pringle's beautiful farewell:

"Our native land, our native vale,
A long, a last adieu,
Farewell to bonny Teviot-dale,
And Cheviot's mountains blue!"

The poet was born in the valley below, and one that looks upon its beauty cannot wonder how his heart clung to the scenes he was leaving. We saw Jedburgh and its majestic old Abbey, and ascended the valley of the Jed towards the Cheviots. The hills, covered with woods of a richness and even gorgeous beauty of foliage, shut out this lovely glen completely from the world. I found myself continually coveting the lonely dwellings that were perched on the rocky heights, or nestled, like a fairy pavilion, in the lap of a grove. These forests formerly furnished the wood for the celebrated Jedwood axe, used in the Border forays.

As we continued ascending, the prospect behind us widened, till we reached the summit of the Carter Fell, whence there is a view of great extent and beauty. The Eildon hills, though twenty-five miles distant, seemed in the foreground of the picture. With a glass, Edinburgh Castle might be seen over the dim outline of the Muirfoot Hills. After crossing the border, we passed the scene of the encounter between Percy and Douglass, celebrated in "Chevy Chase," and at the lonely inn of Whitelee, in the valley below, took up our quarters for the night.

Travellers have described the Cheviots as being bleak and uninteresting. Although they are bare and brown, to me the scenery was of a character of beauty entirely original. They are not rugged and broken like the Highlands, but lift their round backs gracefully from the plain, while the more distant ranges are clad in many an airy hue. Willis quaintly and truly remarks, that travellers only tell you the picture produced in their own brain by what they see, otherwise the world

would be like a pawnbroker's shop, where each traveller wears the cast-off clothes of others. Therefore let no one, of a gloomy temperament, journeying over the Cheviots in dull November, arraign me for having falsely praised their beauty.

I was somewhat amused with seeing a splendid carriage with footmen and outriders, crossing the mountain, the glorious landscape full in view, containing a richly dressed lady, *fast asleep!* It is no uncommon thing to meet carriages in the Highlands, in which the occupants are comfortably reading, while being whirled through the finest scenery. And *apropos* of this subject, my German friend related to me an incident. His brother was travelling on the Rhine, and when in the midst of the grandest scenery, met a carriage containing an English gentleman and lady, both asleep, while on the seat behind was stationed an artist, sketching away with all his might. He asked the latter the reason of his industry, when he answered, "Oh! my lord wishes to see every night what he has passed during the day, and so I sketch as we go along!"

The hills, particularly on the English side, are covered with flocks of sheep, and lazy shepherds lay basking in the sun, among the purple heather, with their shaggy black dogs beside them. On many of the hills are landmarks, by which, when the snow has covered all the tracks, they can direct their way. After walking many miles through green valleys, down which flowed the Red Water, its very name telling of the conflicts which had crimsoned its tide, we came to the moors, and ten miles of blacker, drearier waste I never

saw. Before entering them we passed the pretty little village of Otterburn, near the scene of the battle. I brought away a wild flower that grew on soil enriched by the blood of the Percys'. On the village inn, is their ancient coat of arms, a lion rampant, on a field of gold, with the motto, "*Esperance en Dieu*." Scarcely a house or a tree enlivened the black waste, and even the road was marked on each side by high poles, to direct the traveller in winter. We were glad when at length the green fields came again in sight, and the little village of Whelpington Knowes, with its old ivy-grown tower, welcomed us after the lonely walk.

As one specimen of the intelligence of this part of England, we saw a board conspicuously posted at the commencement of a private road, declaring that "all persons travelling this way will be *prosecuted*." As it led to a *church*; however, there may have been a design in the expression.

On the fifth day after leaving Edinburgh, we reached a hill, overlooking the valley of the Tyne and the German Ocean, as sunset was reddening in the west. A cloud of coal-smoke made us aware of the vicinity of Newcastle. On the summit of the hill a large cattle fair was being held, and crowds of people were gathered in and around a camp of gaudily decorated tents. Fires were kindled here and there, and drinking, carousing and horse-racing were flourishing in full vigor.

We set out one morning to hunt the Roman Wall. Passing the fine buildings in the centre of the city and the lofty monument to Earl Grey, we went towards the western gate and soon came to the ruins of a building, about whose origin there could be no doubt. It

stood there, blackened by the rust of ages, a remnant of power passed away. There was no mistaking the massive round tower, with its projecting ornaments, such as are often seen in the ruder works of the Romans. On each side a fragment of wall remained standing, and there appeared to be a chamber in the interior, which was choked up with rubbish. There is another tower, much higher, in a public square in another part of the city, a portion of which is fitted up as a dwelling for the family which takes care of it; but there was such a ridiculous contrast between the ivy-grown top, and the handsome modern windows and doors of the lower story, that it did not impress me half as much as the other, with all its neglect. These are the farthest limits of that power whose mighty works I hope hereafter to view at the seat of her grandeur and glory. . . .

At last at the appointed time, we found ourselves on board the "London Merchant," in the muddy Tyne, waiting for the tide to rise high enough to permit us to descend the river. There is great competition among the steamboats this summer, and the price of passage to London is reduced to five and ten shillings. The second cabin, however, is a place of tolerable comfort, and as the steward had promised to keep berths for us, we engaged passage. Following the windings of the narrow river, we passed Sunderland and Tynemouth, where it expands into the German Ocean. The water was barely stirred by a gentle wind, and little resembled the stormy sea I expected to find it. We glided over the smooth surface, watching the blue line of the distant shore till dark, when I went below expecting to

enjoy a few hours' oblivion. But the faithless steward had given up the promised berth to another, and it was only with difficulty that I secured a seat by the cabin table, where I dozed half the night with my head on my arms. It grew at last too close and wearisome; I went up on deck and lay down on the windlass, taking care to balance myself well before going to sleep. The earliest light of dawn awoke me to a consciousness of damp clothes and bruised limbs. We were in sight of the low shore the whole day, sometimes seeing the dim outline of a church, or group of trees over the downs or flat beds of sand, which border the eastern coast of England. About dark, the red light of the Nore was seen, and we hoped before many hours to be in London. The lights of Gravesend were passed, but about ten o'clock, as we entered the narrow channel of the Thames, we struck another steamboat in the darkness, and were obliged to cast anchor for some time. When I went on deck in the gray light of morning again, we were gliding up a narrow, muddy river, between rows of gloomy buildings, with many vessels lying at anchor. It grew lighter, till, as we turned a point, right before me lay a vast crowd of vessels, and in the distance,

Tower of London.

above the wilderness of buildings, stood a dim, gigantic dome in the sky; what a bound my heart gave at the sight! And the tall pillar that stood near it — I did not need a second glance to recognize the Monument. I knew the majestic bridge that spanned the river above; but on the right bank stood a cluster of massive buildings, crowned with many a turret, that attracted my eye. A crowd of old associations pressed bewilderingly upon the mind, to see standing there, grim and dark with many a bloody page of England's history — the Tower of London! The morning sky was as yet but faintly obscured by the coal-smoke, and in the misty light of coming sunrise, all objects seemed grander than their wont. In spite of the thrilling interest of the scene, I could not help thinking of Byron's ludicrous but most expressive description:

> "A mighty mass of brick and smoke and shipping,
> Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
> Can reach; with here and there a sail just skipping
> In sight, then lost amidst the forestry
> Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping
> On tiptoe through their sea-coal canopy;
> A huge dun cupola, like a fool's-cap crown
> On a fool's head, — and there is London town."

Some of the "Sights" of London.

In the course of time we came to anchor in the stream; skiffs from the shore pulled alongside, and after some little quarrelling, we were safely deposited in one, with a party who desired to be landed at the Tower Stairs. The dark walls frowned above us as we mounted from the water and passed into an open square on the

outside of the moat. The laborers were about commencing work, the fashionable *day* having just closed, but there was still noise and bustle enough in the streets, particularly when we reached Whitechapel, part of the great thoroughfare, extending through the heart of London to Westminster Abbey and the Parliament buildings. Further on, through Leadenhall Street and Fleet Street — what a world! Here come the ever-thronging ever-rolling waves of life, pressing and whirling on in their tumultuous career. Here day and night pours the stream of human beings, seeming amid the roar and din and clatter of the passing vehicles, like the tide of some great combat. (How lonely it makes one to stand still and feel that of all the mighty throng which divides itself around him, not a being knows or cares for him! What knows he too of the thousands who pass him by? How many who bear the impress of godlike virtue, or hide beneath a goodly countenance a heart black with crime? How many fiery spirits, all glowing with hope for the yet unclouded future, or brooding over a darkened and desolate past in the agony of despair? There is a sublimity in this human Niagara that makes one look on his own race with something of awe.)

We walked down the Thames, through the narrow streets of Wapping. Over the mouth of the Tunnel is a large circular building, with a dome to light the entrance below. Paying the fee of a penny, we descended by a winding staircase to the bottom, which is seventy-three feet below the surface. The carriage-way, still unfinished, will extend further into the city. From the bottom the view of the two arches of the Tunnel, bril-

liantly lighted with gas, is very fine; it has a much less heavy and gloomy appearance than I expected. As we walked along under the bed of the river, two or three girls at one end began playing on the French horn and bugle, and the echoes, when not too deep to confuse the melody, were remarkably beautiful. Between the arches of the division separating the two passages, are shops, occupied by venders of fancy articles, views of the Tunnel, engravings, etc. In the middle is a small printing press, where a sheet containing a description of the whole work is printed for those who desire it. As I was no stranger to this art, I requested the boy to let me print one myself, but he had such a bad roller I did not succeed in getting a good impression. The air within is somewhat damp, but fresh and agreeably cool, and one can scarcely realize in walking along the light passage, that a river is rolling above his head. The immense solidity and compactness of the structure precludes the danger of accident, each of the sides being arched outwards, so that the heaviest pressure only strengthens the whole. It will long remain a noble monument of human daring and ingenuity.

St. Paul's is on a scale of grandeur excelling everything I have yet seen. The dome seems to stand in the sky, as you look up to it; the distance from which you view it, combined with the atmosphere of London, gives it a dim, shadowy appearance, that perfectly startles one with its immensity. The roof from which the dome springs is itself as high as the spires of most other churches—blackened for two hundred years with the coal-smoke of London, it stands like a relic of the giant architecture of the early world. The interior is

what one would expect to behold, after viewing the outside. A maze of grand arches on every side, encompasses the dome, which you gaze up at, as at the sky; and from every pillar and wall look down the marble forms of the dead. There is scarcely a vacant niche left in all this mighty hall, so many are the statues that meet one on every side. With the exceptions of John Howard, Sir Ashly Cooper, and Wren, whose monument is the church itself, they are all to military men. I thought if they had all been removed except Howard's, it would better have suited such a temple, and the great soul it commemorated.

I never was more impressed with the grandeur of human invention, than when ascending the dome. I could with difficulty conceive the means by which such a mighty edifice had been lifted into the air. That small frame of Sir Christopher Wren must have contained a mind capable of vast conceptions. The dome is like the summit of a mountain; so wide is the prospect, and so great the pile upon which you stand. London lay beneath us, like an ant-hill, with the black insects swarming to and fro in their long avenues, the sound of their employments coming up like the roar of the sea. A cloud of coal-smoke hung over it, through which many a pointed spire was thrust up; sometimes the wind would blow it aside for a moment, and the thousands of red roofs would shine out clearer. The bridged Thames, covered with craft of all sizes, wound beneath us like a ringed and spotted serpent. The scene was like an immense circular picture in the blue frame of the hills around.

Continuing our way up Fleet Street, which, notwith-

standing the gayety of its shops and its constant bustle, has an antique appearance, we came to the Temple Bar, the western boundary of the ancient city. In the inside of the middle arch, the old gates are still standing. From this point we entered the new portion of the city, which wore an air of increasing splendor as we advanced. The appearance of the Strand and Trafalgar Square is truly magnificent. Fancy every house in Broadway a store, all built of light granite, the Park stripped of all its trees and paved with granite, and a lofty column in the centre, double the crowd and the tumult of business, and you will have some idea of the view.

It was a relief to get into St. James's Park, among the trees and flowers again. Here, beautiful winding walks led around little lakes, in which were hundreds of water-fowl, swimming. Groups of merry children were sporting on the green lawn, enjoying their privilege of roaming everywhere at will, while the older bipeds were confined to the regular walks. At the western end stood Buckingham Palace, looking over the trees towards St. Paul's; through the grove on the eminence above, the towers of St. James could be seen. But there was a dim building with two lofty square towers, decorated with a profusion of

Westminster Abbey.

pointed Gothic pinnacles, that is looked at with more interest than these appendages of royalty. I could

Interior of Westminster Abbey.

not linger long in its vicinity, but going back again by the Horse Guards, took the road to Westminster Abbey.

We approached by the general entrance, Poets' Corner. I hardly stopped to look at the elaborate exterior of Henry Seventh's Chapel, but passed on to the door. On entering, the first thing that met my eyes were the words, "O RARE BEN JONSON," under his bust. Near by stood the monuments of Spenser and Gay, and a few paces further looked down the sublime countenance of Milton. Never was a spot so full of intense interest. The light was just dim enough to give it a solemn, religious appearance, making the marble forms of poets and philosophers so shadowy and impressive, that I felt as if standing in their living presence. Every step called up some mind linked with the associations of my childhood. There was the gentle feminine countenance of Thomson, and the majestic head of Dryden; Addison with his classic features, and Gray, full of the fire of lofty thought. In another chamber, I paused long before the features of Shakespeare; and while looking at the monument of Garrick, started to find that I stood upon his grave. What a glorious galaxy of genius is here collected — what a constellation of stars whose light is immortal! The mind is completely fettered by their spirit. Everything is forgotten but the mighty dead, who still "rule us from their urns."

The chapel of Henry VII., which we next entered, is one of the most elaborate specimens of Gothic workmanship in the world. If the first idea of the Gothic arch sprung from observing the forms of trees, this chapel must resemble the first conceptions of that order, for the fluted columns rise up like tall trees, branching out at the top into spreading capitals covered with

leaves, and supporting arches of the ceiling resembling a leafy roof.

The side-chapels are filled with tombs of knightly families, the husband and wife lying on their backs on the tombs, with their hands clasped, while their children, about the size of dolls, are kneeling around. Numberless are the Barons and Earls and Dukes, whose grim effigies stare from their tombs. In opposite chapels are the tombs of Mary and Elizabeth, and near the former that of Darnley. After having visited many of the scenes of her life, it was with no ordinary emotion that I stood by the sepulchre of Mary. How differently one looks upon it and upon that of the proud Elizabeth.

We descended to the Chapel of Edward the Confessor, within the splendid shrine of which repose his ashes. Here we were shown the chair on which the English monarchs have been crowned for several hundred years. Under the seat is the stone brought from the Abbey of Scone, whereon the kings of Scotland were crowned. The chair is of oak, carved and hacked over with names, and on the bottom some one has recorded his name with the fact that he once slept in it. We sat down and rested in it without ceremony. Passing along an aisle leading to the grand hall, we saw the tomb of Aymer de Valence, a knight of the Crusades. Near here is the hall where the Knights of the order of Bath met. Over each seat their dusty banners are still hanging, each with its crest, and their armor is rusting upon the wall. It seemed like a banqueting hall of the olden time, where the knights had left their seats for a moment vacant. Entering the nave, we

were lost in the wilderness of sculpture. Here stood the forms of Pitt, Fox, Burke ,Sheridan, and Watt, from the chisels of Chantry, Bacon, and Westmacott. Further down were Sir Isaac Newton and Sir Godfrey Kneller — opposite André, and Paoli, the Italian, who died here in exile. How can I convey an idea of the scene? Notwithstanding all the descriptions I had read, I was totally unprepared for the reality, nor could I have anticipated the hushed and breathless interest with which I paced the dim aisles, gazing, at every step, on the last resting-place of some great and familiar name. A place so sacred to all who inherit the English tongue is worthy of a special pilgrimage across the deep. To those who are unable to visit it, a description may be interesting; but so far does it fall short of the scene itself, that if I thought it would induce a few of our wealthy idlers, or even those who, like myself, must travel with toil and privation, to come hither, I would write till the pen dropped from my hand.

More than twenty grand halls of the British Museum are devoted to antiquities, and include the Elgin Marbles — the spoils of the Parthenon — the Fellows Marbles, brought from the ancient city of Xanthus, and Sir William Hamilton's collection of Italian antiquities. It was painful to see the friezes of the Parthenon, broken and defaced as they are, in such a place. Rather let them moulder to dust on the ruin from which they were torn, shining through the blue veil of the Grecian atmosphere, from the summit of the Acropolis!

The National Gallery, on Trafalgar Square, is open four days in the week, to the public. The "Raising of

Lazarus," by Sebastian del Piombo, is considered the gem of the collection, but my unschooled eyes could not view it as such. It is also remarkable for having been transferred from wood to canvas, without injury. This delicate operation was accomplished by gluing the panel on which it was painted, flat on a smooth table, and planing the wood gradually away till the coat of hardened paint alone remained. A proper canvas was then prepared, covered with a strong cement, and laid on the back of the picture, which adhered firmly to it. The owner's nerves must have had a severe trial, if he had courage to watch the operation. I was enraptured with Murillo's pictures of St. John and the Holy Family. St. John is represented as a boy in the woods, fondling a lamb. It is a glorious head. The dark curls cluster around his fair brow, and his eyes seem already glowing with the fire of future inspiration. There is an innocence, a childish sweetness of expression in the countenance, which makes one love to gaze upon it. Both of these paintings were constantly surrounded by ladies, and they certainly deserved the preference. In the rooms devoted to English artists, there are many of the finest works of West, Reynolds, Hogarth, and Wilkie.

We spent a day in visiting the *lungs of London*, as the two grand parks have been called. From the Strand through the Regent Circus, the centre of the fashionable part of the city, we passed to Piccadilly, calling on our way to see our old friends, the Iowas. They were at the Egyptian Hall, in connection with Catlin's Indian collection. The old braves knew us at once, particularly Blister Feet, who used often to walk

a line on deck with me, at sea. Further along Piccadilly is Wellington's mansion of Apsley House, and nearly opposite it, in the corner of Hyde Park, stands the colossal statue of Achilles, cast from cannon taken at Salamanca and Vittoria. The Park resembles an open common, with here and there a grove of trees, intersected by carriage roads. It is like getting into the country again to be out on its broad, green field, with the city seen dimly around through the smoky atmosphere. We walked for a mile or two along the shady avenues and over the lawns, having a view of the princely terraces and gardens on one hand, and the gentle outline of Primrose Hill on the other. Regent's Park itself covers a space of nearly four hundred acres!

But if London is unsurpassed in splendor, it has also its corresponding share of crime. Notwithstanding the large and efficient body of police, who do much towards the control of vice, one sees enough of degradation and brutality in a short time, to make his heart sick. Even the public thoroughfares are thronged at night with characters of the lowest description, and it is not expedient to go through many of the narrow by-haunts of the old city in the day-time. The police, who are ever on the watch, immediately seize and carry off any offender, but from the statements of persons who have had an opportunity of observing, as well as from my own slight experience, I am convinced that there is an untold amount of misery and crime. London is one of the wonders of the world, but there is reason to believe it is one of the curses of the world also; though, in fact, nothing but an active and unceasing philanthropy can prevent any city from becoming so.

. . . I have now been six days in London, and by making good use of my feet and eyes, have managed to become familiar with almost every object of interest within its precincts. Having a plan mapped out for the day, I started from my humble lodgings at the Aldgate Coffee House, where I slept off fatigue for a shilling a night, and walked up Cheapside or down Whitechapel, as the case might be, hunting out my way to churches, halls, and theatres. In this way, at a trifling expense, I have perhaps seen as much as many who spend here double the time and ten times the money. Our whole tour from Liverpool hither, by way of Ireland and Scotland, cost us but twenty-five dollars each! although, except in one or two cases, we denied ourselves no necessary comfort. This shows that the glorious privilege of looking on the scenes of the old world need not be confined to people of wealth and leisure. It may be enjoyed by all who can occasionally forego a little bodily comfort for the sake of mental and spiritual gain.

CANOEING ON THE RHINE

(From a Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe.)

By J. MACGREGOR, M.A.

NOW we enter the broad Rhine again. The water is deep, and of a faint blue, but clear enough to show what is below. The pebbly bottom seems to roll up towards us from underneath, and village churches appear to spin quietly round on the banks, for the land and its things seem to move, not the water, so glassy its surface steadily flowing.

Here are the fishers again, slowly paying out their fine-spun nets, and there is a target-hut built on four piles in the river. The target itself is a great cube of wood, six feet on each side. It is fired at from another hut perched also on posts in the water, and a marker safely placed behind the great block of wood turns it round on a vertical pivot, and so patches up the bullet-hole, and signals its position.

The Rhine suddenly narrows soon after leaving the Boden See, or Lake Constance as we call it, but the banks again open out until it is a mile or two

in breadth. Here and there are glassy islands, and you may notice, by long stakes stuck on the shallows, which tremble as the water presses them, that the channel for steamers is very roundabout, though the canoe will skim over any part of it comfortably. Behind each islet of tall reeds there is a fishing-boat held fast by two poles stuck in the bottom of the river; or it is noiselessly sculled by the boatman, moving to a more lucky pool, with his oar at only one side — rather a novel plan — while he pays out the net with his other hand. Rudely-made barges are afloat, and seem to turn round helplessly in the current of the deeper parts, or hoist their great square sails in the dead calm — perhaps for the appearance of the thing — a very picturesque appearance, as the sail has two broad bands of dark blue cloth for its centre stripes. But the pointed lateen sail of Geneva is certainly a more graceful rig than the lug, especially when there are two masts, and the white sails swell towards you, goosewinged before a flowing breeze.

The river has probably a very uneven bottom in this part, for the water sometimes rushes round in great whirlpools, and strange overturnings of itself, as if it were boiling from below in exuberant volume with a gushing upwards; and then again it wheels about in a circle with a sweep far around, before it settles to go onward.

On the borders of Switzerland the German and French tongues are both generally known at the hotels, and by the people accustomed to do business with foreigners travelling among them.

But in your course along a river these convenient

waiters and polyglot commissionaires are not found in attendance at every village, and it is therefore to the bystanders or casual loungers you have to speak.

Frequent intercourse with natives of strange countries, where there is no common language between them and the tourist, will gradually teach him a "sign-language" which suits all people alike. By this means, no matter what was the dialect of the place, it was always easy to induce one or two men to aid in carrying the canoe, and the *formula* for this was something in the following style.

I first got the boat on shore, and a crowd of course soon collected, while I arranged its interior, and sponged out the splashed water, and fastened the apron down. Then, tightening my belt for a walk, I looked round with a smile, and selecting a likely man, would address him in English deliberately as follows — suiting each action to the word, for sign language is made more natural when you speak your own tongue all the time you are acting: — "Well now, I think as you have looked on enough and have seen all you want, it's about time to go to a hotel, a *Gasthaus*. Here! you — yes, *you!* — just take that end of the boat up, so, — gently, *langsam! langsam!* — all right, yes, under your arm, like this; now march off to the best hotel, *Gasthaus*."

"Langsam."

Then the procession naturally formed itself. The

most humorous boys of course took precedence, because of services or mischief willing to be peformed; and, meanwhile, they gratuitously danced about and under the canoe like Fauns around Silenus. Women stared and waited modestly till the throng had passed. The seniors of the place kept on the safer confines of the movement, where dignity of gait might comport with close observation.

To come back, however, from the Volga to the Rhine. The current flows more gently as we enter the Zeller See, or Unter See, a lake which would be called pretty if our taste has not been sated for a while by the snowy range background to the views on Constance. But the Lake of Constance sadly wants islands, while here in the Zeller See are several, one of them rather large. The Emperor of the French had passed two days at his château on this lake, just before we arrived, and of course he would have waited a week had he known that the Rob Roy was coming, for in a canoe, if not in a Cabinet, there is nothing like personal government.

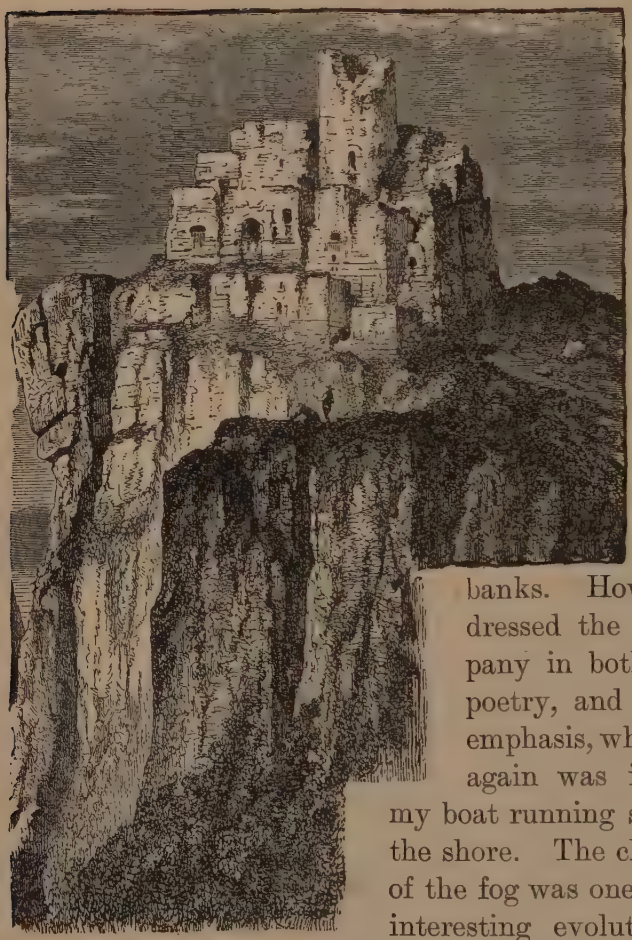
However, as we were too late to breakfast with his Majesty, I pulled in at the village of Steckborn, where an inn is built on the actual edge of the water, a state of things most convenient for the aquatic tourist, and which you find pretty often along this part of the Rhine. In a case of this sort you can tap at the door with your paddle, and order a repast before you debark, so that it is boiling and fizzing, and the table is all ready, while you put things to rights on board, and then tie the boat to the window balcony, or, at any rate, so that it can be seen all the time while you breakfast or dine, and rest, and read, and draw. . . .

A Scene on the River Rhine

The river here is like parts of the Clyde and the Kyles of Bute, with French villages let in, and an Italian sky overhead. We crossed to a village where a number of Jews live, for I wished to visit their Synagogue; but, lo! this was the Grand Duchy of Baden again, and a heavily-armed sentry, ever watching for insidious foes, found us invading the dominion, so he deployed and formed square to force us to land somewhere else. The man was civil, but his orders were unreasonable, so we merely embarked again and went over to Switzerland, and ran our little fleet into a bramble bush, to hide it while we mounted to an *auberge* on the hill for a sixpenny bottle of wine. . . .

In the morning there was a most curious change of air; a dense white fog was all around. Truly it was now to be "sensation rowing;" so we hastened to get off into this milky atmosphere. I have an idea that we passed under a bridge; at least the usual cheers sounded this time as if they were above me, but the mist was as thick as our best November Cheshire-cheese fogs, and quite as interesting. On several occasions I positively could not see the bow of my boat, but only a few feet from my nose. The whole arrangement was so unexpected and entirely novel, — paddling on a fast invisible stream — that I had the liveliest emotions of pleasure without seeing anything at all.

But then fancy had free play all the time, and the pictures it drew were vivid and full of color, and, after all, our impressions of external objects are only pictures, so say the philosophers; and why not then enjoy a tour in a fog, with a good album of pictures making the while in the brain?



Ruins of a Castle on the Rhine.

Sounds, too, there were, but like those of witches and fairies — though perhaps it was only the cackling of some antique washerwomen on the banks. However, I addressed the unseen company in both prose and poetry, and was full of emphasis, which now and again was increased by my boat running straight into the shore. The clearing away of the fog was one of the most interesting evolutions of nature to be seen. In one sort or other every traveller has enjoyed the quick or gradual tearing up of a fog curtain on mountain or moor, but here it was on a beauteous river.

I wish to describe this process, but I cannot. It was a series of "Turner pictures," with glimpses right and

left, and far overhead, of trees, sky, castles, each lightened and shown for a moment, and then gauzed over again and completely hidden; while the mind had to imagine all the context of the scenery, and it was sure to be quite wrong when another gleam of sun disclosed what was there in reality. For it cleared away at last, and Father Sol avenged himself by an extra hot ray for thus interfering with his beams.

The Rhine banks here were sloped steeply; pleasant meadows, vineyards, and woods were mingled with tolerable fairness to all three. But almost any scenery seemed to be good when the genial exercise of the canoe was the medium for enjoying it. Soon afterwards the woods thickened, the mountains rose behind them, the current got faster and faster, the houses, at first dotted on the knolls, were closer and more suburb-like, and then a grand sweep of the stream opened up Schaffhausen to the eye, while a sullen sound on the water warned us of "rapids ahead." Some caution was needed in steering here, but there is no very great difficulty, for steamboats navigate thus far, and of course it is easy for a canoe. But when I glided down to the bridge there was the "Goldenen Schiff" hotel. So one was bound to patronize it, because of its name,

and because there was a gigantic picture of a Briton on the adjoining wall. He was in full Highland costume, though the peculiar tartan of his kilt showed that there is still one clan we have not yet recognized.

It is a short three miles to the Belle Vue, built above the falls of Schaffhausen, and in full view of that noble scene. These great falls of the Rhine looked much finer than I had recollected them some years before; it is pleasant, but unusual, for one's second visit to such sights to be more striking than the first. At night the river was splendidly illuminated by Bengal lights, and the effect of this on the tossing foam and rich full body of ever-pouring water, made thus a torrent of fire, was a spectacle of magic beauty and grandeur, well seen from the balcony of the hotel, by many travellers from various lands. On one side of me was a Russian, and a Brazilian on the other.

AMONG THE DEAD CITIES OF THE ZUYDER ZEE

(From the French of Henry Havard.)

IT is much the habit at Amsterdam and other great towns of Holland to talk of the inhabitants of Marken as a species of savages. Never was there a more unjust imputation. The citizens or townsfolk of Holland have, and always had, the greatest contempt for the peasant and all who live outside the towns. The saying, "*Een boer is een beest*" — the peasant is a brute; or, to render it more literally, the boor is a beast — is common throughout the Low Countries; and if some of the districts of the country have a few among the population who merit this opprobrious sentence, on the other hand, the inhabitants of the country in Holland are, for the most part amiable, hospitable, and very sufficiently civilized. But we must make one observation before we quit the subject. It is among the fishing population that we meet the most remarkable cordiality and affability. At Marken, with perhaps the exception

of two or three peasants, all the men are fishers. All can read and write, and understand figures. It is quite enough to see the crowd of boys and girls who daily leave the schoolhouse at the usual hours of recreation, to be assured that the place of schoolmaster is no sinecure. If at any time you lose your way in the fields, you will always find somebody to speak to. The French language even is not absolutely unknown. The disciple of Esculapius, who culminates the functions of "dokter" and "apotheker," will speak to you in that language, and tell you of the resources of Marken, and the rare amusements to be met with. Indeed, if you desire to remain a few days in this curious country, he will place a little chamber at your disposition, which he keeps in reserve for strangers — a chamber, as he told us, which was rarely occupied, as visitors are few and far between.

That which has not a little contributed to give the Markenaars a reputation for the savagery of which I have been speaking, is their costume. They most piously conserve that which they received from their fathers, and they fear to make any change. In this they act wisely; the innovations which country-folks make in their national costumes are rarely to their advantage. The dress is the reflection of the character and manners, and in a degree of the maturity of the race. It ought to vary according to the latitude, the habits, and the occupations. Nothing is more shocking than that very uniformity which is now sought to be introduced among civilized nations, and which takes its tone probably from a *Journal de Modes*, without having the least consideration for differences of climate, or the

convenience and wants of the people. Is there anything more grotesque than the attempt of the French villager or peasant who, desirous of imitating the fashions of Paris, takes to himself a costume often half town and half country. In England this is not perhaps so remarkable, as there is no particular — unfortunately no longer any special — costume among her peasantry; but even among these sober people we see the servants imitating their mistresses, and the laborer in a frock-coat on Sunday: these anomalies are shockingly discordant, and can but end in ridicule. Fortunately, the inhabitants of Marken have resisted all outside influences. As they were three centuries since, so we find them to-day, and so we hope our children will still see them many years hence.

The costume of the men is, however, very simple; it is composed of a brown vest with two rows of buttons, and low collar; the waistcoat is buttoned within the band of true Dutch knickerbockers. The buttons of the waistcoat are black, save those at the collar, which are of gold, as also those which attach the band of the knickerbockers; very frequently the buttons are old gold coins which have been transmitted from father to son; thick black woollen stockings drawn tight over the calf of the leg, with wooden sabots or shoes resembling Turkish babouches; they wear black caps or brown felt hats, in winter a fur cap; sometimes there is a large double sleeve to the jacket falling to the elbow. They also wear a red woollen shirt, and when at work they pull off the jacket, the red shirt contrasting agreeably with the dark color of the boat when seen at a distance.

The costume of the women is more complicated and more interesting, and totally unlike that of the neighboring countries. They allow their hair to be seen; they do not wear many jewels or ornaments, but are fond of bright colors, and we shall hereafter show that in all Noord-Holland, Friesland, and in Over Yssel the three distinct characters of the people form the base of the feminine costume. The head-dress is peculiar to the island; it is composed of an immense cap in the form of a mitre; it is white lined with brown, to show off the lace and embroidery; it is tied close under the chin, pressing closely over the ears. On week-days a kind of cover of gay-looking chintz is placed over the cap to keep it clean and protect it from the dust or rain; long ringlets of blond hair fall down to the shoulders or back, much in the style of the English misses called by the French *anglaises*, some thirty years since; the hair of the front is brought forward, and cut square along the forehead a little above the eye-

brows, in the fashion now adopted in London and Paris by our elegant ladies — thus there is clearly nothing new under the sun. The robe or gown has a corsage or body without sleeves, and the skirt or petticoat is independent of the corsage, and always of a different stuff. The corsage is brown, and generally of cloth covered with embroidery in colors, in which red predominates. These embroideries are very complicated, and require years of labor; a corsage well embroidered is handed down from mother to daughter as an heirloom; the sleeves are in two unequal parts, one with vertical lines of black and white reaches the elbow, the other almost to the wrist is of dark blue, and is fastened above the elbow. In the week, a jacket of chintz of the same pattern as the cover of the cap, which is always of a large pattern, and frequently red roses on a lighter red ground. This strange mixture of light and dark red we find in combination very frequently during our voyage — it seems to be the favorite mixture of colors on the banks of the Zuyder Zee; even in Amsterdam we noticed the children's aprons combining these colors. At Hendeloopen these colors play a conspicuous part, both in the costumes and the arts of the little country.

I am well persuaded that before the Reformation imposed dark and dull colors on the Dutch population, these combinations of color were much more frequent. The skirt, which naturally completes the female dress, is also divided into two unequal parts; the upper, which is about eight inches wide only, is a kind of basque with black lines on a light ground; the rest of the skirt is dark blue with a double band of reddish

brown at the bottom; it is about the same as the skirt worn by the female agricultural population of Europe wherever the primitive costume has been preserved, and so we meet with it in Italy, Brittany, and in the mountainous districts of Switzerland, and in Sweden.

Such, however, is the female costume of Marken, strange but picturesque, and so singular that no other costume is like it or even approaches its bizarre appearance. There is no exception to the rule; old and young, from the little daughter running by the side of her mother to the old, bent, and decrepit grandmother gaining with pain her seat in the sun to warm the limbs that age has chilled.

The whole isle is one great meadow; having no cattle, it is all devoted to hay. Twice a year the German mowers arrive with their straight-handled scythes, the blades carefully wrapped round with cords of straw, with heavy sacks containing a slight change of clothes, and some provisions on their backs. They are almost all Germans, called generally the Green Germans, with their porcelain pipes and little German caps. When the grass is cut, they silently leave the isle to pursue their labors in the more northern countries.

As soon as the mowers have left the isle, and not before, the women, young and old, cover the fields, turning over the sweet-smelling meadow grass, spreading it wide in the sun, making it into cocks — in a word, carrying out all the operations of hay-making so common to all the northern parts of Europe. Nothing is more gay than these young girls in their rose-colored garments in the green meadows, with their ringlets floating in the air. A pleasant writer, M. Esquiros,

who visited the island some twenty years since, avers that the women of Marken are neither pretty nor well made. He must have been very unfortunate in his encounters; or perhaps he considers that beauty consists in the pale, languid appearance seen in great cities. Certainly he did not meet with many of this style of beauty, for the young girls of Marken are solidly built, with rosy cheeks, blue eyes, and fair hair, and, above all, very white teeth; their hands and feet I confess are large, as they ought to be when their owner is accustomed to work in the open air; but the labor of the women of Marken is light in comparison to that of the women of many countries; the country being all grass, the hay-time is perhaps the only period when the labor is heavy. I fully acknowledge that these girls are not beauties of the drawing-room order, but they are handsome country girls, and in the sphere in which they live it is the kind of beauty most desirable.

I am inclined to go farther: they have an air of timidity and shyness, which is really a charm in young women, though we rarely find it in the great Dutch towns. The extreme liberty permitted to the young Dutch girls gives them very early a certain decided air, which is almost masculine. But address an observation for the first time to a young girl of Marken, and if she does not run away she is very sure to blush up to her ears.

The men are obliging, without pressing their services on a stranger; always calm and reflective, they are ready and willing to chat without being great talkers. They never pass a stranger without wishing him good-day, and after we had remained a few days they seemed

to regard us as acquaintances; and on week-days, when almost all the men are away, if we met one in the fields he always came up to us to have a little chat. Van Heemskerck, my companion, was one day seated in the meadow with his box of colors, painting a view of the church and a neighboring house, when an old man came up to him. He looked long and carefully at the sketch, when he suddenly broke silence: "You are painting my house, I see. I was born there and all my children. I had a little grandson born there the other day. It is a great honor you do me. I thought it was a pretty house, and I am very much attached to it, but I did not think it was worth painting. It is an honor indeed!"

The character of the Markenaars is expressed in this little speech, and if we do not visit them as we do beasts in a show, but with the proper feelings of men going to visit their fellows, we shall find the Markenaars an honest, hospitable, and polite people.

On Sundays, when all the boats are at home, and all the population therefore on the isle, we saw long files of people from all sides arriving at the church; most picturesque was the view of these long processions crossing the meadows, habited in the gay-colored costumes we have described. The little port with its hundred fishing-boats, each with a little flag floating in the wind, look at a little distance like a company of noble knights with their lances in air and colors displayed, arriving to join in the services of the church. After service all go to their homes; in truth, these few hours after the service are the only hours in which the families are united. Lights are seen in the houses till

midnight, after which the men and women go down together to the port, and the men return on board their boats. When the boats leave the port the women go home, and will not see their husbands again for the rest of the week. For a long time the lights are visible after the boats themselves are lost in the distant sea.

During the week there is no boat save the despatch-boat, bringing the post from the mainland, with such articles as are necessary for the life and existence of the

MARKEN.

people, for no trade or industry of any kind is carried on in the island. Furniture, clothing, beer, and even bread, are obtained from the opposite shores.

We can generally see the opposite coast from the island, except in the case of fogs. It seems close to us, but although the passage is generally half an hour to Monnikendam, when the weather is bad it extends to hours. In fact, the little arm of the sea which separates the island from the main is one of the most dangerous passes to cross in all the Zuyder Zee. There is a little lighthouse, constructed in 1830, which has saved many ships from perishing on the banks of sand bordering the little isle. The depth of the sea separating the

island from the mainland is, at deepest, only six feet; two, three, or four feet being the usual depth. In many places a very rich alluvium, forming a most valuable manure, is found at the bottom of these shallows; hence the name of the Mer d'Or, or golden sea, the inhabitants deriving a golden harvest of hay from its employment on these meadows.

THE GEYSERS, MOUNT HECLA AND THE MIDNIGHT SUN

(From Letters from High Latitudes.)

By LORD DUFFERIN.

THE next morning we started for the Geysers; this time dividing the baggage-train, and sending on the cook in light marching order, with the materials for dinner. The weather still remained unclouded, and each mile we advanced disclosed some new wonder in the unearthly landscape. A three hours' ride brought us to the Rabna Gja, the eastern boundary of Thingvalla, and, winding up its rugged face, we took our last look over the lovely plain beneath us, and then manfully set forward across the same kind of arid lava plateau as that which we had already traversed before arriving at the Almanna Gja. But instead of the boundless immensity which had then so much disheartened us, the present prospect was terminated by a range of quaint parti-colored hills, which rose before us in such fantastic shapes that I could not take my eyes off them. A smooth grassy plain, about a league square, and

shaped like a horseshoe, opened before us, encompassed by bare cinder-like hills, that rose round — red, black, and yellow — in a hundred uncouth peaks of ash and slag. Not a vestige of vegetation relieved the aridity of their vitrified sides, while the verdant carpet at their feet only made the fire-moulded circle seem more weird and impassable. Had I had a trumpet and a lance, I should have blown a blast of defiance on the one, and having shaken the other toward the four corners of the world, would have calmly waited to see what next might betide. Three arrows shot bravely forward would have probably resulted in the discovery of a trap-door with an iron ring; but having neither trumpet, lance, nor arrow, we simply alighted and lunched; yet even then I could not help thinking how lucky it was that, not eating dates, we could not inadvertently fling their stones into the eye of any inquisitive genie who might be in the neighborhood.

Icelandic Side Saddle.

After the usual hour's rest and change of horses, we galloped away to the other side of the plain, and, doubling the further horn of the semicircle, suddenly found ourselves in a district as unlike the cinder mountains we had quitted, as they had differed from the volcanic scenery of the day before. On the left lay a long rampart of green hills, opening up every now and then into Scottish glens and gorges, while from their roots to

the horizon stretched a vast breadth of meadow-land, watered by two or three rivers, that wound and twisted, and coiled about, like blue serpents. Here and there, white volumes of vapor that rose in endless wreaths from the ground, told of mighty caldrons at work beneath that moist, cool, verdant carpet; while large silvery lakes, and flat-topped isolated hills, relieved the monotony of the level land, and carried on the eye to where the three snowy peaks of Mount Hecla shone cold and clear against the sky.

Of course it was rather tantalizing to pass so near this famous burning mountain without having an opportunity of ascending it; but the expedition would have taken up too much time. In appearance Hecla differs very little from the innumerable other volcanic hills with which the island is studded. Its cone consists of a pyramid of stone and scoriæ, rising to the height of about five thousand feet, and welded together by bands of molten matter which have issued from its sides. From A.D. 1004 to 1769 there have been twenty-three eruptions, occurring at intervals which have varied in duration from six to seventy-six years.

That of 1766 was remarkably violent. It commenced on the 5th of April by the appearance of a huge pillar of black sand, mounting slowly into the heavens, accompanied by subterranean thunders, and all the other symptoms which precede volcanic disturbances. Then a coronet of flame encircled the crater, masses of red rock, pumice, and magnetic stones were flung out with tremendous violence to an incredible distance, and in such continuous multitudes as to resemble a swarm of bees clustering over the mountain.

One boulder of pumice, six feet in circumference, was pitched twenty miles away; another of magnetic iron fell at a distance of fifteen. The surface of the earth was covered for a circuit of one hundred and fifty miles with a layer of sand four inches deep; the air was so darkened by it, that at a place one hundred and forty miles off, white paper, held up at a little distance, could not be distinguished from black. The fishermen could not put to sea on account of the darkness, and the inhabitants of the Orkney Islands were frightened out of their senses by showers of what they thought must be black snow. On the 9th of April, the lava began to overflow, and ran for five miles in a southwesterly direction, whilst, some days later, — in order that no element might be wanting to mingle in this devil's charivari, — a vast column of water, like Robin Hood's second arrow, split up through the cinder-pillar to the height of several hundred feet; the horror of the spectacle being further enhanced by an accompaniment of subterranean cannonading and dire reports, heard at a distance of fifty miles.

Striking as all this must have been, it sinks into comparative tameness and insignificance beside the infinitely more terrible phenomena which attended the eruption of another volcano, called Skapta Jokul.

Of all countries in Europe, Iceland is the one which has been the most minutely mapped, not even excepting the ordnance survey of Ireland. The Danish Government seem to have had a hobby about it, and the result has been a chart so beautifully executed, that every little crevice, each mountain torrent, each flood of lava, is laid down with an accuracy perfectly astonishing.

One huge blank, however, in the southwest corner of this map of Iceland, mars the integrity of its almost microscopic delineations. To every other part of the island the engineer has succeeded in penetrating; one vast space alone of about four hundred square miles has defied his investigation. Over the area occupied by the Skapta Jokul, amid its mountain-cradled fields of snow and icy ridges, no human foot has ever wandered. Yet it is from the bosom of this desert district that has descended the most frightful visitation ever known to have desolated the island.

This event occurred in the year 1783. The preceding winter and spring had been unusually mild. Toward the end of May, a light bluish fog began to float along the confines of the untrodden tracks of Skapta, accompanied in the beginning of June by a great trembling of the earth. On the 8th of that month, immense pillars of smoke collected over the hill country towards the north, and coming down against the wind in a southerly direction, enveloped the whole district of Sida in darkness. A whirlwind of ashes then swept over the face of the country, and on the 10th, innumerable fire spouts were seen leaping and flaring amid the icy hollows of the mountain, while the river Skapta, one of the largest in the island, having first rolled down to the plain a vast volume of fetid waters mixed with sand, suddenly disappeared.

Two days afterwards a stream of lava, issuing from sources to which no one has ever been able to penetrate, came sliding down the bed of the dried up river, and in a little time, — though the channel was six hundred feet deep and two hundred broad, — the glowing deluge

overflowed its banks, crossed the low country of Medalland, ripping the turf up before it like a tablecloth, and poured into a great lake, whose affrighted waters flew hissing and screaming into the air at the approach of the fiery intruder. Within a few more days the basin of the lake itself was completely filled, and having separated into two streams, the unexhausted torrent again recommenced its march; in one direction overflowing some ancient lava fields,— in the other, re-entering the channel of the Skapta, and leaping down the lofty cataract of Stapafoss. But this was not all; while one lava flood had chosen the Skapta for its bed, another, descending in a different direction, was working like ruin within and on either side the banks of the Hverfisfliot, rushing into the plain, by all accounts, with even greater fury and velocity. Whether the two issued from the same crater it is impossible to say, as the sources of both were far away within the heart of the unapproachable desert, and even the extent of the lava flow can only be measured from the spot where it entered the inhabited districts. The stream which flowed down Skapta is calculated to be about fifty miles in length by twelve or fifteen at its greatest breadth; that which rolled down the Hverfisfliot, at forty miles in length by seven in breadth. Where it was imprisoned, between the high banks of Skapta, the lava is five or six hundred feet thick; but as soon as it spread out into the plain its depth never exceeded one hundred feet. The eruption of sand, ashes, pumice, and lava, continued till the end of August, when the Plutonic drama concluded with a violent earthquake.

For a whole year a canopy of cinder-laden cloud hung

over the island. Sand and ashes irretrievably overwhelmed thousands of acres of fertile pasturage. The Faroe Islands, the Shetlands, and the Orkneys, were deluged with volcanic dust, which perceptibly contaminated even the pure skies of England and Holland. . . .

At last, after another two hours' weary jogging, we descried, straight in front, a low, steep, brown, rugged hill, standing entirely detached from the range at the foot of which we had been riding; and in a few minutes more, wheeling round its outer end, we found ourselves in the presence of the steaming Geysers.

I do not know that I can give you a better notion of the appearance of the place than by saying that it looked as if — for about a quarter of a mile — the ground had been honey-combed by disease into numerous sores and orifices; not a blade of grass grew on its hot, inflamed surface, which consisted of unwholesome looking red livid clay, or crumpled shreds and shards of slough-like incrustations. Naturally enough, our first impulse on dismounting was to scamper off at once to the Great Geyser. As it lay at the furthest end of the congeries of hot springs, in order to reach it we had to run the gauntlet of all the pools of boiling water and scalding quagmires of soft clay that intervened, and consequently arrived on the spot with our ankles nicely poulticed. But the occasion justified our eagerness. A smooth siliceous basin, seventy-two feet in diameter, and four feet deep, with a hole at the bottom as in a washing-basin on board a steamer, stood before us brimful of water just upon the simmer; while up into the air above our heads rose a great column of vapor, looking as if it was going to turn into the Fisherman's Genie.

The ground about the brim was composed of layers of incrusted silica, like the outside of an oyster, sloping gently down on all sides from the edge of the basin. . . . Suddenly it seemed as if beneath our very feet a number of subterraneous cannon were going off; the whole earth shook, and Sigurdr, starting to his feet, upset the chess-board (I was just beginning to get the best of the game), and flung off full speed towards the great basin. By the time we reached its brim, however, the noise had ceased, and all we could see was a slight movement in the centre, as if an angel had passed by and troubled the water. Irritated at this false alarm, we determined to revenge ourselves by going and tormenting the Strokr. Strokr — or *the churn* — you must know, is an unfortunate Geyser, with so little command over its temper and its stomach, that you can get a *rise* out of him whenever you like. All that is necessary is to collect a quantity of sods, and throw them down his funnel. As he has no basin to protect him from these liberties, you can approach to the very edge of the pipe, about five feet in diameter, and look down at the boiling water which is perpetually seething at the bottom. In a few minutes the dose of turf you have just administered begins to disagree with him; he works himself up into an awful passion — tormented by the qualms of incipient sickness, he groans and hisses, and boils up, and spits at you with malicious vehemence, until at last, with a roar of mingled pain and rage, he throws up into the air a column of water forty feet high, which carries with it all the sods that have been chucked in, and scatters them scalded and half-digested at your feet. So irritated has the poor thing's stomach

become by the discipline it has undergone, that even long after all foreign matter has been thrown off, it goes on retching and sputtering, until at last nature is exhausted, when sobbing and sighing to itself, it sinks back into the bottom of its den.

Put into the highest spirits by the success of this performance, we turned away to examine the remaining springs. I do not know, however, that any of the rest are worthy of particular mention. They all resemble in character the two I have described, the only difference being, that they are infinitely smaller, and of much less power and importance. The other remarkable formation in the neighborhood, must not be passed unnoticed. Imagine a large, irregular opening in the surface of the soft, white clay, filled to the very brim with scalding water, perfectly still, and of as bright a blue as that of the Grotto Azzuro, at Capri, through whose transparent depths you can see down into the mouth of a vast subaqueous cavern, which runs, Heaven knows how far, in a horizontal direction beneath your feet. Its walls and varied cavities really looked as if they were built of the purest lapis lazuli — and so thin seemed the crust that roofed it in, we almost fancied it might break through, and tumble us all into the fearful, beautiful bath.

Having, by this time, taken a pretty good look at the principal features of our new domain, I wrapped myself up in a cloak and went to sleep; leaving orders that I should not be called until after the tent had arrived, and our beds were ready. Sigurdr followed my example, but the Doctor went out shooting.

As our principal object, in coming so far, was to see an eruption of the Great Geyser, it was, of course, neces-

sary we should wait his pleasure; in fact, our movements entirely depended upon his. For the next two or three days, therefore, like pilgrims round some ancient shrine, we patiently kept watch; but he scarcely deigned to vouchsafe us the slightest manifestation of his latent energies. Two or three times the cannonading we had heard immediately after our arrival, recommenced, — and once an eruption to the height of about ten feet occurred; but so brief was its duration, that by the time we were on the spot, although the tent was not eighty yards distant, all was over. As after every effort of the fountain, the water in the basin mysteriously ebbs back into the funnel, this performance, though unsatisfactory in itself, gave us an opportunity of approaching the mouth of the pipe, and looking down into its scalded gullet. In an hour afterwards, the basin was brimful as ever. . . .

We had now been keeping watch for three days over the Geyser in languid expectation of the eruption which was to set us free. All the morning of the fourth day I had been playing chess with Sigurdr; Fitzgerald was photographing, Wilson was in the act of announcing luncheon, when a cry from the guides made us start to our feet, and with one common impulse rush towards the basin. The usual subterranean thunders had already commenced. A violent agitation was disturbing the centre of the pool. Suddenly a dome of water lifted itself up to the height of eight or ten feet, — then burst, and fell; immediately after which a shining liquid column, or rather a sheaf of columns wreathed in robes of vapor, sprung into the air, and in a succession of jerking leaps, each higher than the last, flung

their silver crests against the sky. For a few minutes the fountain held its own, then all at once appeared to lose its ascending energy. The unstable waters faltered, — drooped, — fell, "like a broken purpose," back upon themselves, and were immediately sucked down into the recesses of their pipe.

The spectacle was certainly magnificent; but no description can give any idea of its most striking features. The enormous wealth of water, its vitality, its hidden power, — the illimitable breadth of sunlit vapor, rolling out in exhaustless profusion, — all combined to make one feel the stupendous energy of nature's slightest movements.

And yet I do not believe the exhibition was so fine as some that have been seen; from the first burst upwards, to the moment the last jet retreated into the pipe, was no more than a space of seven or eight minutes, and at no moment did the crown of the column reach higher than sixty or seventy feet above the surface of the basin. Now, early travellers talk of three hundred feet, which must, of course, be fabulous; but many trustworthy persons have judged the eruptions at two hundred feet, while well-authenticated accounts — when the elevation of the jet has been actually measured — make it to have attained a height of upwards of one hundred feet.

With regard to to the internal machinery by which these waterworks are set in motion, I will only say that the most received theory seems to be that which supposes the existence of a chamber in the heated earth, almost, but not quite, filled with water, and communicating with the upper air by means of a pipe, whose

lower orifice, instead of being in the roof, is at the side of the cavern, and *below* the surface of the subterranean pond. The water kept by the surrounding furnaces at boiling point, generates of course a continuous supply of steam, for which some vent must be obtained; as it cannot escape by the funnel, — the lower mouth of which is under water, — it squeezes itself up within the arching roof, — until at last, compressed beyond all endurance, it strains against the rock, and pushing down the intervening waters with its broad, strong back, forces them below the level of the funnel, and dispersing part, and driving part before it, rushes forth in triumph to the upper air. The fountains, therefore, that we see mounting to the sky during an eruption, are nothing but the superincumbent mass of waters in the pipe driven up in confusion before the steam at the moment it obtains its liberation.

The last gulp of water disappeared. . . .

It was now just upon the stroke of midnight. Ever since leaving England, as each four-and-twenty hours we climbed up nearer to the pole, the belt of dusk dividing day from day had been growing narrower and narrower, until having nearly reached the Arctic circle, this, — the last night we were to traverse, — had dwindled to a thread of shadow. Only another half-dozen leagues more, and we would stand on the threshold of a four months' day! For the few preceding hours, clouds had completely covered the heavens, except where a clear interval of sky, that lay along the northern horizon, promised a glowing stage for the sun's last obsequies. But like the heroes of old he had veiled his face to die, and it was not until he dropped down to the sea that the whole hemisphere overflowed with glory and the gilded pageant concerted for his funeral gathered in slow procession round his grave; reminding one of those tardy honors paid to some great prince of song, who — left during life to languish in a garret — is buried by nobles in Westminster Abbey. A few minutes more the last fiery segment had disappeared beneath the purple horizon, and all was over.

"The king is dead — the king is dead — the king is dead! Long live the king!" And up from the sea that had just entombed his sire, rose the young monarch of a new day; while the courtier clouds, in their ruby robes, turned faces still aglow with the favors of their dead lord, to borrow brighter blazonry from the smile of a new master.

A fairer or a stranger spectacle than the last Arctic sunset cannot well be conceived. Evening and morning — like kinsmen whose hearts some baseless feud

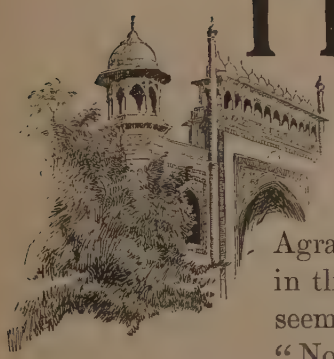
has kept asunder — clasping hands across the shadow of the vanished night.

You must forgive me if sometimes I become a little magniloquent; for really, amid the grandeur of that fresh primæval world, it was almost impossible to prevent one's imagination from absorbing a dash of the local coloring. We seemed to have suddenly waked up among the colossal scenery of Keats's "Hyperion." The pulses of young Titans beat within our veins. Time itself, — no longer faltered down into paltry divisions, — had assumed a more majestic aspect. We had the appetite of giants — was it unnatural we should also adopt "the large utterance of the early gods"?

THE TAJ MAHAL

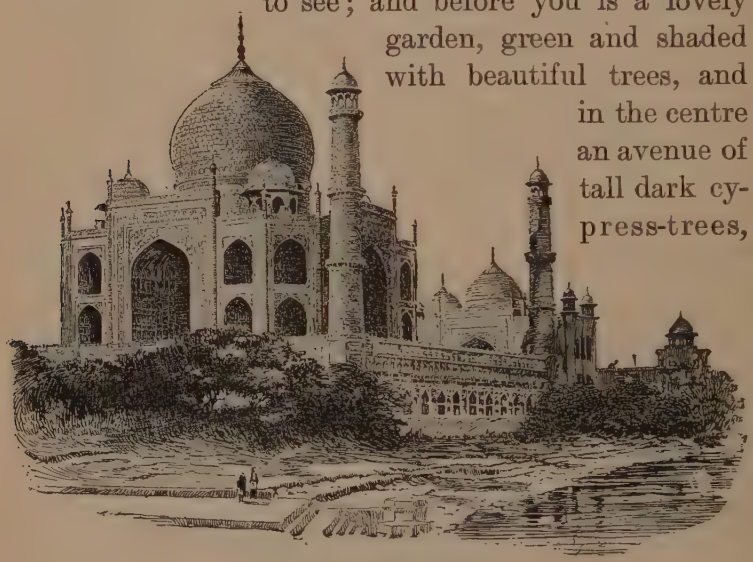
(From Indian Pictures Drawn with Pen and Pencil.)

By REV. W. URWICK, M.A.



HOWEVER late you arrive at Agra, if it is moonlight, drive to the "Taj." This was the advice of a friend who had seen the Taj, and who adored it as the finest sight on earth. "Be sure to have moonlight for Agra and the Taj," said another. Agra and the Taj seem to go together in the imagination of many, and Agra seems almost to exist for the Taj. "Nothing that has been written," says a third, "does the Taj any sort of justice, and we may wait another two hundred and fifty years for a worthy description." What then is the Taj? It is a tomb, a Mohammedan tomb, the tomb of a woman, the tomb of a rich man's favorite wife, the word Taj being, like "Sall," or "Bess," the pet name with which he addressed her; it is her tomb and his own, for he lies beside her, built in compliance with a request of hers before she died. One characteristic of the Tartars was their tomb-building propensity. Each Mogul in

turn built a tomb for himself. The Taj was built by the Mogul Shah Jehan, the grandson of Akbar, as a tomb for his favorite wife, Moomtaj a Mehal, and for himself. About two miles from the town along a dusty road, you pass under a colossal gateway, in itself commanding and impressive, and worth coming many miles to see; and before you is a lovely garden, green and shaded with beautiful trees, and in the centre an avenue of tall dark cypress-trees,



The Taj Mahal.

separated by a line of fountains, and leading the eye to the foot of the building, which rises from a double platform, the first of red sandstone twenty feet high and one thousand feet broad, the second of marble fifteen feet high, and three hundred feet square, on the corners of which stand four marble minarets. In the centre of all thus reared in air stands the Taj, with giant arches and clustering domes. The afternoon sun was shining upon it, and the deep blue sky beyond. As you walk

towards it the building grows to its real size, and what at first sight seemed a swan-like vision reared in air now displays its colossal proportions, a marble shrine of great magnitude inlaid with precious stones, graceful in its outlines, costly in its gems, and perfect in its detail. Beyond the Jumna flows, and on either side the great platform there rises a beautiful mosque, the one for use, the other (because not looking towards Mecca) raised only for finish and symmetry. Every picture of the Taj fails to give the impression of its majesty, because with minuteness of detail and effeminate elegance of finish it fails to embody its stupendous size and giant massiveness. What is huge and massive is usually associated in the mind with what is rough, abrupt, ponderous. In the Taj you have the majesty of a giant building combined with the lightness and delicacy of a costly cabinet. As Bishop Heber said, the Saracens built like Titans, and finished like jewellers. The Taj is, in fact, a colossal casket, whose base is a square of one hundred and eighty-six feet, whose height is two hundred feet, and whose cost was above two millions sterling. The echoes under its dome are almost perpetual, and most soft and musical. Within, all is empty, save the marble sarcophagus above, and the actual tomb in a vault beneath. Death is there without any hopeful emblem, and to the triumph of death the building witnesses. As I walked round it outside the words came into my mind which the disciples addressed to Jesus: "Master, see what manner of stones and what buildings are here." Nor could I shut out from my recollection those other words of the Master in reply: "Seest thou these great buildings? There shall

not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down;" — words which significantly stand in close connection with His estimate of the widow's mite, uttered a few moments before — her act permanent, the massive temple transient. The Taj is a perfect casket, perfect in its proportions, its material, its elegance, its costliness; but it lacks object, sanctity, history, associations, utility. It is, as I have said, a tomb, the tomb of one of the wives of a Mohammedan ruler, built at her request for her and for himself. As a tomb, the grave of his faithful daughter, covered with sod, at Delhi, touches a higher chord. As a building, though with some it is a sign of culture to adore it as the embodiment of heavenly beauty, and comparable even with the eternal snows of the Himalayas, to my mind, considering the national history and aspirations they each embody, the Parthenon at Athens, the Cathedral at Milan, and even the Capitol at Washington, are nobler buildings than the Taj.

PICTURES FROM ITALY

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Genoa.

THEY who would know how beautiful the country immediately surrounding Genoa is, should climb (in clear weather) to the top of Monte Faccio, or, at least, ride round the city walls; a feat more easily performed. No prospect can be more diversified and lovely than the changing views of the harbor, and the valleys of the two rivers, the Polcevera and the Bizagno, from the heights along which the strongly fortified walls are carried, like the great wall of China in little. In not the least picturesque part of this ridge, there is a fair specimen of a real Genoese tavern, where the visitor may derive good entertainment from real Genoese dishes, such as Tagliarini; Ravioli; German sausages, strong of garlic, sliced and eaten with fresh green figs; cocks' combs and sheep-kidneys, chopped up with mutton chops and liver; small pieces of some unknown part of a calf, twisted into small shreds, fried, and served up in a great dish like white-bait; and other curiosities of that kind. They often get wine at these suburban Trattorie from France and

Spain and Portugal, which is brought over by small captains in little trading vessels. They buy it at so much a bottle, without asking what it is, or caring to remember if anybody tells them, and it is usually divided in two heaps; of which they label one champagne, and the other Madeira. The various opposite flavors, qualities, countries, ages, and vintages that are comprised under these two general heads is quite extraordinary. The most limited range is probably from cool gruel up to old Marsala, and down again to apple tea.

The great majority of the streets are as narrow as any thoroughfare can well be, where people (even Italian people) are supposed to live and walk about; being mere lanes, with here and there a kind of well, or breathing-place. The houses are immensely high, painted in all sorts of colors, and are in every stage and state of damage, dirt, and lack of repair. They are commonly let off in floors, or flats, like the houses in the old town of Edinburgh, or many houses in Paris. There are few street doors; the entrance halls are, for the most part, looked upon as public property; and any moderately enterprising scavenger might make a fine fortune by now and then clearing them out. As it is impossible for coaches to penetrate into these streets, there are sedan chairs, gilded and otherwise, for hire in divers places. A great many private chairs are also kept among the nobility and gentry; and at night these are trotted to and fro in all directions, preceded by bearers of great lanterns, made of linen stretched upon a frame. The sedans and lanterns are the legitimate successors of the long strings of patient and much-abused mules, that go jingling their bells through

these confined streets all day long. They follow them, as regularly as the stars the sun.

When shall I forget the streets of palaces; the Strada Nuova and the Strada Balbi! or how the former looked one summer day, when I first saw it underneath the brightest and most intensely blue of summer skies; with its narrow perspective of immense mansions, reduced to a tapering and most precious strip of brightness, looking upon the heavy shade below! A brightness not too common, even in July and August, to be well esteemed; for, if the truth must out, there were not eight blue skies in as many midsummer weeks, saving, sometimes, early in the morning; when, looking out to sea, the water and the firmament were one world of deep and brilliant hue. At other times, there were clouds and haze enough to make an Englishman grumble in his own climate.

The endless details of these rich palaces: the walls of some of them, within, alive with masterpieces by Vandyke! The great, heavy, stone balconies, one above another, and tier over tier: with here and there, one larger than the rest, towering high up — a huge marble platform; the doorless vestibules, massively barred lower windows, immense public staircases, thick marble pillars, strong dungeon-like arches, and dreary, dreaming, echoing vaulted chambers: among which the eyes wander again, and again, as every palace is succeeded by another; the terrace gardens between house and house, with green arches of the vine, and groves of orange trees, and blushing oleander in full bloom, twenty, thirty, forty feet above the street; the painted halls, mouldering, and blotting, and rotting in the

damp corners, and still shining out in beautiful colors and voluptuous designs, where the walls are dry; the faded figures on the outsides of the houses, holding wreaths, and crowns, and flying upward, and downward, and standing in niches, and here and there looking fainter and more feeble than elsewhere, by contrast with some fresh little Cupids, who on a more recently decorated portion of the front, are stretching out what seems to be the semblance of a blanket, but is, indeed, a sun-dial; the steep, steep, up-hill streets of small palaces (but very large palaces for all that), with marble terraces looking down into close by-ways; the magnificent and innumerable churches; and the rapid passage from a street of stately edifices, into a maze of the vilest squalor, steaming with unwholesome stenches, and swarming with half-naked children and whole worlds of dirty people — make up, altogether, such a scene of wonder: so lively, and yet so dead: so noisy, and yet so quiet: so obtrusive, and yet so shy and lowering: so wide awake, and yet so fast asleep: that it is a sort of intoxication to a stranger to walk on, and on, and on, and look about him. A bewildering phantasmagoria, with all the inconsistency of a dream, and all the pain and all the pleasure of an extravagant reality!

The different uses to which some of these palaces are applied, all at once, is characteristic. For instance, the English banker (my excellent and hospitable friend) has his office in a good-sized palazzo in the Strada Nuova. In the hall (every inch of which is elaborately painted, but which is as dirty as a police-station in London), a hook-nosed Saracen's head with an immense

quantity of black hair (there is a man attached to it) sells walking-sticks. On the other side of the doorway, a lady with a showy handkerchief for head-dress (wife to the Saracen's head, I believe) sells articles of her own knitting; and sometimes flowers. A little further in, two or three blind men occasionally beg. Sometimes they are visited by a man without legs, on a little go-cart, but who has such a fresh-colored, lively face, and such a respectable, well-conditioned body, that he looks as if he had sunk into the ground up to his middle, or had come, but partially, up a flight of cellar-steps to speak to somebody. A little further in, a few men, perhaps, lie asleep in the middle of the day; or they may be chairmen waiting for their absent freight. If so, they have brought their chairs in with them, and there *they* stand also. On the left of the hall is a little room: a hatter's shop. On the first floor, is the English bank. On the first floor also, is a whole house, and a good large residence too. Heaven knows what there might

be above that; but when you are there, you have only just begun to go upstairs. And yet, coming downstairs again, thinking of this; and passing out at a great crazy door in the back of the hall, instead of turning the other way, to get into the street again; it bangs behind you, making the dismalest and most lonesome echoes, and you stand in a yard (the yard of the same house) which seems to have been unvisited by human foot for a hundred years. Not a sound disturbs its repose. Not a head thrust out of any of the grim, dark, jealous windows within sight, makes the weeds in the cracked pavement faint of heart, by suggesting the possibility of there being hands to grub them up. Opposite to you, is a giant figure carved in stone, reclining, with an urn, upon a lofty piece of artificial rockwork; and out of the urn dangles the fag end of a leaden pipe, which, once upon a time, poured a small torrent down the rocks. But the eye-sockets of the giant are not drier than this channel is now. He seems to have given his urn, which is nearly upside down, a final tilt; and after crying, like a sepulchral child, "All gone!" to have lapsed into a stony silence.

In the streets of shops, the houses are much smaller, but of great size notwithstanding, and extremely high. They are very dirty: quite undrained, if my nose be at all reliable, and emit a peculiar fragrance, like the smell of very bad cheese, kept in very hot blankets. Notwithstanding the height of the houses, there would seem to have been a lack of room in the city, for new houses are thrust in everywhere. Wherever it has been possible to cram a tumble-down tenement into a

crack or corner, in it has gone. If there be a nook or angle in the wall of a church, or a crevice in any other dead wall, of any sort, there you are sure to find some kind of habitation: looking as if it had grown there, like a fungus. Against the government house, against the old senate house, round about any large building, little shops stick close, like parasite vermin to the great carcass. And for all this, look where you may: up steps, down steps, anywhere, everywhere: there are irregular houses, receding, starting forward, tumbling down, leaning against their neighbors, crippling themselves or their friends by some means or other, until one more irregular than the rest chokes up the way, and you can't see any further.

Verona.

I had been half afraid to go to Verona, lest it should at all put me out of conceit with "Romeo and Juliet." But I was no sooner come into the old market-place, than the misgiving vanished. It is so fanciful, quaint, and picturesque a place, formed by such an extraordinary and rich variety of fantastic buildings, that there could be nothing better at the core of even this romantic town: scene of one of the most romantic and beautiful of stories.

It was natural enough to go straight from the market-place, to the house of the Capulets, now degenerated into a most miserable little inn. Noisy vetturíni and muddy market-carts were disputing possession of the yard, which was ankle-deep in dirt, with a brood of splashed and be-spattered geese; and there was a grim-visaged dog, viciously panting in a door-way, who

would certainly have had Romeo by the leg, the moment he put it over the wall, if he had existed and been at large in those times. The orchard fell into other hands, and was parted off many years ago; but there used to be one attached to the house — or, at all events there may have been — and the hat (Cappêllo) the ancient cognizance of the family, may still be seen carved in stone, over the gate-way of the yard. The geese, the market-carts, their drivers, and the dog, were somewhat in the way of the story, it must be confessed; and it would have been pleasanter to have found the house empty, and to have been able to walk through the disused rooms. But the hat was unspeakably comfortable; and the place where the garden used to be, hardly less so. Besides, the house is a distrustful, jealous-looking house as one would desire to see, though of a very moderate size. So I was quite satisfied with it, as the veritable mansion of old Capulet, and was correspondingly grateful in my acknowledgments to an extremely unsentimental middle-aged lady, the padrona of the hotel, who was lounging on the threshold looking at the geese; and who at least resembled the Capulets in the one particular of being very great indeed in the "Family" way.

From Juliet's home to Juliet's tomb is a transition as natural to the visitor, as to fair Juliet herself, or to the proudest Juliet that ever has taught the torches to burn bright in any time. So I went off, with a guide, to an old, old garden, once belonging to an old, old convent, I suppose; and being admitted at a shattered gate, by a bright-eyed woman who was washing clothes, went down some walks where fresh plants and young

flowers were prettily growing among fragments of old wall and ivy-covered mounds; and was shown a little tank, or water-trough, which the bright-eyed woman—drying her arms upon her 'kerchief, called "*La tomba di Giulietta las fortunáta.*" With the best disposition in the world to believe, I could do no more than believe that the bright-eyed woman believed; so I gave her that much credit, and her customary fee in ready money.

Juliet's Tomb.

It was a pleasure, rather than a disappointment, that Juliet's resting-place was forgotten. However consolatory it may have been to Yorick's Ghost, to hear the feet upon the pavement overhead, and, twenty times a day, the repetition of his name, it is better for Juliet to lie out of the track of tourists, and to have no visitors but such as come to graves in spring-rain, and sweet air, and sunshine.

Pleasant Verona! With its beautiful old palaces, and charming country in the distance, seen from terrace

walks, and stately, balustraded galleries. With its Roman gates, still spanning the fair street, and casting on the sunlight of to-day, the shade of fifteen hundred years ago. With its marble-fitted churches, lofty towers, rich architecture, and quaint, old, quiet thoroughfares, where shouts of Montagues and Capulets once resounded,

> "And made Verona's ancient citizens
> Cast by their grave, beseeming ornaments,
> To wield old partisans."

With its fast-rushing river, picturesque old bridge, great castle, waving cypresses, and prospect so delightful, and so cheerful! Pleasant Verona!

In the midst of it, in the Piazza di Brá — a spirit of old time among the familiar realities of the passing hour — is the great Roman Amphitheatre. So well preserved, and carefully maintained, that every row of seats is there, unbroken. Over certain of the arches the old Roman numerals may yet be seen; and there are corridors, and staircases, and subterranean passages for beasts, and winding ways, above ground and below, as when the fierce thousands hurried in and out, intent upon the bloody shows of the arena. Nestling in some of the shadows and hollow places of the walls, now, are smiths with their forges, and a few small dealers of one kind or other; and there are green weeds, and leaves, and grass, upon the parapet. But little else is greatly changed.

When I had traversed all about it, with great interest, and had gone up to the topmost round of seats, and, turning from the lovely panorama closed in by

the distant Alps, looked down into the building, it seemed to lie before me like the inside of a prodigious hat of plaited straw, with an enormously broad brim and a shallow crown; the plaits being represented by the four-and-forty rows of seats. The comparison is a homely and fantastic one, in sober remembrance and on paper, but it was irresistibly suggested at the moment, nevertheless.

An equestrian troop had been there, a short time before — the same troop, I dare say, that appeared to the old lady in the church at Modena — and had scooped out a little ring at the one end of the arena; where the performances had taken place, and where the marks of their horses' feet were still fresh. I could not but picture to myself a handful of spectators gathered together on one or two of the old stone seats, and a spangled cavalier being gallant, or a Policinello funny, with the grim walls looking on. Above all, I thought how strangely those Roman mutes would gaze upon the favorite comic scene of the travelling English, where a British nobleman (Lord John), with a very loose stomach — dressed in a blue-tailed coat down to his heels, bright yellow breeches, and a white hat — comes abroad, riding double on a rearing horse, with an English lady (Lady Betsy) in a straw bonnet and green veil, and a red spencer; and who always carries a gigantic reticule, and a put-up parasol.

I walked through and through the town all the rest of the day, and could have walked there until now, I think. In one place, there was a very pretty modern theatre, where they had just performed the opera (always popular in Verona) of "Romeo and Juliet."

In another there was a collection, under a colonnade, of Greek, Roman, and Etruscan remains, presided over by an ancient man who might have been an Etruscan relic himself; for he was not strong enough to open the iron gate, when he had unlocked it, and had neither voice enough to be audible when he described the curiosities, nor sight enough to see them: he was so very old. In another place, there was a gallery of pictures, so abominably bad, that it was quite delightful to see them mouldering away. But anywhere: in the churches, among the palaces, in the streets, on the bridge, or down beside the river — it was always pleasant Verona, and in my remembrance always will be.

I read "Romeo and Juliet" in my own room at the inn that night — of course, no Englishman had ever read it there, before — and set out for Mantua next day at sunrise, repeating to myself (in the *coupé* of an omnibus, and next to the conductor, who was reading the "Mysteries of Paris"),

> "There is no world without Verona's walls
> But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
> Hence-banished is banished from the world,
> And world's exile is death;"

which reminded me that Romeo was only banished five-and-twenty miles after all, and rather disturbed my confidence in his energy and boldness.

The Tower of Pisa.

The moon was shining when we reached Pisa, and for a long time we could see, behind the wall, the Leaning Tower all away in the uncertain light; the

shadowy original of the old pictures in school-books, setting forth "The Wonders of the World." Like most things connected in their first associations with school-books and school-times, it was too small. I felt it keenly. It was nothing like so high above the wall as I had hoped. It was another of the many deceptions practised by Mr. Harris, bookseller, at the corner of St. Paul's Church-yard, London. *His* tower was fiction, but this was a reality — and by comparison, a short reality. Still, it looked very well, and very strange, and was quite as much out of the perpendicular as Harris had represented it to be. The quiet air of Pisa, too; the big guard-house at the gate, with only two little soldiers in it; the streets with scarcely any show of people in them; and the Arno, flowing quaintly through the centre of the town, were excellent. So, I bore no malice in my heart against Mr. Harris (remembering his good intentions), but forgave him before dinner, and went out full of confidence to see the tower next morning.

I might have known better; but, somehow, I had

expected to see it casting its long shadow on the public street where people came and went all day. It was a surprise to me to find it in a grave, retired place, apart from the general resort, and carpeted with smooth and green turf. But the group of buildings, clustered on and about this verdant carpet: comprising the tower, the baptistry, the cathedral, and the church of Campo Santo: is perhaps the most remarkable and beautiful in the whole world; and from being clustered there, together, away from the ordinary transactions and details of the town, they have a singularly venerable and impressive character. It is the architectural essence of a rich old city, with all its common life and common habitations pressed out, and filtered away.

Simond compares the tower to the usual pictorial representations in children's books of the Tower of Babel. It is a happy simile, and conveys a better idea of the building than chapters of labored description. Nothing can exceed the grace and lightness of the structure; nothing can be more remarkable than its general appearance. In the course of the ascent to the top (which is by an easy staircase), the inclination is not very apparent; but, at the summit, it becomes so, and gives one the sensation of being in a ship that has heeled over, through the action of an ebb-tide. The effect *upon the low side*, so to speak — looking over from the gallery, and seeing the shaft recede to its base — is very startling; and I saw a nervous traveller hold on to the tower involuntarily, after glancing down, as if he had some idea of propping it up. The view within, from the ground — looking up, as

through a slanted tube — is also very curious. It certainly inclines as much as the most sanguine tourist could desire. The natural impulse of ninety-nine people out of a hundred, who are about to recline upon the grass below it, to rest, and contemplate the adjacent buildings, would probably be, not to take up their position under the leaning side; it is so very much aslant.

The Coliseum at Rome.

It is no fiction, but plain, sober, honest truth to say: so suggestive and distinct is it at this hour, that, for a moment — actually in passing in — they who will, may have the whole great pile before them as it used to be, with thousands of eager faces staring down into the arena, and such a whirl of strife and blood and dust going on there as no language can describe. Its solitude, its awful beauty, and its utter desolation, strike upon the stranger the next moment like a softened sorrow; and never in his life, perhaps, will he be so moved and overcome by any sight, not immediately connected with his own affections and afflictions.

To see it crumbling there, an inch a year; its walls and arches overgrown with green; its corridors open to the day; the long grass growing in its porches; young trees of yesterday springing up on its ragged parapets, and bearing fruit: chance produce of the seeds dropped there by the birds who build their nests within its chinks and crannies; to see its pit of fight filled up with earth, and the peaceful cross planted in the centre; to climb into its upper halls and look down on ruin, ruin, ruin, all about it; the triumphal arches of Constantine, Septimus Severus, and Titus; the

Roman Forum; the Palace of the Cæsars; the temples of the old religion, fallen down and gone; is to see the ghost of old Rome, wicked, wonderful old city, haunting the very ground on which its people trod. It is the most impressive, the most stately, the most solemn, grand, majestic, mournful sight conceivable. Never, in its bloodiest crime, can the sight of the gigantic Coliseum, full and running over with the lustiest life, have moved one heart, as it must move all who look upon it now, a ruin. God be thanked: a ruin.

On the Appian Way.

As it tops the other ruins: standing there, a mountain among graves: so do its ancient influences outlive all other remnants of the old mythology and old butchery of Rome, in the nature of the fierce and cruel Roman people. The Italian face changes as the visitor approaches the city; its beauty becomes devilish; and there is scarcely one countenance in a hundred, among the common people in the streets, that would not be at home and happy in a renovated Coliseum to-morrow.

Here was Rome indeed at last: and such a Rome as no one can imagine in its full and awful grandeur! We wandered out upon the Appian Way, and then went on, through miles of ruined tombs and broken walls, with here and there a desolate and uninhabited house; past the Circus of Romulus, where the course of the chariots, the stations of the judges, competitors, and spectators, are yet as plainly to be seen as in old time; past the tomb of Cecilia Metella; past all inclosure, hedge, or stake, wall or fence; away upon the open Campagna, where on that side of Rome nothing is to be beheld but ruin. Except where the distant Apennines bound the view upon the left, the whole wide prospect is one field of ruin. Broken aqueducts, left in the most picturesque and beautiful clusters of arches; broken temples; broken tombs. A desert of decay, sombre and desolate beyond all expression, and with a history in every stone that strews the ground.

Vesuvius.

We ascend gradually, by stony lanes like rough, broad flights of stairs, for some time. At length we leave these, and the vineyards on either side of them, and emerge upon a bleak, bare region where the lava lies confusedly, in enormous rusty masses; as if the earth had been ploughed up by burning thunderbolts. And now we halt to see the sun set. The change that falls upon the dreary region, and on the whole mountain, as its red light fades, and the night comes on — and the unutterable solemnity and dreariness that reign around, who that has witnessed it, can ever forget!

It is dark, when, after winding for some time, over the broken ground, we arrive at the foot of the cone: which is extremely steep, and seems to rise, almost perpendicularly, from the spot where we dismount. The only light is reflected from the snow, deep, hard and white, with which the cone is covered.

It is now intensely cold, and the air is piercing. The thirty-one have brought no torches, knowing that the moon will rise before we reach the top. Two of the litters are devoted to the two ladies; the third, to a rather heavy gentleman from Naples, whose hospitality and good-nature have attached him to the expedition, and determined him to assist in doing the honors of the mountain. The rather heavy gentleman is carried by fifteen men; each of the ladies by half a dozen. We who walk, make the best use of our staves; and so the whole party begin to labor upward over the snow — as if they were toiling to the summit of an antediluvian twelfth-cake.

We are a long time toiling up; and the head guide looks oddly about him, when one of the company — not an Italian, though a *habitué* of the mountain for many years, whom we will call, for our present purpose, Mr. Pickle of Portici — suggests that, as it is freezing hard, and the usual footing of ashes is covered by the snow and ice, it will surely be difficult to descend. But the sight of the litters above, tilting up and down, and jerking from this side to that, as the bearers continually slip and tumble, diverts our attention; more especially as the whole length of the rather heavy gentleman is at that moment presented to us alarmingly foreshortened, with his head downward.

The rising of the moon soon afterward, revives the flagging spirits of the bearers. Stimulating each other with their usual watchword, "Courage, friend! It is to eat maccaroni!" they press on, gallantly, for the summit.

From tingeing the top of the snow above us, with a band of light, and pouring it in a stream through the valley below, while we have been ascending in the dark, the moon soon lights the whole white mountain side, and the broad sea down below, and tiny Naples, in the distance, and every village in the country round. The whole prospect is in this lovely state, when we come upon the platform on the mountain-top — the region of fire — an exhausted crater formed of great masses of gigantic cinders, like blocks of stone from some tremendous water-fall, burned up; from every chink and crevice of which, hot sulphurous smoke is pouring out: while from another conical-shaped hill, the present

crater, rising abruptly from this platform at the end, great sheets of fire are streaming forth; reddening the night with flame, blackening it with smoke, and spotting it with red-hot stones and cinders, that fly up into the air like feathers, and fall down like lead. What words can paint the gloom and grandeur of this scene!

The broken ground; the smoke; the sense of suffocation from the sulphur; the fear of falling down through the crevices in the yawning ground; the stopping, every now and then, for somebody who is missing in the dark (for the dense smoke now obscures the moon); the intolerable noise of the thirty; and the hoarse roaring of the mountain; make it a scene of such confusion, at the same time, that we reel again. But, dragging the ladies through it, and across another exhausted crater to the foot of the present volcano, we approach close to it on the windy side, and then sit down among the hot ashes at its foot, and look up in silence; faintly estimating the action that is going on within, from its being full a hundred feet higher, at this minute, than it was six weeks ago.

There is something in the fire and roar, that generates an irresistible desire to get nearer to it. We can not rest long, without starting off, two of us, on our hands and knees, accompanied by the head guide, to climb to the brim of the flaming crater, and try to look in. Meanwhile, the thirty yell, as with one voice, that it is a dangerous proceeding, and call to us to come back: frightening the rest of the party out of their wits.

What with their noise, and what with the trembling

of the thin crust of ground, that seems about to open underneath our feet and plunge us in the burning gulf below (which is the real danger, if there be any); and what with the flashing of the fire in our faces, and the shower of red-hot ashes that is raining down, and the choking smoke and sulphur; we may well feel giddy and irrational, like drunken men. But we contrive to climb up to the brim, and look down, for a moment, into the hell of boiling fire below. Then we all three come rolling down; blackened and singed, and scorched, and hot, and giddy; and each with his dress alight in half-a-dozen places.

You have read, a thousand times, that the usual way of descending, is, by sliding down the ashes: which, forming a gradually-increasing ledge below the feet prevent too rapid descent. But when we have crossed the two exhausted craters on our way back, and are come to this precipitous place, there is (as Mr. Pickle has foretold) no vestige of ashes to be seen; the whole being a smooth sheet of ice.

In this dilemma, ten or a dozen of the guides cautiously join hands, and make a chain of men; of whom the foremost beat, as well as they can, a rough track with their sticks, down which we prepare to follow. The way being fearfully steep, and none of the party, even of the thirty, being able to keep their feet for six paces together, the ladies are taken out of their litters, and placed, each between two careful persons; while others of the thirty hold by their skirts, to prevent their falling forward — a necessary precaution, tending to the immediate and hopeless dilapidation of their apparel. The rather heavy gentleman is abjured to leave

his litter too, and be escorted in a similar manner; but he resolves to be brought down as he was brought up, on the principle that his fifteen bearers are not likely to tumble all at once, and that he is safer so than trusting to his own legs.

In this order, we begin the descent: sometimes on foot, sometimes shuffling on the ice: always proceeding much more quietly and slowly, than on our upward way: and constantly alarmed by the falling among us of somebody from behind, who endangers the footing of the whole party, and clings pertinaciously to anybody's ankles. It is impossible for the litter to be in advance, too, as the track has to be made; and its appearance behind us, overhead — with some one or other of the bearers always down, and the rather heavy gentleman with his legs always in the air — is very threatening and frightful. We have gone on thus, a very little way, painfully and anxiously, but quite merrily, and regarding it as a great success — and have all fallen several times, and have all been stopped, somehow or other, as we were sliding away — when Mr. Pickle of Portici, in the act of remarking on these uncommon circumstances as quite beyond his experience, stumbles, falls, disengages himself, with quick presence of mind, from those about him, plunges away head foremost, and rolls, over and over, down the whole surface of the cone!

Sickening as it is to look, and be so powerless to help him, I see him there, in the moonlight — I have had such a dream often — skimming over the white ice like a cannon-ball. Almost at the same moment, there is a cry from behind; and a man who has car-

ried a light basket of spare cloaks on his head, comes rolling past, at the same frightful speed, closely followed by a boy. At this climax of the chapter of accidents, the remaining eight-and-twenty vociferate to that degree, that a pack of wolves would be music to them!

Giddy, and bloody, and a mere bundle of rags, is Pickle of Portici when we reach the place where we dismounted, and where the horses are waiting, but, thank God, sound in limb! And never are we likely to be more glad to see a man alive and on his feet, than to see him now — making light of it too, though sorely bruised and in great pain. The boy is brought into the Hermitage on the mountain, while we are at supper, with his head tied up; and the man is heard of some hours afterward. He too is bruised and stunned, but has broken no bones; the snow having, fortunately, covered all the larger blocks of rock and stones, and rendered them harmless.

After a cheerful meal, and a good rest before a blazing fire, we again take horse, and continue our descent to Salvatore's house — very slowly, by reason of our bruised friend being hardly able to keep the saddle, or endure the pain of motion. Though it is so late at night, or early in the morning, all the people of the village are waiting about the little stable-yard when we arrive, and looking up the road by which we are expected. Our appearance is hailed with a great clamor of tongues, and a general sensation for which, in our modesty, we are somewhat at a loss to account, until turning into the yard, we find that one of the party of French gentlemen who were on the mountain at the

same time is lying on some straw in the stable, with a broken limb: looking like death, and suffering great torture: and that we were confidently supposed to have encountered some worse accident.

A VISIT TO THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ

(From Two Years Before The Mast.)

By R. H. DANA.

WE continued sailing along with a fair wind and fine weather until Tuesday, Nov. 25, when at daylight we saw the Island of Juan Fernandez, directly ahead, rising like a deep blue cloud out of the sea. We were then probably nearly seventy miles from it; and so high and so blue did it appear, that I mistook it for a cloud, resting over the Island, and looked for the Island under it, until it gradually turned to a deader and greener color, and I could mark the inequalities upon its surface. At length we could distinguish trees and rocks; and by the afternoon this beautiful island lay fairly before us, and we directed our course to the only harbor.

Arriving at the entrance soon after sundown, we found a Chilian man-of-war brig, the only vessel coming

out. She hailed us, and an officer on board, whom we supposed to be an American, advised us to run in before night, and said that they were bound to Valparaiso.

We ran immediately for the anchorage, but, owing to the winds which drew about the mountains and came to us in flaws from every point of the compass, we did not come to an anchor until nearly midnight. We had a boat ahead all the time that we were working in, and those aboard were continually bracing the yards about for every puff that struck us, until about twelve o'clock, when we came to in forty fathoms water, and our anchor struck bottom for the first time since we left Boston — one hundred and three days. We were then divided into three watches, and thus stood out the remainder of the night.

I was called on deck to stand my watch about three in the morning, and I shall never forget the peculiar sensation which I experienced on finding myself once more surrounded by land, feeling the night breeze coming from off shore, and hearing the frogs and crickets. The mountains seemed almost to hang over us, and apparently from the very heart of them there came out, at regular intervals, a loud echoing sound, which affected me as hardly human. We saw no lights, and could hardly account for the sound, until the mate, who had been there before, told us that it was the "Alerta" of the Spanish soldiers, who were stationed over some convicts confined in caves nearly half way up the mountain. At the expiration of my watch I went below, feeling not a little anxious for the day, that I might see more nearly, and perhaps tread upon, this romantic, I may almost say, classic island.

When all hands were called, it was nearly sunrise, and between that time and breakfast, although quite busy on board in getting up water-casks, etc., I had a good view of the objects about me. The harbor was nearly land-locked, and at the head of it was a landing-place protected by a small breakwater of stones, upon which two large boats were hauled up, with a sentry standing over them. Near this was a variety of huts or cottages, nearly a hundred in number, the best of them built of mud and whitewashed, but the greater part only Robinson-Crusoe like — of posts and branches of trees.

The governor's house, as it is called, was the most conspicuous, being large, with grated windows, plastered walls, and roof of red tiles; yet like all the rest, only of one story. Near it was a small chapel, distinguished by a cross; and a long, low, brown looking building, surrounded by something like a palisade, from which an old and dingy looking Chilian flag was flying. This, of course, was dignified by the title of *Presidio*.

A sentinel was stationed at the chapel, another at the governor's house, and a few soldiers armed with bayonets, looking rather ragged, with shoes out at the toes, were strolling about among the houses, or waiting at the landing-place for our boat to come ashore.

The mountains were high, but not so overhanging as they appeared to be by starlight. They seemed to bear off toward the centre of the island, and were green and well-wooded, with some large, and, I am told, exceedingly fertile valleys, with mule-tracks leading to different parts of the island.

I cannot here forget how my friend S—— and myself got the laugh of the crew upon us by our eager-

ness to get on shore. The captain having ordered the quarter-boat to be lowered, we both sprung down into the forecastle, filled our jacket pockets with tobacco to barter with the people ashore, and when the officer called for "four hands in the boat," nearly broke our necks in our haste to be first over the side, and had the pleasure of pulling ahead of the brig with a tow line for half an hour, and coming on board again to be laughed at by the crew, who had seen our manœuvre.

After breakfast the second mate was ordered ashore with five hands to fill the water-casks, and to my joy I was among the number. We pulled ashore with the empty casks; and here again fortune favored me, for the water was too thick and muddy to put into the casks, and the governor had sent men up to the head of the stream to clear it out for us, which gave us nearly two hours of leisure. This leisure we employed in wandering about among the houses, and eating a little fruit which was offered to us. Ground apples, melons, grapes, strawberries of an enormous size, and cherries, abound here. The latter are said to have been planted by Lord Anson.

The soldiers were miserably clad, and asked with some interest whether we had shoes to sell on board. I doubt very much if they had the means of buying them. They were very eager to get tobacco, for which they gave shells, fruit, etc. Knives also were in demand, but we were forbidden by the governor to let any one have them, as he told us that all the people there, except the soldiers and a few officers, were convicts sent from Valparaiso, and that it was necessary to keep all weapons from their hands.

The island, it seems, belongs to Chili, and had been used by the government as a sort of Botany Bay for nearly two years; and the governor — an Englishman who had entered the Chilian navy — with a priest, half a dozen task-masters, and a body of soldiers, were stationed there to keep them in order.

This was no easy task; and only a few months before our arrival, a few of them had stolen a boat at night, boarded a brig lying in the harbor, sent the captain and crew ashore in their boat and gone off to sea. We were informed of this, and loaded our arms and kept strict watch on board through the night, and were careful not to let the convicts get our knives from us when on shore.

The worst part of the convicts, I found, were locked up under sentry in caves dug into the side of the mountain, nearly half way up, with mule-tracks leading to them, whence they were taken by day and set to work under task-masters upon building an aqueduct, a wharf, and other public works, while the rest lived in the houses which they put up for themselves, had their families with them, and seemed to me to be the laziest people on the face of the earth.

They did nothing but take a *paseo* into the woods, a *paseo* among the houses, a *paseo* at the landing-place, looking at us and our vessel, and too lazy to speak fast; while the others were driving — or rather, driven — about, at a rapid trot, in single file, with burdens on their shoulders, and followed up by their task-masters, with long rods in their hands, and broad-brimmed straw hats upon their heads. Upon what precise grounds this great distinction was made, I do not know, for the governor was the only man who spoke English upon the island, and he was out of my walk.

Having filled our casks, we returned on board, and soon after, the governor, dressed in a uniform like that of an American militia officer, the *padre*, in the dress of the gray friars, with hood and all complete, and the *capitan*, with big whiskers and dirty regimentals, came on board to dine.

While at dinner, a large ship appeared in the offing, and soon after we saw a light whale-boat pulling into the harbor. The ship lay off and on, and a boat came alongside of us, and put on board the captain, a plain young Quaker, dressed all in brown. The ship was the "Cortes," whaleman of New Bedford, and had put in to see if there were any vessels from round the Horn, and to hear the latest news from America. They remained aboard a short time and had a little talk with the crew, when they left us and pulled off to their ship, which, having filled away, was soon out of sight.

A small boat which came from the shore to take away the governor and suite — as they styled themselves — brought, as a present to the crew, a large pail of milk, a few shells, and a block of sandal wood. The milk, which was the first we had tasted since leaving Boston, we soon despatched; a piece of sandal wood I obtained, and learned that it grew on the hills in the centre of the island.

I have always regretted that I did not bring away other specimens of the products of the island, having afterward lost all that I had with me — the piece of sandal wood, and a small flower which I plucked and brought on board in the crown of my tarpaulin, and carefully pressed between the leaves of a book.

About an hour before sundown, having stowed our

water-casks, we commenced getting under way, and were not a little while about it; for we were in thirty fathoms of water, and in one of the gusts which came from off shore had let go our other bow anchor; and as the southerly wind draws round the mountains, and comes off in uncertain flaws, we were continually swinging round, and had thus got a very foul hawse. We hove in upon our chain, and after stoppering and unshackling it again and again, and hoisting and hauling down sail, we at length tripped our anchor and stood out to sea.

It was bright starlight when we were clear of the bay, and the lofty island lay behind us, in its still beauty, and I gave a parting look, and bid farewell to the most romantic spot on earth that my eyes had ever seen. I did then, and have ever since, felt an attachment for that island, altogether peculiar. It was partly, no doubt, from its having been the first island that I had seen since leaving home, and still more from the associations which every one has connected with it in their childhood from reading "Robinson Crusoe." To this I may add the height and romantic outline of its mountains, the beauty and freshness of its verdure, and the extreme fertility of its soil, and its solitary position in the midst of the wide expanse of the South Pacific, as all concurring to give it its peculiar charm.

When thoughts of this place have occurred to me at different times, I have endeavored to recall more particulars with regard to it. It is situated in about 33° 30′ S., and is distant a little more than three hundred miles from Valparaiso, on the coast of Chili, which is in the same latitude. It is about fifteen miles in length and five in breadth.

The harbor in which we anchored (called by Lord Anson, Cumberland bay) is the only one in the island; two small *bights* of land on each side of the main bay (sometimes dignified by the name of bays) being little more than landing-places for boats. The best anchorage is at the western side of the bay, where we lay at about three cables' lengths from the shore, in a little more than thirty fathoms water. This harbor is open to the N.N.E., and in fact nearly from N. to E., but the only dangerous winds being the southwest, on which side are the highest mountains, it is considered very safe.

The most remarkable thing perhaps about it is the fish with which it abounds. Two of our crew, who remained on board, caught in a few minutes enough to last us for several days, and one of the men, who was a Marblehead man, said that he never saw or heard of such an abundance. There were cod, breams, silver-fish, and other kinds whose names they did not know, or which I have forgotten.

There is an abundance of the best of water upon the island, small streams running through every valley, and leaping down from the sides of the hills. One stream of considerable size flows through the centre of the lawn upon which the houses are built, and furnishes an easy and abundant supply to the inhabitants. This, by means of a short wooden aqueduct, was brought quite down to our boats. The convicts had also built something in the way of a breakwater, and were to build a landing-place for boats and goods, after which the Chilian government intended to lay port charges.

Of the wood I can only say that it appeared to be

abundant; the island in the month of November, when we were there, being in all the freshness and beauty of spring, appeared covered with trees. These were chiefly aromatic, and the largest was the myrtle.

The soil is very loose and rich, and wherever it is broken up, there spring up immediately radishes, turnips, ground apples, and other garden fruits. Goats, we were told, were not abundant, and we saw none, though it was said we might, if we had gone into the interior. We saw a few bullocks winding about in the narrow tracks upon the sides of the mountains, and the settlement was completely overrun with dogs of every nation, kindred, and degree. Hens and chickens were also abundant, and seemed to be taken good care of by the women.

The men appeared to be the laziest people upon the face of the earth; and indeed, as far as my observation goes, there are no people to whom the newly-invented Yankee word of "loafer" is more applicable than to the Spanish Americans. These men stood about doing nothing, with their cloaks, little better in texture than an Indian's blanket, but of rich colors, thrown over their shoulders with an air which it is said that a Spanish beggar can always give to his rags; and with great politeness and courtesy in their address, though with holes in their shoes and without a sou in their pockets.

The only interruption to the monotony of their day seemed to be when a gust of wind drew round between the mountains and blew off the boughs which they had placed for roofs to their houses, and gave them a few miuutes' occupation in running about after them. One

of these gusts occurred while we were ashore, and afforded us no little amusement at seeing the men look round, and if they found that their roofs had stood, conclude that they might stand too, while those who saw theirs blow off, after uttering a few Spanish oaths, gathered their cloaks over their shoulders, and started off after them. However, they were not gone long, but soon returned to their habitual *occupation* of doing nothing.

It is perhaps needless to say that we saw nothing of the interior; but all who have seen it, give very glowing accounts of it. Our captain went with the governor and a few servants upon mules over the mountains, and upon their return, I heard the governor request him to stop at the island on his passage home, and offer him a handsome sum to bring a few deer with him from California, for he said that there were none upon the island, and he was very desirous of having it stocked.

A steady though light southwesterly wind carried us well off from the island, and when I came on deck for the middle watch I could just distinguish it from its hiding a few low stars in the southern horizon, though my unpractised eyes would hardly have known it from land. At the close of the watch a few trade-wind clouds which had arisen, though we were hardly yet in their latitude, shut it out from our view.

Thursday, Nov. 27th, upon coming on deck in the morning, we were again upon the wide Pacific, and saw no more land until we arrived upon the western coast of the great continent of America.

SCENES IN TANGIER

(From Ponkapog to Pesth.)

By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

THE Hadji had planned to take me to an Arab café — not the café in the square, usually visited by strangers, but an unadulterated Arab place of entertainment, seldom profaned by the presence of giaours. The Antwerp artist and the Englishman were to accompany us. Just as the edge of a new moon had begun to cut the dark, the Hadji appeared with a lantern fastened to the end of a staff, and we sallied forth.

Save for this lantern and that moon — which did not seem half so good a moon as we have at home — we should have been in Stygian darkness as we stumbled along the unlighted streets. On either hand stretched a high wall, pierced at intervals with a door shaped like a clover leaf, or with a barred casement, divided in the centre by a slender pillar, like the windows in the Alcazar at Seville. There were few persons stirring. Now and then a sheeted figure flitted

past us and vanished through an inky archway — possibly some belated slave bearing a scented missive to Fatima or Noureddin. Once we came upon a tall Rifan, with the red cloth case of his gun-barrel twisted round his brows for a turban; and once the Hadji's lantern lighted up the fierce outlines of a man with a naked scymetar in his hand pursuing some one in the distance. Now and then a fugitive perfume told us we were near a garden, and a stiff palm-tree shot up from behind a wall, and nicked the blue-blackness of the sky. On we pressed through the shadows, ourselves shadowy and spectral and silent. The Hadji, haughty and grave, with his scabbard clinking along the stones, seemed like the caliph in the old story-book, and we his attendants, on some nocturnal ramble through the streets of Bagdad.

Suddenly our guide halted at a low mean door. Above it was a dimly lighted lattice, from which came a murmuring, melancholy sound of voices, accented by the twanging of guitar strings. The flame of the lantern showed us a black hand painted on the masonry at the left of the entrance. That hand appears at the door-side of many of the houses in Tangier, and is a charm to keep off the evil spirits.

Passing up a flight of well-worn stone steps, we entered the café — a long narrow chamber, divided in the centre by the ever-recurring horseshoe arch. The whitewashed walls were bare of ornament, save a scarlet vine running round the room just above the mopboard. In the first compartment a negro was making coffee at a shelf suspended from the ceiling. In the other section were the guests, who saluted us

with various kinds of stares — curious, insolent, or indifferent, as the mood prompted — after which they ignored our presence as effectively as a group of ill-bred Christians could have done. Sharp-faced Arab youths and full-bearded, vicious-looking old men squatted on the matting. There was not a piece of furniture anywhere, not even one of those dwarf tables frequently to be seen in Moorish houses. From a bronze tripod on which some aloes were burning a bluish thread of smoke lifted itself up spirally, like a rattlesnake ready to spring.

We took our places on the floor like the others, and after a few words from the Hadji, the negro served us with coffee. Each cup was prepared separately, and you were supposed to drink the grounds, which constituted a third of the allowance. Nevertheless, it was a delicious beverage — up to the point where it became a solid. Then four small metal pipes, charged with Turkish tobacco and a grain or two of mild opium, were brought to us. Meanwhile the musicians, seated at the upper end of the room, never ceased their monotonous, whining strains. Nobody spoke. The younger fellows lolled back against the wall, motionless, with half-shut eyes; the blue smoke slowly floated up from the pipe-bowls, and curled itself into arabesque patterns over the solemn, turbaned heads of the old Mussulmans —

> "Viziers nodding together
> In some Arabian night."

After a while a man of fabulous leanness arose, and began a kind of dance. He danced only from the hips

upward, swaying his arms in the air as he contorted his body, and accompanying himself with a crooning chant. By-and-by his eyes closed ecstatically, his head leaned far back, an epileptic foam came to his lips. From time to time one of the spectators jerked out a sharp "Jaleo!" to encourage him, others of the audience beat the measure on the palms of their hands, and the tambourines kept up a dull thud. It was in every respect the same dance which the *gitanos* execute less passionately in Granada. The man ended his performance abruptly, and sat down, and all was silent again, except that the doleful, strident music went on and on, with pitiless reiteration of the same notes.

Looking at it carelessly, it struck me that Moorish enjoyment was composed of very simple ingredients; but looking closer, I suspected there were depths and qualities in this profound and nearly austere repose, in this smouldering passion, with its capricious fiery gleams, which I had not penetrated. Perhaps it was the drug in the tobacco, or perhaps it was a pungent property in the coffee, that sharpened my sense, but presently I began to detect in the music, which had rather irritated me at first, an under-current of meaning, vague and perplexing. The slow dragging *andante* and the sudden wailing *falsetto* seemed half to assist and half to baffle some inarticulate spirit that strove to distil its secret into the ear. Something that was not the music itself was struggling to find expression through it — the pride, the rage, the inertia, the unutterable despair of an ancient and once mighty people passing away.

It was Sunday. I do not know whose Sunday it was, for there are three to the week in Tangier, the Mohammedan, the Jew, and the Christian having each his own. It was Sunday; but what was more to the purpose, it was also a market-day. I had caught the town in one of its spasms of business. Between these spasms, and when the Aissawa are not overrunning it, or no fête is going on, the place is said to be as dull and silent as a plague-smitten city.

It being my last as well as my first day in Africa, I did not wait for the Hadji to call me that morning. I was an early bird, astir even before the slightest worm of a breakfast was practicable. Having completed my toilet, I wandered out on the platform in front of my bedroom to kill the intervening hour. Discovering a stone staircase leading still higher, I mounted the steps, and found myself on the roof of the hotel.

The Kasba on the height had all its windows illuminated by the daybreak, but the rest of the town lay in cool shadow. At my feet stretched a confused mass of square-cut white houses, reaching to the sea's edge on one side, and ending in drifts on the slant of a hill at my left — a town of snow that had seemingly dropped flake by flake from the clouds during the night.

There were figures moving on several of the neighboring house-tops. All the roofs were flat, and most of them surrounded by low battlements. Yonder was a young negress in a sulphur-hued caftan and green girdle, shaking a striped rug over a parapet, and looking consciously picturesque. On a terrace farther off a Moorish washer-woman and a little girl were spreading out their härcks and embroidered napkins on the flag-

stones: the sun would reach them by-and-by. At my right was a man indolently lifting himself off a piece of carpet laid dangerously near the unprotected roof edge— possibly a summer boarder who had chosen that airy bed-chamber. He was rubbing his eyes, and had evidently slept there over night. In this temperate climate, where the thermometer seldom rises above 90°, and rarely falls below 40°, the house-top would be preferable to an inside room to a summer boarder. On many of the roofs was evidence of pretty attempts at gardening, oleanders, acacias, palms, and dwarf almond-trees being set out in ornamental jars and tubs. There, no doubt, was the family resort after night-fall, the scene of ceremonious or social visits, and, I imagine, of much starry love-making.

Behind the hotel, in a desolate vacant lot checkered by small vats half filled with dye-stuffs, was an Arab tanner at work. Standing in the midst of his colored squares he resembled a solitary chessman. I could look directly down on his smooth bare skull, which seemed cast of gilt-bronze or bell-metal. He wore nothing but a breech-cloth. The Moorish tanners are very expert, and employ arts not known to the trade elsewhere. They have a process by which lion and panther skins are rendered as pliable as satin, and of creamy whiteness. The green leather of Tafilet, the red of Fez, and the yellow of Morocco are highly esteemed.

I was still on the roof-top when the Hadji summoned me to breakfast, immediately after which we set forth on a stroll through the city. The streets of Tangier lose a little on close inspection by daylight; they are very dirty and very narrow, forming a labyrinth from

AN ARAB FOUNTAIN.

which a stranger could scarcely extricate himself without the grace of God. I was constantly imagining that we had come back to our starting-point, the houses being unnumbered, and without any feature to distinguish one from the other. It was like walking through endless avenues of tombs. Each building presented to the contracted footway an inhospitable, massive wall, set with a door of the exact pattern of its neighbor. This monotony is a characteristic of Oriental street architecture. No wonder the robber chief, in "The Forty Thieves," put a chalk-mark on the door of Ali Baba's house in order to find it again; and no wonder the slave-girl Morgiana completely frustrated the device by marking half a dozen doors in a similar manner.

Whatever of elegance there may be inside the Moorish houses, the outside is careful to give no hint of it. I believe that some of the interiors are lavishly decorated. Once or twice, in passing a half-open gate, I caught sight of a tassellated *patio*, with a fountain set in the midst of flowers and broad-leaved shrubbery, reminding me of the Andalusian court-yards. But the domestic life of the Mussulman goes veiled like his women. . . .

The Moors are handsome men, haughty of feature, and with great dignity of carriage. The Arab women, of whom we met not so many, left their charms to the imagination. Though they were muffled up to the eyelids, showing only a strip of buff forehead, they generally turned aside their faces as we approached them. Their street costume was not elaborate — a voluminous linen mantle, apparently covering nothing but a wide-sleeved chemise reaching to the instep and caught at the waist. Their bare feet were thrust into half-slippers,

and their finger-tips stained with henna. Some had only one eye visible. In the younger women, that one pensive black eye peering out from the snowy *coif* was very piquant. The Hebrew maidens were not so avaricious of themselves, but let their beauty frankly blossom in doorways and at upper casements. Many of the girls were as slender and graceful as vines. In their apparel they appeared to affect solid colors — blues, ochres, carmines, and olive greens. They have a beautiful national dress, which is worn only in private. The Jewesses of Tangier are famous for their eyes, teeth, and complexions, and for their figures in early maidenhood. At thirty-five they are shapeless old women,

"Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans — everything."

The increasing number of passers-by, and a confused buzz of voices that grew every moment more audible, indicated that we were nearing some centre of traffic or pleasure. Leaving a fearful alley behind us — an alley where heaps of refuse were piled in the middle of the footpath, and the body of a collapsed cat or dog was continually blocking the way — we issued upon the place of the bazaars — a narrow winding hillside thoroughfare, paved with cobblestones, and lined on either hand by a series of small alcoves scooped in the masonry.

In each of these recesses a Jew or an Arab merchant sat cross-legged upon a little counter, with his goods piled within convenient reach on shelves at his side and over his head. The counter, which rose to the height of the customer's breast, was really the floor of the shop. In one booth nothing was sold but steel-work — Damascus blades (manufactured round the corner) with richly

wrought hilts; slim Moorish guns with a profusion of mother-of-pearl and tortoise-shell inlay on the breeches; shields, chains, spurs, bits, and the like. In an angle of the wall, near this booth, was a half-naked sword-grinder serving a Bedouin, who leaned on a spear-handle, and with critical eye watched the progress of the workman. Here was a tobacconist, with fragrant Latakia to dispose of, and snake-stemmed nargilehs in

Street Scene in Tangiers.

which to burn it; there, a fruiterer, buried in figs and dates and sweetmeat confections; farther on, a jeweller, or a dealer in nicknacks, or a saddle-maker. The smartest shops were those of the cloth merchants. At their doors were displayed rose-colored caftans, rivulets of scarfs shot with silver thread, broidered towels, Daghestan rugs, bright fabrics from Rabatt and Tetuan.

There was no lack of color or animation in the crowd;

no lack of customers beating their bosoms and exploding with incredulity at the prices demanded (I saw an old Berber in front of one bazaar tear off his turban and trample on it, to show he would give no such price); no lack of peripatetic venders interfering with legitimate trade; no lack of noisy water-sellers, each with his sprig of scented shrub laid over his water-skin; there was, in brief, no lack of anything proper to the scene and the moment. . . .

Before quitting the mart, I entered into a slight mercantile transaction with the fruiterer, which resulted in filling both my pockets to the top with copper coins — the surprising change due me out of a two-franc piece. These coins are worth about a dollar a bushel. The five-pointed star, or Solomon's ring, stamped on one side, is supposed to be a talisman against the evil eye; but it can scarcely reconcile the Moors to the fact that the government pays its debts in this wretched currency, called *flu*, and will receive nothing for imposts and taxes, but silver or gold. I was glad, later on, to deposit that copper with a necromancer in the Soc-de-Barra, to see what he could do with it.

The shop of one of the richer merchants to which the wise go, and where the Hadji incontinently took me, was located on the second floor of a private house in an adjacent side street. As it was the sole house that was likely to show me its penetralia, I noted that it had a square court in the centre open to the sky, and that all the apartments in the second story gave upon a gallery overlooking this courtyard. Here were three large rooms packed from floor to cornice with a little of everything on earth — arms, jewelry, costumes, bronzes,

Moorish faience, sandal-wood boxes, amber beads, old brass lamps (for which any Aladdin would have been glad to exchange new ones), and bale upon bale of silks and fairy textures from looms of Samarcand and Bokhara. Here, also, was a merchant who pulled a face as smooth as a mirror while he demanded four times the value of his merchandise. Nevertheless, I purchased, on reasonable enough terms, a chiselled brass cresset and an ancient Moorish scent-bottle in silver. But the possession of these did not console me for all the tantalizing drapery and golden bric-à-brac I was unable to purchase.

"Not to desire or admire, if a man could learn it, were more
Than to walk all day like the Sultan of old in a garden of spice."

The truly wise wouldn't go to the shop of Selam-Ben-Rhaman!

Passing out into the open air again, we threaded several tortuous lanes, which clearly had not been visited by a scavenger's cart within the present century, and struck the main street at a point near the double gates leading to the Soc-de-Barra. Speaking of carts, there is not one of any description in Tangier. If the pedestrian gets himself run over there, it must be by a donkey pure and simple.

A dozen steps brought us outside the turreted wall of the town to the foot of the hill called Soc-de-Barra, upon a slope of which was the market-place — a barren stretch of sun-scorched earth, broken here and there by dunes of reddish-gray sand. In the middle foreground was the caved-in mausoleum of some forgotten saint,

and on the ridge of the slope an old cemetery, so dreary with its few hopeless fig-trees and aloes that it made the heart ache to look at it. Nothing ever gave me such a poignant sense of death and dusty oblivion as those crumbling tombs overshadowing the clamorous and turbulent life on the hillside.

At first the spectacle was bewildering, and it was only by concentrating my attention on detached groups and figures that I was able to form any distinct impression of it. One's eyes were dazzled by the innumerable purple caftans and red fezes and snowy turbans, mingling and separating, and melting every instant into some grotesque and harmonious combination, like the bits of colored glass in a kaleidoscope. The usual hurly-burly of a market-day had been added to by the unexpected arrival of a caravan from Fez.

The unloading of the packs was now going on amid the incessant angry disputes of the Arab porters and occasional remonstrative groans from the gaunt camels kneeling in the hot sand. Near by, on a lean horse, sat a Bedouin, with his gun slung over the pommel. He was dirty and ragged, but his crimson saddle-cloth was worked with gold braid, and metal ornaments dangled from his bridle. Bending a trifle forward in the saddle, the son of the desert seemed to be intently observing the porters, but in reality he was half listening to an elderly Arab who sat on the ground a few paces distant, surrounded by a wholly absorbed circle of listeners. It was curious to watch their mobile faces reflecting, like so many mirrors, the various changes in the expression of the speaker. He was telling a story — a story that required much pressing of the hand

against the heart and many swift transitions from joy to despair, and finally involved a pantomime of a person on horseback carrying off somebody. A love-story! Perhaps one of Scheherezade's. The spirit, though not the letter, of it reached me. I noticed, with proper professional pride, that neither the mountebank near the saint's tomb, nor the snake-charmer farther up the slope, had so large an audience as the story-teller.

THE FORESTS OF NEW BRUNSWICK

(From Canadian Pictures, Drawn with Pen and Pencil.)

By THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, KT.

LET me now take the reader across the gulf into whose rushing tides we looked from the heights of Blomidon to its northern shore, and on inland, past the ridges which shelter it from the sea, to a great valley, called the Vale of Sussex, in the Province of New Brunswick.

Beautiful trees are scattered in groups, such as those you see in an English park, over meadows and cornfields, bright and golden under the unfailing August sun. Here you have beautifully situated lands for sale, because the young man who owned them has taken a fancy for wilder life and still larger returns on the North-Western prairie; and yet you wonder he could leave a place so enticing by its beauty, and so certain to give the comforts and requisites of domestic family life and of a civilized community; and as you

go on down this valley to the south, and arrive at another great harbor which is never sealed in winter, and which is surrounded by the buildings of the flourishing and enterprising town of St. John, you marvel yet more at the restlessness of mankind, so conspicuously shown by your own race, which seems never to be content unless it is browsing like a horse against the wind, and will go on moving westward until it knocks its head against the Rocky Mountains; and even then is not content, but wanders farther westward yet, until it comes to the distant Pacific shore, and there, finding often that it cannot go farther westward without becoming sea-sick, returns by the nearest train again eastward.

But there are fortunately many left who have not been invaded by the restless spirit, and who prefer their ease in older settlements, and are content with being the heirs of the labor of generations who have gone before them. Of such, perhaps, the reader may be one, whom I would ask to accompany me for a moment up the river which flows up the harbor of St. John, as far as the town of Fredericton. This is a delightful little city, ornamented with magnificent willow-trees in its principal streets, and having a beautiful, broad, and clear-watered river running past its comfortable and cleanly houses. The settlers round about have excellent lands and are mostly of British descent; but farther up stream you may see a most flourishing community of Danes, who, finding all they want here, have, like sensible people, recently settled down, and have written to many of their friends and kinsfolk to come out to them and do as they have done.

Fredericton is ninety miles from the sea. Above the capital steamers may navigate the stream for about seventy miles further. The great cataract of the Grand Falls, where the river plunges down in "clouds of snow-white foam" a distance of eighty feet, is well worth seeing, but the distance is somewhat great, as one has to travel two hundred and twenty-five miles from the river's mouth to see its floods take their headlong leap among the upper forests. By canoe it is possible to cross from the parent sources of the St. John to those of the streams which flow into the Bay of Chaleur, at the other extremity of New Brunswick, with a comparatively short portage. The pleasure of such an expedition in fine spring or autumn weather is very great.

When the waters become too strong for the canoe to be "poled up," or dangerous in their descent, the voyager lands and makes a "portage," that is, the canoe is hauled out, and placed on an Indian's back, is borne at a trot through the shaded parts of the wood, to the next piece of water where it can again be safely launched. The camp-fire at night throws out into relief the straight stems of the fir trees, and the shower of sparks which start from the red logs whenever fresh fuel is added, rise to fade away overhead among the thick branches, through which the stars look down on the mysterious gloom of the forest, which hems in the little circle of life and light around the camp-fire.

The silence of these woods is remarkable. In sharp frosts you hear the trees crack as though pistol shots had been fired, but at all other seasons you might im-

agine yourself the sole living thing in that green world of verdure.

The feeling of such solitude is oppressive, and one is glad to sleep near the music of running water. In travelling far, it is well to take plenty of food, for there is none to be obtained from any botanical studies of moss, roots, or grass. Berries may be found, but they will not sustain life. Professor Logan, in making such a journey, was nearly starved to death, and had it not been for the good luck of shooting a fisher or otter, might have left his bones in the woods. Where there is good soil, the hard-wood trees, such as maple, elm, ash, and birch, abound, and marvellously beautiful is the autumn coloring of many of them. The maple especially flaunts her boughs in the most vivid green, crimson, gold, and scarlet. So intense are the colors that if attempted to be rendered by painting, the picture looks unnatural. Sometimes the trees seem literally on fire; but often you will see one part of the foliage of a tree still wearing its summer tint, while the leaves borne by other branches are blazing with saffron and vermilion. The oaks are not so often met with, but when they occur they wear a claret-colored autumn dress, while the birch and poplar and elm prefer a light yellow. The effect of this coloring is wonderful, especially when repeated in the still waters of a

Canadian Lynx.

lake, and seen from your canoe, as your men, noiselessly dipping their paddles, keep you gliding over a surface which is dyed in all the hues of these gorgeous groves.

All the New Brunswick coast was more or less known to Champlain, who gives a description, accompanied with maps, of many of the harbors. He was particularly impressed with the advantages of St. John, and of the islands which lie along the shore of the Bay of Fundy. One of these, now called Campobello, is a charming retreat from the heat of the interior. There is an excellent hotel, and there are pleasant roads along its shores, which are well sheltered by woods. Situated near the mainland railways, it is easily reached, and is becoming a very favorite place for the enjoyment of bathing and summer amusements. With the exception of Dalhousie and Carlton, on the Bay of Chaleur, it is one of the most accessible and pleasantly situated places for a seaside sojourn.

Some of the readers of this book who are interested in geology, and who may have read Hugh Miller's works on the old red sandstone of Scotland, should visit near Campbeltown, the quarries where splendid specimens of fish have been taken from the Devonian measures in that neighborhood. These fish belong to the great family which were provided with armor, somewhat in the manner of the modern sturgeon, and in these New Brunswick beds each plate and joint of their curious structure has been perfectly preserved.

New Brunswick's fair lands are by no means confined to the St. John's and Sussex valleys, but belt the whole province along its seaward face wherever the forest has been cleared, or the rivers, filled with salmon

and sea-trout, run into the narrow seas facing the fertile island of Prince Edward, or northward into the bay whose summer warmth made the first French discoverers call it the Heated Gulf. It is often supposed that the winter of these maritime provinces makes it impossible for the farmer to do much during the cold season; — that during that time he is shut in by the frost and the snow. A great deal of snow certainly does fall, and the more the snow falls the more certain it is that the crops will not suffer from severe frosts, but will be kept warm and well manured by it until in April or May it suddenly disappears, and the wondrously quick growth of verdure and of flowers takes its place.

There is by no means nothing to be done in the winter time. The animals have to be looked after and fed, the wood has to be cut and hauled in sledges over the snow; there is plenty to occupy time, and when there is a spare day or two for friendly visits to neighbors, or for the healthy amusements of that time of the year, the farmer, who has during the summer to work from the early morning until the evening, is by no means sorry for the variety afforded by a little leisure.

TRAVELLING IN NORTHERN RUSSIA

(From Russia.)

By D. MACKENZIE WALLACE, M.A.

WHILST I was considering how I could get beyond the sphere of West-European languages, a friend came to my assistance, and suggested that I should go to his estate in the province of Novgorod, where I should find an intelligent, amiable parish priest, quite innocent of any linguistic acquirements. This proposal I at once adopted, and accordingly found myself one morning at a small station of the Moscow Railway, endeavoring to explain to a peasant in sheep's clothing that I wished to be conveyed to Ivánofka, the village where my future teacher lived. At that time I still spoke Russian in a very fragmentary and confused way — pretty much as Spanish cows are popularly supposed to speak French. My first remark therefore, being literally interpreted, was — "Ivánofka. Horses. You can?" The point of interrogation was expressed by a simultaneous raising of the voice and the eyebrows.

"Ivánofka?" said the peasant, in an interrogatory tone of voice. In Russia, as in other countries, the peasantry when speaking with strangers like to repeat questions, apparently for the purpose of gaining time.

"Ivánofka," I replied.

"Now?"

"Now!"

After some reflection the peasant nodded and said something which I did not understand, but which I assumed to mean that he was open to consider proposals for transporting me to my destination.

"Roubles. How many?"

To judge by the knitting of the brows and the scratching of the head, I should say that that question gave occasion to a very abstruse mathematical calculation. Gradually the look of concentrated attention gave place to an expression such as children assume when they endeavor to get a parental decision reversed by means of coaxing. Then came a stream of soft words which were to me utterly unintelligible.

"How many?" I repeated.

"Ten!" said the peasant, in a hesitating, apologetic way, as if he were more than half-ashamed of what he was saying.

"Ten!" I exclaimed, indignantly. "Two, enough!" and waving my hand to indicate that I should be no party to such a piece of extortion, I re-entered the station. As I reached the door I heard him say, "Master, master! Eight!" But I took no notice of the proposal.

I must not weary the reader with a detailed account of the succeeding negotiations, which were conducted

with extreme diplomatic caution on both sides, as if a cession of territory or the payment of a war-contribution had been the subject of discussion. Three times he drove away and three times returned. Each time he abated his pretensions, and each time I slightly increased my offer. At last, when I began to fear that he had finally taken his departure and had left me to my own devices, he re-entered the room and took up my baggage, indicating thereby that he agreed to my last offer.

The sum agreed upon — four roubles — would have been, under ordinary circumstances, more than sufficient for the distance, which was only about twenty miles; but before proceeding far I discovered that the circumstances were by no means ordinary, and I began to understand the pantomimic gesticulation which had puzzled me during the negotiations. Heavy rain had fallen without interruption for several days, and now the track on which we were travelling could not, without poetical license, be described as a road. In some parts it resembled a water-course, in others a quagmire, and at least during the first half of the journey I was constantly reminded of that stage in the work of creation when the water was not yet separated from the dry land. During the few moments when the work of keeping my balance and preventing my baggage from being lost did not engross all my attention, I speculated on the possibility of constructing a boat-carriage, to be drawn by a swift-footed hippopotamus, or some other animal that feels itself at home equally on land and in water. On the whole, the project seemed to me then as useful and as feasible as Four-

rier's idea of making whales play the part of tug-steamers.

Fortunately for us, our two lean, wiry little horses did not object to being used as aquatic animals. They took the water bravely, and plunged through the mud in gallant style. The *telega* in which we were seated — a four-wheeled skeleton cart — did not submit to the ill-

Russian Village.

treatment so silently. It creaked out its remonstrances and entreaties, and at the more difficult spots threatened to go to pieces; but its owner understood its character and capabilities, and paid no attention to its ominous threats. Once, indeed, a wheel came off, but it was soon fished out of the mud and replaced, and no further casualty occurred.

The horses did their work so well that, when about mid-day we arrived at a village, I could not refuse to let them have some rest and refreshment — all the more as my own thoughts had begun to turn in that direction.

The village, as villages in that part of the country generally, consisted of two long parallel rows of wooden houses. The road — if a stratum of mud more than a foot in depth can be called by that name — formed the intervening space. All the houses turned their gables to the road, and some of them had pretensions to architectural decoration in the form of rude perforated woodwork. Between the houses, and in a line with them, were great wooden gates and high wooden fences, separating the court-yards from the road. Into one of these yards, near the further end of the village, our horses turned of their own accord.

"An inn?" I said, in an interrogative tone.

The driver shook his head and said something, in which I detected the word "friend." Evidently there was no hostelry for man and beast in the village, and the driver was using a friend's house for the purpose.

The yard was flanked on the one side by an open shed, containing rude agricultural implements which might throw some light on the agriculture of the primitive Aryans, and on the other side by the dwelling-house and stable. Both the house and stable were built of logs, nearly cylindrical in form, and placed in horizontal tiers.

Two of the strongest of human motives, hunger and curiosity, impelled me to enter the house at once. Without waiting for an invitation, I went up to the

door — half protected against the winter snows by a small open portico — and unceremoniously walked in. The first apartment was empty, but I noticed a low door in the wall to the left, and passing through this, entered the principal room. As the scene was new to me, I noted the principal objects. In the wall before me were two small square windows looking out upon the road, and in the corner to the right, nearer to the ceiling than to the floor, was a little triangular shelf, on which stood a religious picture. Before the picture hung a curious oil lamp. In the corner to the left of the door was a gigantic stove, built of brick, and white-washed. From the top of the stove to the wall on the right stretched what might be called an enormous shelf, six or eight feet in breadth. This is the so-called *palati*, as I afterwards discovered, and serves as a bed for part of the family. The furniture consisted of a long wooden bench attached to the wall on the right, a big, heavy deal table, and a few wooden stools.

Whilst I was leisurely surveying these objects I heard a noise on the top of the stove, and, looking up, perceived a human face, with long hair parted in the middle, and a full yellow beard. I was considerably astonished by this apparition, for the air in the room was stifling, and I had some difficulty in believing that any created being — except perhaps a salamander or a negro — could exist in such a position. I looked hard to convince myself that I was not the victim of a delusion. As I stared, the head nodded slowly and pronounced the customary form of greeting.

I returned the greeting slowly, wondering what was to come next.

"Ill, very ill!" sighed the head.

"I'm not astonished at that," I remarked, in an "aside." "If I were where you are I should be very ill too."

"Hot, very hot?" I remarked interrogatively.

"Nitchevo" — that is to say, "not particularly." This remark astonished me all the more, as I noticed at that very moment that the body to which the head belonged was enveloped in a sheep-skin!

After living some time in Russia I was no longer surprised by such incidents, for I soon discovered that the Russian peasant has a marvellous power of bearing extreme heat as well as extreme cold. When a coachman takes his master or mistress to the theatre or to a party, he never thinks of going home and returning at an appointed time. Hour after hour he sits placidly on the box, and though the cold be of an intensity such as is never experienced in our temperate climate, he can sleep as tranquilly as the lazzarone at mid-day in Naples. In that respect the Russian peasant seems to be first-cousin to the polar bear, but, unlike the animals of the arctic regions, he is not at all incommoded by excessive heat. On the contrary, he likes it when he can get it, and never omits an opportunity of laying in a reserve supply of caloric. He even delights in rapid transitions from one extreme to the other, as is amply proved by a curious custom which deserves to be recorded.

The reader must know that in the life of the Russian peasantry the weekly vapor-bath plays a most important part. It has even a certain religious signification, for no good orthodox peasant would dare to enter a church

after being soiled by certain kinds of pollution without cleansing himself physically and morally by means of the bath. In the weekly arrangements it forms the occupation for Saturday afternoon, and care is taken to avoid thereafter all pollution until after the morning service on Sunday. Many villages possess a public or communal bath of the most primitive construction, but in some parts of the country — I am not sure how far the practice extends — the peasants take their vapor-bath in the household oven in which the bread is baked! In all cases the operation is pushed to the extreme limit of human endurance — far beyond the utmost limit that can be endured by those who have not been accustomed to it from childhood. For my own part, I only made the experiment once, and when I informed my attendant that my life was in danger from congestion of the brain, he laughed outright, and told me that the operation had only begun. Most astounding of all — and this brings me to the fact which led me into this digression — the peasants in winter often rush out of the bath and roll themselves in snow! This aptly illustrates a common Russian proverb, which says that what is health to the Russian is death to the German.

BAZAARS; AN ORIENTAL SCENE

(From the Howadji in Syria.)

By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

"Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle."

EASTERN life is delightful in detail. It is a Mosaic to be closely studied.

You enter, and the murmurous silence blends pleasantly with the luminous dimness of the place. The matting overhead, torn and hanging in strips, along which, gilding them in passing, the sun slides into the interior, is a heavy tapestry. The scene is a perpetual fair, not precisely like Greenwich fair, or that of the American Institute, but such as are frequent in Arabian stories.

Bedoueen glide spectrally along, with wild roving eyes, like startled deer. Insane dervishes and santons meditate the propriety of braining the infidel Howadji. Sheikhs from distant Asia, pompous effendi from Constantinople, Bagdad traders, cunning-eyed Armenian merchants meet and mingle, and many of our old friends, the grizzly-bearded, red-eyed fire-worshippers, somnolently curled among their goods, eye us, through the smoke they emit, as perfect specimens of the proper

sacrifice they owe their deity. All strange forms jostle and crowd in passing, except those which are familiar; and children, more beautiful than any in the East, play in the living mazes of the crowd.

Shopping goes actively on. The merchant, without uncrossing his legs, exhibits his silks and coarse cottons to the long draped and veiled figures that group picturesquely about his niche. Your eye seizes the bright effect of all the gay goods as you saunter on. Here a merchant lays by his chibouque, and drinks from a carved glass sweet liquorice water, cooled with snow from Lebanon. Here one closes his niche and shuffles off to the mosque, followed by his boy slave with the chibouque. Here another rises, and bows, and falls, kissing the floor, and muttering the noon prayer. Everywhere there is intense but languid life.

The bazaars are separated into kinds. That of the jewellers is enclosed, and you see the Jews, swarthy and keen-eyed servants of Mammon, busily at work. Precious stones miserably set, and handsful of pearls, opals, and turquoises are quietly presented to your inspection. There is no eagerness of traffic. A boy tranquilly hands you a ring, and another, when you have looked at the first. You say "*la*," no, and he retires.

Or you pause over a clumsy silver ring, with an Arabic inscription upon the flint set in it. Golden Sleeve ascertains that it is the cypher of Hafiz. You reflect that it is silver, which is the orthodox metal, the Prophet having forbidden gold. You place it upon your finger with the stone upon the inside;

for so the Prophet wore his upon the forefinger, that he might avoid ostentation. It is a quaint, characteristic, Oriental signet-ring. Hafiz is a common name, it is probably that of the jeweller who owns the ring. But you have other associations with the name, and as you remember the Persian poet, you suffer it to remain upon your finger, and pay the jeweller a few piastres. You do not dream that it is enchanted. You do not know that you have bought Aladdin's lamp, and as a rub of that evoked omnipotent spirits, so a glance at your ring, when Damascus has become a dream, will restore you again to the dim bazaar, and the soft eyes of the children that watch you curiously as you hesitate, and to the sweet inspiration of Syria.

You pass on into the quarter where the patterns are made, inlaid with pearl, such as you remarked upon the feet of the kohl-eyebrowed houris. Into the shoemakers, where the brilliant leathers justify better poetry than Hans Sach's interminable rhymes, though here is only their music, not their moral. You climb crumbling steps, and emerge from darkness upon the top of the bazaar, on a ledge of a Roman ruin, and look down into the sunny greenness of the great mosque, which you cannot more nearly approach. Then down, and by all the beautiful fabrics of the land, hung with the tin foiled letters that surround pieces of English prints, and which the color-loving eye of the Oriental seizes as an ornament for his own wares, you pass into the region of drugs and apothecaries, and feel that you are about visiting that Persian doctor in Mecca who

dealt in nothing but miraculous balsams and infallible elixirs, whose potions were all sweet and agreeable, and the musk and aloe-wood which he burned, diffused a delicious odor through the shop. Surely he was court-physician to Zobeide.

Golden Sleeve pauses before an old figure curled among the bottles and lost in reverie, saturated, it seems, with opium, and dreaming its dreams. This is Zobeide's doctor. He had evidently the elixir of life among those sweet potions, and has deeply drunk. Life he has preserved; but little else that is human remains, except the love that is stronger than life. For, as he opens his vague eyes and beholds us, they kindle with an inward fire, as if they looked upon the philosopher's stone. That stone is in our purses; the old magician knows it, and he knows the charm to educe it.

He opens a jar, and a dreamy odor penetrates our brains. It is distilled of flowers culled from the gardens of the Ganges: or is this delicate perfume preferable — this zatta, loved of poets and houris, which came to the doctor's grandfather from Bagdad?

Attar of roses did Golden Sleeve suggest? Here is the essence of that divinist distillation of the very heart of summer. But, O opulent Howadji! no thin, pale, Constantinople perfume is this, but the viscous richness of Indian roses. As many wide acres of bloom went to this jar as to any lyric of Hafiz. It lies as molten gold in the quaint glass vase. The magician holds it toward the Syrian sun, and the shadow of a smile darkens over his withered features. Then, drop by drop, as if he poured the last honey that should ever be hived from

Hymettus, he suffers it to exude into the little vials. They are closely stopped, and sealed, and wrapped in cotton. And some wintry Christmas in the West the Howadji shall offer to a fairer than Zobeide those more than drops of diamond.

Nor this alone — but the cunning of Arabian art has sucked the secret of their sweetness from tea and coffee, from all the wild herbs of Syria, and from amber. In those small jars is stored the rich result of endless series of that summer luxuriance you saw in the vale of Zabulon. Sandal-wood to burn upon your nargileh, mystic bits to lay upon your tongue, so that the startled Bedoueen, as you pass in the bazaar, and breathe upon him in passing, dreams that you came from paradise, and have been kissed by houris.

Was it not the magic to draw from your purse the philosopher's stone? The court-physician of Zobeide, relapsing into reverie, smiles vaguely as he says salaam; as if the advantage were his — as if you were not bearing away with you in those odors the triumphs of the rarest alchemy.

Breathing fragrance, you enter a khan opening upon the bazaar, that of Assad Pacha, a stately and beautiful building, consisting of a lofty domed court, the dome supported by piers, with a gallery running quite around it. Private rooms for the choicest goods open out of the gallery. The court is full of various merchandise, and merchants from every region sit by their goods, and smoke placidly as they negotiate.

But we have received visits in our hotel from an Armenian merchant, young and comely — why not Khadra's cousin? — and he brought with him silks and

BAZAARS,—AN ORIENTAL SCENE.

stuffs at which all that was feminine in our natures swelled with delight. Tempted by his odors, we have come to this garden. The room is small and square, and rough-plastered. Upon the floor are strewn long deep boxes, and the comely young Armenian, in a flowing dark dress, reveals his treasures.

Scarfs, shawls, stuffs for dresses, morning-gowns and vests, handkerchiefs, sashes, purses, and tobacco-bags are heaped in rich profusion. They are of the true eastern richness, and in the true eastern manner they rely upon that richness for their effect, and not upon their intrinsic tastefulness. The figures of the embroideries, for instance, are not gracefully designed, but the superb material suffices. They imply that there are none but beautiful women in the world, and that all women are brunettes. As the quiet merchant unfolds them, they have the mysterious charm of recalling all the beautiful brunettes who have reigned, Zenobias, and Queens of Sheba, and Cleopatras, in the ruined realm of your past life.

But, Northerners and Westerners, we remember another beauty. We remember Palma Vecchio's golden-haired daughter, and the Venetian pictures, and the stories of angels with sunny locks, and the radiant Preziosa. The astute Armenian knows our thoughts. From the beginning was not the oriental merchant a magician?

For while we sit smoking and delighted, the merchant, no less wily than the court-physician of Zobeide, opens the last box of all, and gradually unfolds the most beautiful garment the Howadji have ever seen. The coronation robes of emperors and kings, the most

sumptuous costumes at court-festivals, all the elaboration of western genius in the material and in the making of dresses, pale and disappear before the simple magnificence of this robe.

It is a bournouse or oriental cloak, made of camel's hair and cloth of gold. The material secures that rich stiffness essential in a superb mantle, and the color is an azure turquoise, exquisite beyond words. The sleeves are cloth of gold, and the edges are wrought in gold, but with the most regal taste. It is the only object purely tasteful that we have seen. Nor is it of that safety of taste, which loves dark carriages and

The Gates of Damascus.

neutral tints in dress, but magnificent and imperial, like that of Rachel when she plays Thisbe, and nets her head with Venetian sequins. If the rest imply that all women are beautiful and brunettes, this proclaims the one superb blonde, queen of them all.

"Take that, Leisurlie, it was intended from the beginning of the world for an English beauty."

"Oh! *kooltooluk!* there is not a woman in England who could wear it."

Through the dewy distances of memory, as you muse in the dim chamber upon all who might worthily wear that garment, passes a figure perfect as morning,

crowned with youth, and robed in grace, for whose image Alpine snows were purer and Italian skies more soft. But even while you muse it passes slowly away out of the golden gates of possibility into the wide impossible.

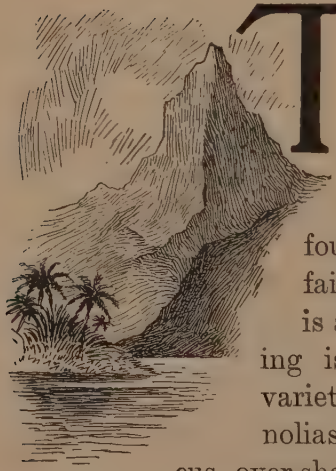
AT TAHITI

(From Around the World in the Yacht Sunbeam.)

By LADY BRASSEY.

The cava feast, the yam, the cocoa's root,
Which bears at once the cup, and milk, and fruit,
The bread-tree which, without the ploughshare, yields
The unreap'd harvest of unfurrowed fields.
. . . . . .
These, with the luxuries of seas and woods,
The airy joys of social solitudes,
Tamed each rude wanderer.

Saturday, *December 2d.*



THE anchor was dropped in the harbor of Papiete at nine o'clock, and a couple of hours later, by which time the weather had cleared, we went ashore, and at once found ourselves in the midst of a fairy-like scene, to describe which is almost impossible, so bewildering is it in the brightness and variety of its coloring. The magnolias and yellow and scarlet hibiscus, over-shadowing the water, the velvety turf, on to which one steps from the boat, the white road running between rows of wooden houses, whose

little gardens are a mass of flowers, the men and women clad in the gayest robes and decked with flowers, the piles of unfamiliar fruit lying on the grass, waiting to be transported to the coasting vessels in the harbor, the wide-spreading background of hills clad in verdure to their summits — these are but a few of the objects which greet the new-comer in his first contact with the shore.

We strolled about, and left our letters of introduction; but the people to whom they were addressed were at breakfast, and we were deliberating how best to dispose of our time, when a gentleman accosted us, and, seeing how new it all was to us strangers, offered to show us round the town.

The streets of Papiete, running back at right angles with the beach, seem to have wonderfully grand names, such as the Rue de Rivoli, Rue de Paris, etc. Every street is shaded by an avenue of high trees, whose branches meet and interlace overhead, forming a sort of leafy tunnel, through which the sea-breeze passes refreshingly. There is also what is called the Chinamen's quarter, through which we walked, and which consists of a col-

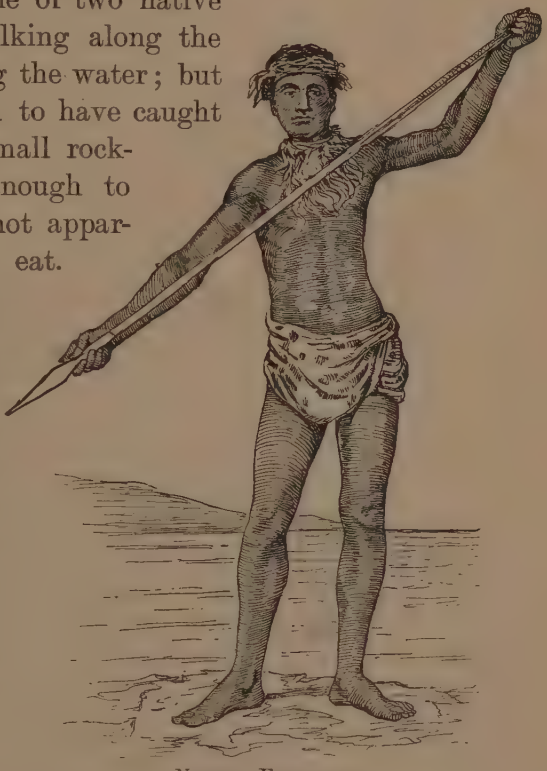
The Palace of Queen Pomare.

lection of regular Chinese-built bamboo houses, whose occupants all wore their national costume, pigtail included. The French commandant lives in a charming residence, surrounded by gardens, just opposite the palace of Queen Pomare, who is at present at the island of Bola-Bola, taking care of her little grandchild, aged five, the queen of the island. She went down in a French man-of-war, the Limièr, ten days ago, and has been obliged to remain, owing to some disturbances among the natives. I am rather disappointed that she is absent, as I should like to see a person of whom I have heard so much.

At five in the afternoon we went for a row in the Glance and the Flash to the coral reef, now illumined by the rays of the setting sun. Who can describe these wonderful gardens of the deep, on which we now gazed through ten and twenty fathoms of crystal water? Who can enumerate or describe the strange creatures moving about and darting hither and thither, amid the masses of coral forming their submarine home? There were shells of rare shape, brighter than if they had been polished by the hand of the most skilful artist; crabs of all sizes, scuttling and sliding along; sea-anemones, spreading their delicate feelers in search of prey; and many other kinds of zoöphytes, crawling slowly over the reef; and scarlet, blue, yellow, gold, violet, spotted, striped and winged fish, short, long, pointed and blunt, of the most varied shapes, were darting about like birds among the coral trees.

At last, after frequent stoppages, to allow time for admiration, we reached the outer reef, hauled the boat up and made her fast, and, in bathing shoes, starting

on a paddling expedition. Such a paddle it was too, over the coral, the surf breaking far above our heads, and the underflow, though only a few inches deep, nearly carrying me and the children off our legs! There were one or two native fishermen walking along the reef, whipping the water; but they appeared to have caught only a few small rock-fish, pretty enough to look at, but not apparently good to eat.



Native Fisherman.

The shades of night compelled us to return to the yacht, laden with corals of many different species. After dinner the bay was illuminated by the torches of the native fishermen, in canoes, on the reef. Tom and I went to look at them, but did not see them catch anything. Each canoe contained at least three people, one of whom propelled the boat, another stood up waving about a torch dipped in some resinous substance, which threw a strong light on the water, while the third

stood in the bows, armed with a spear, made of a bundle of wires, tied to a long pole, not at all unlike a gigantic egg-whip, with all its loops cut into points. This is aimed with great dexterity at the fish, who are either transfixed or jammed between the prongs. The fine figures of the natives, lighted up by the flickering torches, and standing out in bold relief against the dark blue starlit sky, would have served as models for the sculptors of ancient Greece.

SUNDAY, *December 3d.*

At a quarter of five this morning some of us landed to see the market, this being the great day, when the natives come in from the country and surrounding villages, by sea and by land, in boats or on horseback, to sell their produce and buy necessaries for the coming week. We walked through the shady streets to the two covered market buildings, partitioned across with great bunches of oranges, plantains and many-colored vegetables, hung on strings. The mats, beds, and pillows still about suggested the idea that the salesmen and women had passed the night among their wares. The gayly attired, good-looking, flower-decorated crowd, of some seven or eight hundred people, all chatting and

NATIVE WOMEN.

laughing, and some staring at us — but not rudely — looked much more like a chorus of opera-singers, dressed for their parts in some grand spectacle, than ordinary market-going peasants. Whichever way one turned, the prospect was an animated and attractive one. Here, beneath the shade of large, smooth, light-green banana leaves, was a group of earnest bargainers for mysterious looking fish, luscious fruit and vegetables; there, sheltered by a drooping mango, whose rich clusters of purple and orange fruit hung in tempting proximity to lips and hands, another little crowd was similarly engaged. Orange trees were evidently favorite *rendezvous;* and a row of flower sellers had established themselves in front of a hedge of scarlet hibiscus and double cape jasmine. Every vender carried his stock-in-trade, however small the article composing it might be, on a bamboo pole, across his shoulder occasionally with rather ludicrous effect, as, for instance, when the thick but light pole supporting only a tiny fish six inches long, at one end, and two mangoes at the other. Everybody seemed to have brought to market just what he or she happened to have on hand, however small the quantity. The women would have one, two or three new-laid eggs in a leaf basket, one crab or lobster, three or four prawns, or one little trout. Under these circumstances, marketing for so large a party as ours was a somewhat lengthy operation, and I was much amused in watching our *provedor*, as he went about collecting things by ones and twos, until he had piled a little cart quite full, and had it pushed off to the shady quay.

We strolled about until six o'clock, at which hour the

purchasers began to disperse, and were just preparing to depart likewise, when an old man, carrying half a dozen little fish and followed by a small boy laden with vegetables and fruit, introduced himself to us as the brother-in-law of Queen Pomare IV. and chief of Papiete, and, after a short talk, invited us to visit him at his house. We consented, and, following him, presently reached a break in the hedge and ditch that ran along the side of the road beyond which was a track, bordered by pine-apples and dracænas, leading to a superior sort of house, built in the native style, and surrounded, as usual, by bread-fruit, cocoanut, banana, mango, and guava trees. We were conducted into the one large room, which contained two four-post bedsteads, and four mattresses laid on the floor, two or three trunks, and a table in the corner, on which were writing materials and a few books. The chief himself spoke a very little English, his son an equally small amount of French; so the conversation languished, and after a decent interval we rose to depart. Our host asked if he might "come and see my ship," and procured pen, ink and paper — not of the best quality — for me to write an order for him to do so, "in case lady not at home." He also presented me with some pictures of soldiers, drawn by his son — a boy about eleven years old, of whom he seemed very proud, and expressed his regret that we could not prolong our stay, at the same time placing at our disposal the whole house and garden, incuding a fat sow and eleven little pigs.

Several other visitors had arrived by this time, one of whom was on horseback, and, as I was rather tired, he was asked if he would kindly allow me to ride down

to the landing-place. He replied that he would lend the horse to a gentleman, but not to me, as the saddle was not suitable. I explained that this made no difference to me, and mounted, though I did not attempt to follow the fashion of the native ladies here, who ride like men. Our new friend was quite delighted at this, and volunteered himself to show us something of the neighborhood. Accordingly, leading my — or rather his — horse, and guiding him carefully over all the rough places, he took us through groves and gardens belonging to the royal family, in which were plantations of various kinds of trees, and a thick undergrowth of guava. After an enjoyable little expedition we returned to the yacht at about half-past seven, accompanied by the small boy who had been carrying our special purchases from the market all this time, and by a little tail of followers.

At half-past eight we breakfasted, so as to be ready for the service at the native church at ten o'clock; but several visitors arrived in the interval, and we had rather a bustle to get off in time, after all. We landed close to the church under the shade of a hibiscus, whose yellow and orange flowers dropped off into the sea and floated away among the coral rocks, peeping out of the water here and there. The building appeared to be full to overflowing. The windows and doors were all wide open, and many members of the congregation were seated on the steps, on the lawn, and on the grassy slope beyond, listening to a discourse in the native language. Most of the people wore the native costume, which, especially when made of black stuff and surmounted by a little sailor's hat, decorated with

a bandana handkerchief or a wreath of flowers, was very becoming. Sailors' hats are universally worn, and are generally made by the natives themselves from plantain or palm leaves, or from the inside fibre of the arrowroot. Some rather elderly men and women in the front rows were taking notes of the sermon. I found afterward that they belonged to the Bible class, and that their great pride was to meet after the service and repeat by heart nearly all they had heard. This seems to show at least a desire to profit by the minister's efforts, which, we must hope, were not altogether in vain.

After the usual service there were two christenings. The babies were held at the font by the men, who looked extremely sheepish. One baby was grandly attired in a book-muslin dress, with flounces, a trail at least six feet long dragging on the ground, and a lace cap with cherry-colored bows; the other was nearly as smart, in a white-worked long frock and cap, trimmed with blue bows. The christenings over, there was a hymn, somewhat monotonous as to time and tune, but sung with much fervor, followed by the administration of the sacrament, in which cocoanut milk took the place of wine, and bread-fruit that of bread. The proper elements were originally used, but experience proved that, although the bread went round pretty well, the cup was almost invariably emptied by the first two or three communicants, sometimes with unfortunate results.

After service we drove through the shady avenues of the town into the open country, past trim little villas and sugar-cane plantations, until we turned off the

main road and entered an avenue of mangoes, whence a rough road, cut through a guava thicket, leads to the main gate of Fautahua — a regular square Indian bungalow, with thatched roofs, verandas covered with creepers, windows opening to the ground, and steps leading to the gardens on every side, ample accommodation for stables, kitchens, servants, being provided in numerous outbuildings.

Soon after breakfast Mrs. Brander dressed me in one of her own native costumes, and we drove to the outskirts of a dense forest, through which a footpath leads to the waterfall and fort of Fautahua. Here we found horses waiting for us, on which we rode, accompanied by the gentlemen on foot, through a thick growth of palms, orange-trees, guavas, and other tropical trees, some of which were overhung and almost choked by luxuriant creepers. Specially noticeable among the latter was a gorgeous purple passion-flower, with orange colored fruit as big as pumpkins, that covered everything with its vigorous growth. The path was always narrow and sometimes steep, and we had frequently almost to creep under the overhanging boughs, or to turn aside to avoid a more than usually dense mass of creepers. We crossed several small rivers, and at last reached a spot that commanded a view of the waterfall, on the other side of a deep ravine. Just below the fort that crowns the height, a river issues from a narrow cleft in the rock, and falls at a single bound from the edge of an almost perpendicular cliff, six hundred feet high, into the valley beneath. First one sees the rush of blue water, gradually changing in its descent to a cloud of white spray, which in its turn is lost in a

rainbow of mist. Imagine that from beneath the shade of feathery palms and broad-leaved bananas through a network of ferns and creepers you are looking upon the Staubbach, in Switzerland, magnified in height, and with a background of verdure-clad mountains, and you will have some idea of the fall of Fautahua as we beheld it.

After resting a little while and taking some sketches, we climbed up to the fort itself, a place of considerable interest, where the natives held out to the very last against the French. On the bank opposite the fort, the last islander killed during the struggle for independence was shot while trying to escape. Situated in the centre of a group of mountains, with valleys branching off in all directions, the fort could hold communication with every part of the coast, and there can be little doubt that it would have held out much longer than it did, but for the treachery of one of the garrison, who led the invaders, under cover of the night, and by devious paths, to the top of a hill commanding the position. Now the ramparts and earthworks are overrun and almost hidden by roses. Originally planted, I suppose, by the newcomers, they have spread rapidly in all directions, till the hillsides and summits are quite ablush with the fragrant bloom. . . .

Sometimes I think that all I have seen must be only a long vision, and that too soon I shall awaken to the cold reality; the flowers, the fruit, the colors worn by every one, the whole scene and its surroundings, seem almost too fairy-like to have an actual existence. I am in despair when I attempt to describe all these things. I feel that I cannot do anything like justice

to their merits, and yet I fear all the time that what I say may be looked upon as an exaggeration.

> Long dreamy lawns, and birds on happy wings,
> Keeping their homes in never-rifled bowers;
> Cool fountains filling with their murmurings
> The sunny silence 'twixt the chiming hours.

At daybreak next morning, when I went on deck, it was a dead calm. The sea-breeze had not yet come in, and there was not a ripple on the surface of the harbor. Outside, two little white trading schooners lay becalmed; inside, the harbor-tug was getting up steam. On shore, a few gayly dressed natives were hurrying home with their early market produce, and others were stretched lazily on the grass at the water's edge or on the benches under the trees. Our stores for the day, a picturesque-looking heap of fish, fruit, vegetables, and flowers, were on the steps, waiting to be brought off, and guarded in the meantime by natives in costumes of pink, blue, orange, and a delicate pale green they specially affect. The light mists rolled gradually away from the mountain tops, and there was every prospect of a fine day for a projected excursion.

I went ashore to fetch some of the fresh-gathered fruit, and soon we had a feast of luscious pineapples, juicy mangoes, bananas, and oranges, with the dew still upon them. The mango is certainly the king of fruit. Its flavor is a combination of apricot and pine-apple, with the slightest possible suspicion of turpentine thrown in, to give a piquancy to the whole. I dare say it sounds a strange mixture, but I can only say that the result is delicious. To enjoy mangoes

thoroughly you ought not to eat them in company, but leaning over the side of the ship, in the early morning, with your sleeves tucked up to your elbows, using no knife and fork, but tearing off the skin with your teeth, and sucking the abundant juice.

We breakfasted at half-past six, and, at a little before eight, went ashore, where we were met by a sort of *char-à-bancs*, or American wagon, with three seats, one behind the other, all facing the horses, and roomy and comfortable enough for two persons. Our transatlantic cousins certainly understand thoroughly, and do their best to improve everything connected with the locomotion they love so well. A Chinese coachman and a thin but active pair of little horses completed the turnout. Mabelle sat beside the coachman, and we four packed into the other two seats, with all our belongings.

The sun was certainly *very* powerful when we emerged from the shady groves of Papiete, but there was a nice breeze, and sometimes we got under the shade of cocoanut trees. We reached Papea at about half-past nine, and changed horses there. While waiting, hot and thirsty, under the shelter of some trees, we asked for a cocoanut, whereupon a man standing by immediately tied a withe of banana leaves round his feet and proceeded to climb, or rather hop, up the nearest tree, raising himself with his two hands and his feet alternately, with an exactly similar action to that of our old friend the monkey on the stick. People who have tasted the cocoanut only in England can have no idea what a delicious fruit it really is when nearly ripe and freshly plucked. The natives remove the outer husk, just leaving a little piece to serve as a foot for the pale

brown cup to rest on. They then smooth off the top, and you have an elegant vase, something like a mounted ostrich egg in appearance, lined with the snowiest ivory, and containing about three pints of cool sweet water. Why it is called milk I cannot understand, for it is as clear as crystal, and is always cool and refreshing, though the nut in which it is contained has generally been exposed to the fiercest sun. In many of the coral islands, where the water is brackish, the natives drink scarcely anything but cocoanut milk; and even here, if you are thirsty and ask for a glass of water, you are almost always presented with a cocoanut instead.

From Papea onward the scenery increased in beauty, and the foliage was, if possible, more luxuriant than ever. The road ran through extensive coffee, sugar-cane, Indian corn, orange, cocoanut, and cotton plantations, and vanilla, carefully trained on bamboos, growing in the thick shade. Near Atemavao we passed the house of a great cotton planter, and, shortly afterward, the curious huts, raised on platforms, built by some islanders he has imported from the Kingsmill group to work his plantations. They are a wild, savage-looking set, very inferior to the Tahitians in appearance. The cotton-mills, which formerly belonged to a company, are now all falling to ruin; and in many other parts of the island we passed cotton plantations uncleaned and neglected, and fast running to seed and waste. So long as the American war lasted, a slight profit could be made upon Tahitian cotton, but now it is hopeless to attempt to cultivate it with any prospect of adequate return.

The sun was now at its height, and we longed to stop

and bathe in one of the many fresh-water streams we crossed, and afterward eat our lunch by the wayside; but our Chinese coachman always pointed onward, and said, "Eatee much presently; horses eatee too." At last we arrived at a little house, shaded by cocoanut trees, and built in an inclosure, near the sea-shore, with "Restaurant" written up over the door. We drove in, and were met by the proprietor, with what must have been rather an embarrassing multiplicity of women and children about his heels. The cloth was not laid, but the rooms looked clean, and there was a heap of tempting-looking fish and fruit in a corner. We assured him we were starving, and begged for luncheon as soon as possible; and, in the meantime, went for a dip in the sea. But the water was shallow, and the sun made the temperature at least ninety degrees, so that our bath was not very refreshing. On our return we found the table most enticingly laid out, with little scarlet crayfish, embedded in cool green lettuce leaves, fruit of various kinds, good wine and fair bread all arranged on a clean though coarse tablecloth. There was also a savory omelet, so good that Tom asked for a second; when, to our astonishment, there appeared a plump roast fowl, most artistic gravy and fried potatoes. Then came a *biftek aux champignons*, and some excellent coffee to wind up with. On making the host our compliments, he said, "*Je fais la cuisine moi-même, madame.*" In the course of our repast we again tasted the bread-fruit, but did not much appreciate it, though it was this time cooked in the native fashion — roasted underground by means of hot stones.

Our coachman was becoming impatient, so we bade

farewell to our host and resumed our journey. We crossed innumerable streams on our way, generally full not only of water, but also of bathers ; for the Tahitians are very fond of water, and always bathe once or twice a day in the fresh streams, even after having been in the sea.

In many places along the road people were making hay from short grass, and in others they were weighing it preparatory to sending it into town. But they say the grass grown here is not at all nourishing for horses, and some people import it from Valparaiso.

The road round the island is called the Broom road. Convicts were employed in its original formation, and now it is the punishment for any one getting drunk in any part of the island to be set to work to sweep, repair, and keep in order a piece of the road in the neighborhood of his dwelling. It is the one good road of Tahiti, encircling the larger of the two peninsulas close to the sea-shore and surmounting the low mountain range in the centre of the isthmus.

Before long we found ourselves close to the narrow strip of land connecting the two peninsulas into which Tahiti is divided, and commenced to ascend the hills that form the backbone of the island. We climbed up and up, reaching the summit at last, to behold a magnificent prospect on all sides. Then a short, sharp descent, a long drive over grass roads through a rich forest, and again a brief ascent, brought us to our sleeping-quarters for the night, the Hôtel de l'Isthme, situated in a valley in the midst of a dense grove of cocoanuts and bananas, kept by two retired French sailors, who came out to meet us, and conducted us up

a flight of steps on the side of a mud bank to the four rooms forming the hotel. There were two sleeping apartments, a *salon* and a *salle à manger*, the walls of which consisted of flat pieces of wood, their own width apart, something like Venetian shutters, with unglazed windows and doors opening into the garden.

We walked about four hundred yards along a grassy road to the sea, where Mabelle and I paddled about in shallow water and amused ourselves by picking up coral, shells and *bêche-de-mer*, and watching the blue and yellow fish darting in and out among the rocks, until at last we found a place in the coral which made a capital deep-water bath. Dressing again was not such a pleasant affair, owing to the mosquitoes biting us in the most provoking manner. Afterward we strolled along the shore, which was covered with cocoanuts and driftwood, washed thither, I suppose, from some of the adjacent islands, and on our way back to the hotel we gathered a handful of choice exotics and graceful ferns with which to decorate the table.

The dinner itself really deserves a detailed description, if only to show that one may make the tour of Tahiti without necessarily having to rough it in the matter of food. We had crayfish and salad as a preliminary, and next an excellent soup, followed by delicious little oysters that cling to the boughs and roots of the guava and mangrove trees overhanging the sea. Then came a large fish, name unknown, the inevitable *bouilli* and cabbage, *côtelette aux pommes*, *biftek aux champignons*, succeeded by crabs and other shell-fish, including *wurrali*, a delicate flavored kind of lobster, an *omelette aux abricots*, and dessert of tropical fruit. We were also

supplied with good wine, both red and white, and bottled beer.

I ought, in truth, to add that the cockroaches were rather lively and plentiful, but they did not form a serious drawback to our enjoyment. After dinner, however, when I went to see Mabelle to bed, hundreds of these creatures, about three inches long, and broad in proportion, scuttled away as I lighted the candle; and while we were sitting outside we could see troops of them marching up and down in rows between the crevices of the walls. Then there were the mosquitoes, who hummed and buzzed about us, and with whom, alas! we were doomed to make a closer acquaintance. Our bed was fitted with the very thickest calico mosquito curtains, impervious to the air, but not to the venomous little insects, who found their way in through every tiny opening in spite of all our efforts to exclude them.

JOURNEYING IN SPAIN.

(From the Alhambra.)

By WASHINGTON IRVING.

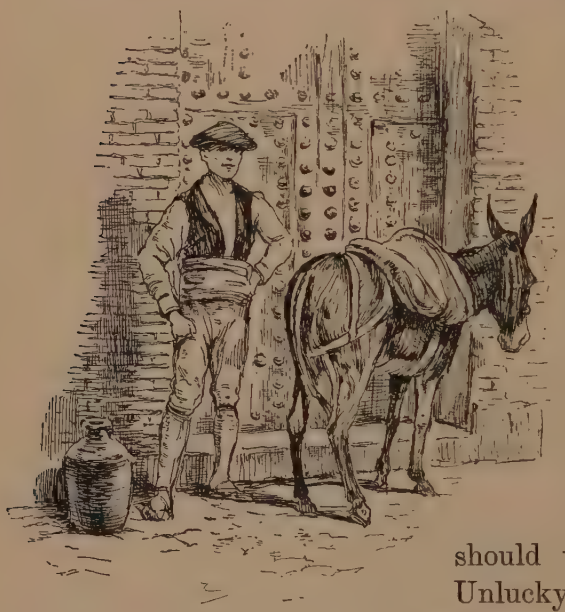
THE ancient kingdom of Granada, into which we were about to penetrate, is one of the most mountainous regions of Spain. Vast sierras, or chains of mountains, destitute of shrub or tree, and mottled with variegated marbles and granites, elevate their sunburnt summits against a deep-blue sky; yet in their rugged bosoms lie ingulfed verdant and fertile valleys, where the desert and the garden strive for mastery, and the very rock is, as it were, compelled to yield the fig, the orange, and the citron, and to blossom with the myrtle and the rose.

In the wild passes of these mountains the sight of walled towns and villages, built like eagles' nests among the cliffs, and surrounded by Moorish battlements, or of ruined watch-towers perched on lofty peaks, carries the mind back to the chivalric days of Christian and Moslem warfare, and to the romantic struggle for the conquest of Granada. In traversing these lofty sierras the traveller is often obliged to alight, and lead his

horse up and down the steep and jagged ascents and descents, resembling the broken steps of a staircase. Sometimes the road winds along dizzy precipices, without parapet to guard him from the gulfs below, and then will plunge down steep and dark and dangerous declivities. Sometimes it struggles through rugged barrancos, or ravines, worn by winter torrents, the obscure path of the contrabandista; while, ever and anon, the ominous cross, the monument of robbery and murder, erected on a mound of stones at some lonely part of the road, admonishes the traveller that he is among the haunts of banditti, perhaps at that very moment under the eye of some lurking bandolero. Sometimes, in winding through the narrow valleys, he is startled by a hoarse bellowing, and beholds above him on some green fold of the mountain a herd of fierce Andalusian bulls, destined for the combat of the arena. I have felt, if I may so express it, an agreeable horror in thus contemplating, near at hand, these terrific animals, clothed with tremendous strength, and ranging their native pastures in untamed wildness, strangers almost to the face of man: they know no one but the solitary herdsman who attends upon them, and even he at times dares not venture to approach them. The low bellowing of these bulls, and their menacing aspect as they look down from their rocky height, give additional wildness to the savage scenery.

I have been betrayed unconsciously into a longer disquisition than I intended on the general features of Spanish travelling; but there is a romance about all the recollections of the Peninsula dear to the imagination.

As our proposed route to Granada lay through mountainous regions, where the roads are little better than mule-paths, and said to be frequently beset by robbers, we took due travelling precautions. Forwarding the most valuable part of our luggage a day or two in advance by the arrieros, we retained merely clothing and necessaries for the journey and money for the expenses of the road; with a little surplus of hard dollars by way of *robber purse*, to satisfy the gentlemen of the road should we be assailed. Unlucky is the too wary traveller who, having grudged this precaution, falls into their clutches empty-handed; they are apt to give him a sound rib-roasting for cheating them out of their dues. "Caballeros like them cannot afford to scour the roads and risk the gallows for nothing."



Our Guide.

A couple of stout steeds were provided for our own mounting, and a third for our scanty luggage and the conveyance of a sturdy Biscayan lad, about twenty years of age, who was to be our guide, our groom, our

valet, and at all times our guard. For the latter office he was provided with a formidable trabuco or carbine, with which he promised to defend us against rateros or solitary foot-pads; but as to powerful bands, like that of the "Sons of Ecija," he confessed they were quite beyond his prowess. He made much vainglorious boast about his weapon at the outset of the journey; though, to the discredit of his generalship, it was suffered to hang unloaded behind his saddle.

According to our stipulations, the man from whom we hired the horses was to be at the expense of their feed and stabling on the journey, as well of the maintenance of our Biscayan squire, who of course was provided with funds for the purpose; we took care, however, to give the latter a private hint, that, though we made a close bargain with his master, it was all in his favor, and if he proved a good man and true, both he and the horse should live at our cost, and the money provided for their maintenance remain in his pocket. This unexpected largess, with the occasional present of a cigar, won his heart completely. He was, in truth, a faithful, cheery, kind-hearted creature, as full of saws and proverbs as that miracle of squires, the renowned Sancho himself, whose name, by the by, we bestowed upon him, and, like a true Spaniard, though treated by us with companionable familiarity, he never for a moment, in his utmost hilarity, overstepped the bounds of respectful decorum.

Such were our minor preparations for the journey, but above all we laid in an ample stock of good-humor, and a genuine disposition to be pleased; determining to travel in true contrabandista style; taking things as

we found them, rough or smooth, and mingling with all classes and conditions in a kind of vagabond companionship. It is the true way to travel in Spain. With such disposition and determination, what a country is it for a traveller, where the most miserable inn is as full of adventure as an enchanted castle, and every meal is in itself an achievement! Let others repine at the lack of turnpike roads and sumptuous hotels, and all the elaborate comforts of a country cultivated and civilized into tameness and commonplace; but give me the rude mountain scramble; the roving, hap-hazard, wayfaring; the half wild, yet frank and hospitable manners, which impart such a true game-flavor to dear old romantic Spain!

Thus equipped and attended, we cantered out of "Fair Seville city" at half-past six in the morning of a bright May day, in company with a lady and gentleman of our acquaintance, who rode a few miles with us, in the Spanish mode of taking leave. Our route lay through old Alcala de Guadaira (Alcala on the river Aira), the benefactress of Seville, that supplies it with bread and water. Here live the bakers who furnish Seville with that delicious bread for which it is renowned; here are fabricated those roscas well known by the well-merited appellation of *pan de Dios* (bread of God); with which, by the way, we ordered our man, Sancho, to stock his alforjas for the journey. Well has this beneficent little city been denominated the "Oven of Seville"; well has it been called "Alcala de los Panaderos" (Alcala of the bakers), for a great part of its inhabitants are of that handicraft, and the highway hence to Seville is constantly traversed by lines of

mules and donkeys laden with great panniers of loaves and roscas.

I have said Alcala supplies Seville with water. Here are great tanks or reservoirs, of Roman and Moorish construction, whence water is conveyed to Seville by noble aqueducts. The springs of Alcala are almost as much vaunted as its ovens; and to the lightness, sweetness, and purity of its water is attributed in some measure the delicacy of its bread.

Here we halted for a time, at the ruins of the old Moorish castle, a favorite resort for picnic parties from Seville, where we had passed many a pleasant hour. The walls are of great extent, pierced with loopholes; enclosing a huge square tower or keep, with the remains of masmoras, or subterranean granaries. The Guadaira winds its stem round the hill, at the foot of these ruins, whimpering among reeds, rushes, and pond-lilies, and overhung with rhododendron, eglantine, yellow myrtle, and a profusion of wild flowers and aromatic shrubs; while along its banks are groves of oranges, citrons, and pomegranates, among which we heard the early note of the nightingale.

A picturesque bridge was thrown across the little river, at one end of which was the ancient Moorish mill of the castle, defended by a tower of yellow stone; a fisherman's net hung against the wall to dry, and hard by in the river was his boat; a group of peasant women in bright-colored dresses, crossing the arched bridge, were reflected in the placid stream. Altogether it was an admirable scene for a landscape-painter.

The old Moorish mills, so often found on secluded streams, are characteristic objects in Spanish landscape,

and suggestive of the perilous times of old. They are of stone, and often in the form of towers with loop-holes and battlements, capable of defence in those war-like days when the country on both sides of the border was subject to sudden inroad and hasty ravage, and when men had to labor with their weapons at hand, and some place of temporary refuge.

Our next halting-place was at Gandul, where were the remains of another Moorish castle, with its ruined tower, a nestling-place for storks, and commanding a view over a vast campiña or fertile plain, with the mountains of Ronda in the distance. These castles were strongholds to protect the plains from the talas or forays to which they were subject, when the fields of corn would be laid waste, the flocks and herds swept from the vast pastures, and, together with captive peasantry, hurried off in long cavalgadas across the borders.

At Gandul we found a tolerable posada; the good folks could not tell us what time of day it was, the clock only struck once in the day, two hours after noon; until that time it was guess-work. We guessed it was full time to eat; so, alighting, we ordered a repast. While that was in preparation, we visited the palace once the residence of the Marquis of Gandul. All was gone to decay; there were but two or three rooms habitable, and very poorly furnished. Yet here were the remains of grandeur: a terrace, where fair dames and gentle cavaliers may once have walked; a fish-pond and ruined garden, with grapevines and date-bearing palm-trees. Here we were joined by a fat curate, who gathered a bouquet of roses, and pre-

sented it, very gallantly, to the lady who accompanied us.

Below the palace was the mill, with orange-trees and aloes in front, and a pretty stream of pure water. We took a seat in the shade; and the millers, all leaving their work, sat down and smoked with us; for the Andalusians are always ready for a gossip. They were waiting for the regular visit of the barber, who came once a week to put all their chins in order. He arrived shortly afterwards: a lad of seventeen, mounted on a donkey, eager to display his new alforjas or saddle-bags, just bought at a fair; price one dollar, to be paid on St. John's day (in June), by which time he trusted to have mown beards enough to put him in funds.

By the time the laconic clock of the castle had struck two we had finished our dinner. So, taking leave of our Seville friends, and leaving the millers still under the hands of the barber, we set off on our ride across the campiña. It was one of those vast plains, common in Spain, where for miles and miles there is neither house nor tree. Unlucky the traveller who has to traverse it, exposed as we were to heavy and repeated showers of rain. There is no escape nor shelter. Our only protection was our Spanish cloaks, which nearly covered man and horse, but grew heavier every mile. By the time we had lived through one shower we would see another slowly but inevitably approaching; fortunately in the interval there would be an outbreak of bright, warm, Andalusian sunshine, which would make our cloaks send up wreaths of steam, but which partially dried them before the next drenching.

Shortly after sunset we arrived at Arahal, a little

town among the hills. We found it in a bustle with a party of miquelets, who were patrolling the country to ferret out robbers. The appearance of foreigners like ourselves was an unusual circumstance in an interior country town; and little Spanish towns of the kind are easily put in a state of gossip and wonderment by such an occurrence. Mine host, with two or three old wiseacre comrades in brown cloaks, studied our passports in a corner of the posada, while an Alguazil took notes by the dim light of a lamp. The passports were in foreign languages and perplexed them, but our Squire Sancho assisted them in their studies, and magnified our importance with the grandiloquence of a Spaniard.

THE CORREGIDOR.

In the meantime the magnificent distribution of a few cigars had won the hearts of all around us; in a little while the whole community seemed put in agitation to make us welcome. The corregidor himself waited upon us, and a great rush-bottomed armchair was ostentatiously bolstered into our room by our landlady, for the accommodation of that important personage. The commander of the patrol took supper with us: a lively, talking, laughing Andaluz, who had made a campaign in South America, and recounted his exploits in love and war with much pomp of phrase, vehemence of gesticulation,

and mysterious rolling of the eye. He told us that he had a list of all the robbers in the country, and meant to ferret out every mother's son of them; he offered us at the same time some of his soldiers as an escort. "One is enough to protect you, señors; the robbers know me, and know my men; the sight of one is enough to spread terror through a whole sierra." We thanked him for his offer, but assured him, in his own strain, that with the protection of our redoubtable squire, Sancho, we were not afraid of all the ladrones of Andalusia.

While we were supping with our drawcansir friend, we heard the notes of a guitar, and the click of castanets, and presently a chorus of voices singing a popular air. In fact, mine host had gathered together the amateur singers and musicians, and the rustic belles of the neighborhood, and, on going forth, the court-yard or patio of the inn presented a scene of true Spanish festivity. We took our seats with mine host and hostess and the commander of the patrol, under an archway opening into the court; the guitar passed from hand to hand, but a jovial shoemaker was the Orpheus of the place. He was a pleasant-looking fellow, with huge black whiskers; his sleeves were rolled up to his elbows. He touched the guitar with masterly skill, and sang a little amorous ditty with an expressive leer at the women, with whom he was evidently a favorite. He afterwards danced a fandango with a buxom Andalusian damsel, to the great delight of the spectators. But none of the females present could compare with mine host's pretty daughter, Pepita, who had slipped away and made her toilette for the occasion, and had covered

her head with roses, and who distinguished herself in a bolero with a handsome young dragoon. We ordered our host to let wine and refreshment circulate freely among the company, yet, though there was a motley assembly of soldiers, muleteers, and villagers, no one exceeded the bounds of sober enjoyment. The scene was a study for a painter: the picturesque group of dancers, the troopers in their half military dresses, the peasantry wrapped in their brown cloaks; nor must I omit to mention the old meagre Alguazil, in a short black cloak, who took no notice of anything going on, but sat in a corner diligently writing by the dim light of a huge copper lamp, that might have figured in the days of Don Quixote.

Spanish Dancers.

The following morning was bright and balmy, as a May morning ought to be, according to the poets. Leaving Arahal at seven o'clock, with all the posada at the door to cheer us off, we pursued our way through a fertile country, covered with grain and beautifully verdant; but which in summer, when the harvest is over and the fields parched and brown, must be monotonous and

lonely; for, in our ride of yesterday, there were neither houses nor people to be seen. The latter all congregate in villages and strongholds among the hills, as if these fertile plains were still subject to the ravages of the Moor.

At noon we came to where there was a group of trees, beside a brook in a rich meadow. Here we alighted to make our mid-day meal. It was really a luxurious spot, among wild flowers and aromatic herbs, with birds singing around us. Knowing the scanty larders of Spanish inns, and the houseless tracks we might have to traverse, we had taken care to have the alforjas of our squire well stocked with cold provisions, and his bota, or leathern bottle, which might hold a gallon, filled to the neck with choice Valdepeñas wine.[1] As we depended more upon these for our well-being than even his trabuco, we exhorted him to be more attentive in keeping them well charged; and I must do him the justice to say that his namesake, the trencher-loving Sancho Panza, was never a more provident purveyor. Though the alforjas and the bota were frequently and vigorously assailed throughout the journey, they had a wonderful power of repletion, our vigilant squire sacking everything that remained from our repasts at the inns, to supply these junketings by the road-side, which were his delight.

[1] It may be as well to note here, that the alforjas are square pockets at each end of a long cloth about a foot and a half wide, formed by turning up its extremities. The cloth is then thrown over the saddle, and the pockets hang on each side like saddle-bags. It is an Arab invention. The bota is a leathern bag or bottle, of portly dimensions, with a narrow neck. It is also Oriental. Hence the scriptural caution which perplexed me in my boyhood, not to put new wine into old bottles.

On the present occasion he spread quite a sumptuous variety of remnants on the greensward before us, graced with an excellent ham brought from Seville; then, taking his seat at a little distance, he solaced himself with what remained in the alforjas. A visit or two to the bota made him as merry and chirruping as a grasshopper filled with dew. On my comparing his contents of the alforjas to Sancho's skimming of the flesh-pots at the wedding of Cammacho, I found he was well versed in the history of Don Quixote, but, like many of the common people of Spain, firmly believed it to be a true history.

"All that happened a long time ago, señor," said he, with an inquiring look.

"A very long time," I replied.

"I dare say more than a thousand years," still looking dubiously.

"I dare say not less."

The squire was satisfied. Nothing pleased the simple-hearted varlet more than my comparing him to the renowned Sancho for devotion to the trencher; and he called himself by no other name throughout the journey.

Our repast being finished, we spread our cloaks on the greensward under the tree, and took a luxurious siesta, in the Spanish fashion. The clouding up of the weather, however, warned us to depart, and a harsh wind sprang up from the southeast. Towards five o'clock we arrived at Osuna, a town of fifteen thousand inhabitants, situated on the side of a hill, with a church and a ruined castle. The posada was outside of the walls; it had a cheerless look. The evening being cold, the inhabitants were crowded round a brasero in

a chimney-corner; and the hostess was a dry old woman, who looked like a mummy. Every one eyed us askance as we entered, as Spaniards are apt to regard strangers; a cheery, respectful salutation on our part, caballeroing them and touching our sombreros, set Spanish pride at ease; and when we took our seat among them, lit our cigars, and passed the cigar-box round among them, our victory was complete. I have never known a Spaniard, whatever his rank or condition, who would suffer himself to be outdone in courtesy; and to the common Spaniard the present of a cigar (puro) is irresistible. Care, however, must be taken never to offer him a present with an air of superiority and condescension; he is too much of a caballero to receive favors at the cost of his dignity.

Leaving Osuna at an early hour the next morning, we entered the sierra or range of mountains. The road wound through picturesque scenery, but lonely; and a cross here and there by the roadside, the sign of a murder, showed that we were now coming among the "robber haunts." This wild and intricate country, with its silent plains and valleys intersected by mountains, has ever been famous for banditti. It was here that Omar Ibn Hassan, a robber-chief among the Moslems, held ruthless sway in the ninth century, disputing dominion even with the caliphs of Cordova. This too was a part of the regions so often ravaged during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella by Ali Atar, the old Moorish alcayde of Loxa, father-in-law of Boabdil, so that it was called Ali Atar's garden, and here "Jose Maria," famous in Spanish brigand story, had his favorite lurking-places.

In the course of the day we passed through Fuente la Piedra, near a little salt lake of the same name, a beautiful sheet of water, reflecting like a mirror the distant mountains. We now came in sight of Antiquera, that old city of warlike reputation, lying in the lap of the great sierra which runs through Andalusia. A noble vega spread out before it, a picture of mild fertility set in a frame of rocky mountains. Crossing a gentle river, we approached the city between hedges and gardens, in which nightingales were pouring forth their evening song. About nightfall we arrived at the gates. Everything in this venerable city has a decidedly Spanish stamp. It lies too much out of the frequented track of foreign travel to have its old usages trampled out. Here I observed old men still wearing the montero, or ancient hunting-cap, once common throughout Spain; while the young men wore the little round-crowned hat, with brim turned up all round, like a cup turned down in its saucer; while the brim was set off with little black tufts like cockades. The women, too, were all in mantillas and basquinas. The fashions of Paris had not reached Antiquera.

Pursuing our course through a spacious street we put up at the posada of San Fernando. As Antiquera, though a considerable city, is, as I observed, somewhat out of the track of travel, I had anticipated bad quarters and poor fare at the inn. I was agreeably disappointed, therefore, by a supper-table amply supplied, and what were still more acceptable, good clean rooms and comfortable beds. Our man Sancho felt himself as well off as his namesake when he had the run of the duke's kitchen, and let me know, as I retired for

the night, that it had been a proud time for the alforjas.

Early in the morning (May 4th) I strolled to the ruins of the old Moorish castle, which itself had been reared on the ruins of a Roman fortress. Here, taking my seat on the remains of a crumbling tower, I enjoyed a grand and varied landscape, beautiful in itself, and full of storied and romantic associations; for I was now in the very heart of the country famous for the chivalrous contests between Moor and Christian. Below me, in its lap of hills, lay the old warrior city so often mentioned in chronicle and ballad. Out of yon gate and down yon hill paraded the band of Spanish cavaliers, of highest rank and bravest bearing, to make that foray during the war and conquest of Granada, which ended in the lamentable massacre among the mountains of Malaga, and laid all Andalusia in mourning. Beyond spread out the vega, covered with gardens and orchards and fields of grain and enamelled meadows, inferior only to the famous vega of Granada. To the right the Rock of the Lovers stretched like a cragged promontory into the plain, whence the

View in the Alhambra.

daughter of the Moorish alcayde and her lover, when closely pursued, threw themselves in despair.

The matin peal from church and convent below me rang sweetly in the morning air, as I descended. The market-place was beginning to throng with the populace, who traffic in the abundant produce of the vega; for this is the mart of an agricultural region. In the market-place were abundance of freshly plucked roses for sale; for not a dame or damsel of Andalusia thinks her gala dress complete without a rose shining like a gem among her raven tresses.

On returning to the inn I found our man Sancho in high gossip with the landlord and two or three of his hangers-on. He had just been telling some marvellous story about Seville, which mine host seemed piqued to match with one equally marvellous about Antiquera. There was once a fountain, he said, in one of the public squares called *Il fuente del toro*, (the fountain of the bull,) because the water gushed from the mouth of a bull's head, carved of stone. Underneath the head was inscribed, —

En frente del toro
Se hallen tesoro

(In front of the bull there is treasure). Many digged in front of the fountain, but lost their labor and found no money. At last one knowing fellow construed the motto a different way. It is in the forehead (frente) of the bull that the treasure is to be found, said he to himself, and I am the man to find it. Accordingly he came, late at night, with a mallet, and knocked the head to pieces; and what do you think he found?

"Plenty of gold and diamonds!" cried Sancho eagerly.

"He found nothing," rejoined mine host, dryly, "and he ruined the fountain."

Here a great laugh was set up by the landlord's hangers-on; who considered Sancho completely taken in by what I presume was one of mine's hosts's standing jokes.

THE ASCENT OF THE MATTERHORN

(From Scrambles Amongst the Alps.)

By EDWARD WHYMPER.

WE started from Zermatt on the 13th of July at half-past five, on a brilliant and perfectly cloudless morning. We were eight in number — Croz, old Peter and his two sons, Lord Francis Douglas, Hadow, Hudson and I. To ensure steady motion, one tourist and one native walked together. The youngest Taugwalder fell to my share, and the lad marched well, proud to be on the expedition and happy to show his powers. The wine-bags also fell to my lot to carry, and throughout the day, after each drink, I replenished them secretly with water, so that at the next halt they were found fuller than before! This was considered a good omen, and little short of miraculous.

On the first day we did not intend to ascend to any great height, and we mounted accordingly, very leisurely, picked up the things which were left in the chapel at the Schwarzsee at 8.20, and proceeded thence along the ridge connecting the Hörnli with the Matterhorn. At half-past eleven we arrived at the base of the actual peak, then quitted the ridge and clambered round some ledges on to the eastern face. We were

now fairly upon the mountain, and were astonished to find that places which from the Riffel, or even from the Furggengletscher, looked entirely impracticable, were so easy that we could run about.

Before twelve o'clock we had found a good position for the tent, at a height of eleven thousand feet. Croz and young Peter went on to see what was above, in order to save time on the following morning. They cut across the heads of the snow-slopes which descended toward the Furggengletscher, and disappeared round a corner, but shortly afterward we saw them high up on the face, moving quickly. We others made a solid platform for the tent in a well-protected spot, and then watched eagerly for the return of the men. The stones which they upset told that they were very high, and we supposed that the way must be easy. At length, just before 3 P.M., we saw them coming down, evidently much excited." "What are they saying, Peter?" "Gentlemen, they say it is no good." But when they came near we heard a different story: "Nothing but what was good — not a difficulty, not a single difficulty We could have gone to the summit and returned to-day easily!"

We passed the remaining hours of daylight — some basking in the sunshine, some sketching or collecting — and when the sun went down, giving as it departed, a glorious promise for the morrow, we returned to the tent to arrange for the night. Hudson made tea, I coffee, and we then retired each one to his blanket-bag, the Taugwalders, Lord Francis Douglas and myself occupying the tent, the others remaining, by preference outside. Long after dusk the cliffs above echoed with

our laughter and with the songs of the guides, for we were happy that night in camp, and feared no evil.

We assembled together outside the tent before dawn on the morning of the 14th, and started directly it was light enough to move. Young Peter came on with us as a guide, and his brother returned to Zermatt. We followed the route which had been taken on the previous day, and in a few minutes turned the rib which had intercepted the view of the eastern face from our tent platform. The whole of this great slope was now revealed, rising for three thousand feet like a huge natural staircase. Some parts were more and others were less easy, but we were not once brought to a halt by any serious impediment, for when an obstruction was met in front it could always be turned to the right or to the left. For the greater part of the way there was indeed no occasion for the rope, and sometimes Hudson led, sometimes myself. At 6.20 we had attained a height of twelve thousand eight hundred feet, and halted for half an hour; we then continued the ascent without a break until 9.55, when we stopped for fifty

In the Alps.

minutes at a height of fourteen thousand feet. Twice we struck the north-eastern ridge, and followed it for some little distance — to no advantage, for it was usually more rotten and steep, and always more difficult, than the face. Still, we kept near to it, lest stones perchance might fall.

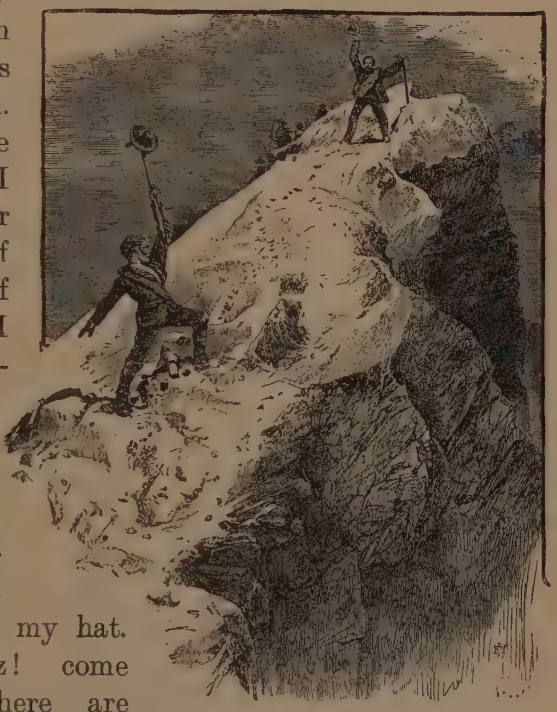
We had now arrived at the foot of that part which, from the Riffelberg or from Zermatt, seems perpendicular or overhanging, and could no longer continue upon the eastern side. For a little distance we ascended by snow upon the arête — that is, the ridge — descending toward Zermatt, and then by common consent turned over to the right, or to the northern side. Before doing so we made a change in the order of ascent. Croz went first, I followed, Hudson came third: Hadow and old Peter were last. "Now," said Croz as he led off — "now for something altogether different." The work became difficult, and required caution. In some places there was little to hold, and it was desirable that those should be in front who were least likely to slip. The general slope of the mountain at this part was *less* than forty degrees, and snow had accumulated in, and had filled up, the interstices of the rock-face, leaving only occasional fragments projecting here and there. These were at times covered with a thin film of ice, produced from the melting and refreezing of the snow. It was the counterpart, on a small scale, of the upper seven hundred feet of the Pointe des Écrins; only there was this material difference — the face of the Écrins was about, or exceeded, an angle of fifty degrees, and the Matterhorn face was less than forty degrees. It was a place over which any fair mountaineer might pass

in safety, and Mr. Hudson ascended this part, and, as far as I know, the entire mountain, without having the slightest assistance rendered to him upon any occasion. Sometimes, after I had taken a hand from Croz or received a pull, I turned to offer the same to Hudson, but he invariably declined, saying it was not necessary. Mr. Hadow, however, was not accustomed to this kind of work, and required continual assistance. It is only fair to say that the difficulty which he found at this part arose simply and entirely from want of experience.

This solitary difficult part was of no great extent. We bore away over it at first nearly horizontally, for a distance of about four hundred feet, then ascended directly toward the summit for about sixty feet, and then doubled back to the ridge which descends toward Zermatt. A long stride round a rather awkward corner brought us to snow once more. The last doubt vanished! The Matterhorn was ours! Nothing but two hundred feet of easy snow remained to be surmounted!

You must now carry your thoughts back to the seven Italians who started from Breuil on the 11th of July. Four days had passed since their departure, and we were tormented with anxiety lest they should arrive on the top before us. All the way up we had talked of them, and many false alarms of "men on the summit" had been raised. The higher we rose the more intense became the excitement. What if we should be beaten at the last moment! The slope eased off, at length we could be detached, and Croz and I, dashing away, ran a neck-and-neck race which ended in a dead heat. At 1.40 P.M. the world was at our feet and the Matterhorn was conquered! Hurrah! Not a footstep could be seen.

It was not yet certain that we had not been beaten. The summit of the Matterhorn was formed of a rudely level ridge, about three hundred and fifty feet long, and the Italians might have been at its farther extremity. I hastened to the south end, scanning the snow right and left eagerly. Hurrah again! it was untrodden. "Where were the men?" I peered over the cliff, half doubting, half expectant. I saw them immediately, mere dots on the ridge, at an immense distance below. Up went my arms and my hat. "Croz! Croz! come here!" "Where are they, monsieur?" "There — don't you see them down there?" "Ah! the *coquins!* they are low down." "Croz, we must make those fellows hear us." We yelled until we were hoarse. The Italians seemed to disregard us — we could not be certain. "Croz, we *must* make them hear us — they *shall* hear us!" I seized a block of rock and hurled it down, and called



upon my companion, in the name of friendship, to do the same. We drove our sticks in and pried away the crags, and soon a torrent of stones poured down the cliffs. There was no mistake about it this time. The Italians turned and fled.

Still, I would that the leader of that party could have stood with us at that moment, for our victorious shouts conveyed to him the disappointment of the ambition of a lifetime. He was *the* man, of all those who attempted the ascent of the Matterhorn, who most deserved to be the first upon its summit. He was the first to doubt its inaccessibility, and he was the only man who persisted in believing that its ascent would be accomplished. It was the aim of his life to make the ascent from the side of Italy for the honor of his native valley. For a time he had the game in his hands: he played it as he thought best, but he made a false move, and lost it. Times have changed with Carrel. His supremacy is questioned in the Val Tournanche; new men have arisen, and he is no longer recognized as *the* chasseur above all others; but so long as he remains the man that he is to-day it will not be easy to find his superior.

The others had arrived, so we went back to the northern end of the ridge. Croz now took the tent-pole and planted it in the highest snow. "Yes," we said, "there is a flag-staff, but where is the flag?" "Here it is," he answered, pulling off his blouse, and fixing it to the stick. It made a poor flag, and there was no wind to float it out, yet it was seen all around. They saw it at Zermatt, at the Riffel, in the Val Tournanche. At Breuil the watchers cried, "Victory is ours!" They

raised "bravos" for Carrel and "vivas" for Italy, and hastened to put themselves *en fête*. On the morrow they were undeceived. All was changed: the explorers returned sad — cast down — disheartened — confounded — gloomy. "It is true," said the men. "We saw them ourselves — they hurled stones at us! The old traditions *are* true — there are spirits on the top of the Matterhorn!"

We returned to the southern end of the ridge to build a cairn, and then paid homage to the view. The day was one of those superlatively calm and clear ones which usually precede bad weather. The atmosphere was perfectly still and free from all clouds or vapors. Mountains fifty — nay, a hundred — miles off, looked sharp and near. All their details — ridge and crag, snow and glacier — stood out with faultless definition. Pleasant thoughts of happy days in bygone years came up unbidden as we recognized the old, familiar forms. All were revealed — not one of the principal peaks of the Alps was hidden. I see them clearly now — the great inner

Summit of Matterhorn.

circles of giants, backed by the ranges, chains and *massifs*. First came the Dent Blanche, hoary and grand; the Gabelhorn and pointed Rothhorn, and then the peerless Weisshorn; the towering Mischabelhörner, flanked by the Allaleinhorn, Strahlhorn and Rimpfischhorn; then Monte Rosa — with its many Spitzes — the Lyskamm and the Breithorn. Behind were the Bernese Oberland, governed by the Finsteraarhorn, the Simplon and St. Gothard groups, the Disgrazia and the Orteler. Toward the south we looked down to Chivasso on the plain of Piedmont, and far beyond. The Viso — one hundred miles away — seemed close upon us; the Maritime Alps — one hundred and thirty miles distant — were free from haze. Then came my first love — the Pelvoux; the Écrins and the Meije; the clusters of the Graians; and lastly, in the west, gorgeous in the full sunlight, rose the monarch of all — Mont Blanc. Ten thousand feet beneath us were the green fields of Zermatt, dotted with chalets, from which blue smoke rose lazily. Eight thousand feet below, on the other side, were the pastures of Breuil. There were forests black and gloomy, and meadows bright and lively; bounding waterfalls and tranquil lakes; fertile lands and savage wastes; sunny plains and frigid plateaux. There were the most rugged forms and the most graceful outlines — bold, perpendicular cliffs and gentle, undulating slopes; rocky mountains and snowy mountains, sombre and solemn or glittering and white, with walls, turrets, pinnacles, pyramids, domes, cones, and spires! There was every combination that the world can give, and every contrast that the heart could desire.

We remained on the summit for one hour—

One crowded hour of glorious life.

It passed away too quickly, and we began to prepare for the descent.

NOTES.

ALDRICH, T. B. American poet and novelist, born, 1836. He became editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1887. "The Story of a Bad Boy" is one of his most popular books. He has also written "Daisy's Necklace," "Marjorie Daw," "Prudence Palfrey," "The Queen of Sheba," and many other stories. Among his poems is the famous "Baby Bell." "From Ponkapog to Pesth," published in 1883, is a record of his wanderings in Europe.

BAKER, SIR S. W. African traveller, born in London, England, 1821; died, 1893. Set out in 1862 to explore the sources of the Nile, discovered the inland sea Albert Nyanza. He explored also the island of Cyprus in 1845 and succeeding years. Has written "The Rifle and the Hound in Ceylon," "Eight Years' Wanderings in Ceylon," "The Albert Nyanza," "The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia," "Ismaïlia," "Cyprus as I Saw It," "Cast up by the Sea," etc.

BRASSEY, LADY ANNE, English author, born, 1837; died, 1887. Married Lord Brassey in 1860, and accompanied him in his long yachting-tours. In addition to "The Voyage in the Sunbeam," she wrote "Sunshine and Storm in the East," "Natural History of a Voyage in the 'Sunbeam,'" and "Tahiti," all of them descriptive of her yachting-tours, during one of which she died.

BURTON, SIR R. F., English traveller, author, Oriental scholar and linguist, born, 1821; died, 1890. He wrote "Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to Mecca," "First Footsteps in East Africa," "The Lake Regions of Central Africa," "The Nile Basin," "The City of the Saints," "Wanderings in West Africa," "Ultima Thule," and also works on Goa, Abbeokuta, Paraguay, Brazil, Syria, Zanzibar, Iceland, Bologna, and Midian. His wife, Lady Isabel Burton, was as intrepid a traveller as himself, and wrote two books, "Arabia, Egypt, India," and "The Inner Life of Syria."

CLEVELAND, R. J., was the brother of the great-grandfather of Grover Cleveland, born in Salem in 1740; died about 1786. When sixteen years old was seized by a press-gang in Boston streets, and served for several years on board an English frigate under William Trelawney, afterwards Sir William, Governor of Jamaica. He was long occupied in the merchant service; and when the Revolution broke out he, with his brig *Pilgrim*, captured over fifty British prizes. His "Narrative of Voyages and Commercial Enterprises" was not published until 1842, it was republished at once in England, and went through three editions here.

COOK, CAPTAIN JAMES, English navigator and explorer, born, 1728; killed in Hawaii, 1779. He had but little education, and after a short experience in a haberdasher's store he was bound apprentice to a Whitby ship-owner. He rose in his profession, and in 1768 was placed in command of *The Endeavour*, to carry a party of astronomers to view a transit of Venus. On his return he circumnavigated and charted the coasts of New Zealand, and surveyed and took possession of the East Coast of Australia. He made a second voyage in *The Resolution* and *Adventure*, 1772–1775, to the Antarctic Circle and the Southern Pacific. On his third voyage he visited Tasmania and

New Zealand, 1776, 1777, in which year he discovered the Sandwich Islands, where he was clubbed and stabbed to death by the natives.

CURTIS, G. W., American author and journalist, born, 1824; died, 1892. In 1846 he visited Europe, afterwards travelled in Egypt and Syria, and in 1850 returned to New York and joined the staff of the *Tribune*. He wrote "Nile Notes of an Howadji," "The Howadji in Syria," but most of his work was in connection with magazines. For many years he was a constant contributor to *Harper's Bazaar*, and in the later years of his life he took a very active interest in politics.

DANA, R. H., American author and lawyer, born, 1815; died, 1882; graduated at Harvard in 1837; afterwards shipped as a common sailor, and made a voyage to California. He describes the voyage in "Two Years Before the Mast." Became a distinguished maritime lawyer, and wrote "The Seamen's Friend," "To Cuba and Back," and edited an edition of *Wheaton's International Law*.

DICKENS, CHARLES, born, 1812; died, 1870. As a boy he had a very hard life, and much of the story of "David Copperfield" is autobiographical. He became a reporter, and began to write about 1833. His chief books are "Sketches by Boz," "Pickwick," "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Old Curiosity Shop," "Barnaby Rudge," "A Tale of Two Cities," "Martin Chuzzlewit," "Bleak House," "Dombey and Son," "Little Dorrit," "Our Mutual Friend."

DUFFERIN AND AVA, LORD, born, 1826. Educated at Eton and Oxford, succeeded to the peerage in 1841. Among other high offices he has been Governor-General of Canada, 1872–78, and Viceroy of India, 1884. Besides "Letters from High Latitudes," he has written "A Narrative of a Journey from Oxford to Skibbereen," describing the Irish famine, 1846–47, and many political pamphlets.

EDWARDS, AMELIA B., English novelist and Egyptologist, born, 1831; died, 1892. She wrote "My Brother's Wife" and a dozen other novels. Among them "Debenham's Vow" and "Lord Brackenbury." She also published a volume of ballads, books of holiday travel in Belgium and the Dolomites, and "A Thousand Miles up the Nile." In 1889 she lectured on Egyptian subjects in the United States.

EMERSON, R. W., poet and essayist, born in Boston, 1803; died, 1882. "English Traits" is the outcome of his visit to England in 1833. Emerson's poems and Emerson's essays are too well known to need enumeration here. His complete works are published in a uniform edition in eleven volumes, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

HAVARD, H., French art critic and traveller, born in 1838. Has travelled much in Holland, and in addition to his "Dead Cities of the Zuyder Zee," has published a whole library of magnificently illustrated works on Holland and the Low Countries and their Artists.

IRVING, WASHINGTON, born in New York, 1783; died, 1859. "The Father of American Literature." He wrote "Knickerbocker History of New York." "The Sketch-Book" contains many delightful stories; so also do "Bracebridge Hall" and "Tales of a Traveller." He wrote, likewise, many more serious works, such as "The Life of Columbus," "Companions of Columbus," "The Conquest of Granada," "The Alhambra," etc., and Lives of George Washington and Oliver Goldsmith.

KANE, ELISHA KENT, Arctic explorer, born Philadelphia, 1820; died, 1867. Entered the navy as a surgeon, and visited China, the East Indies, Arabia, Egypt, western Europe, Africa, and Mexico. In 1850 he began his Arctic experiences, and in 1854 he published his account of "The United States Grinnell Expedition," to which he was attached as surgeon, naturalist, and historian. In 1853 he set out with the second expedition, and published the results in 1856 in two volumes; he died in the following year.

KINGLAKE, A. W., English historian, born, 1811; died, 1891. Educated for the law, but left it for literature and politics. His "Eöthen" (or "The Home of the Dawn"), published in 1844, is one of the most popular English books of travel. In 1854 he went out to the Crimea, and afterwards wrote his famous "History of the War in the Crimea," in eight volumes.

KINGSTON, W. H. G., English writer of stories for boys, born, 1814; died, 1880. His father was a merchant in Oporto, and his voyage thence to London gave him his knowledge of ships and shipping. His first book, "Peter the Whaler," had an immense success; and he wrote over 120 others, all simple, vigorous, and healthy in tone. Among the most popular are "The Three Midshipmen," "The Three Lieutenants," and "The Three Admirals."

LORNE, MARQUIS OF, born, 1845; married the Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria. Became Governor-General of Canada in 1878. Has written "A Trip to the Tropics and Home Through America, 1867," "Guido and Lita," "The Psalms literally Rendered in Verse," "A Life of Lord Palmerston," "Windsor Castle," and "A Life of Queen Victoria."

MACGREGOR, J., an English canoeist, born, 1825. When a babe was handed out of the burning *Kent*, East Indiaman; died, 1892. He wrote and sketched for *Punch*, made a tour of Europe, Egypt, and Palestine (1849–50), and of the United States and Canada in 1859, which bore fruit in the book "Our Brothers and Cousins." The canoe journey he took in 1865 was described in his "A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe," and his other books tell of canoeing in the Baltic, the Zuyder Zee, and the river Jordan. He gave all the profits of his writings and lectures to various philanthropic institutions.

PARK, MUNGO, African traveller, born, 1771, in Scotland; died, 1805. Became assistant surgeon on board the *Worcester*. In 1793 he led an expedition to search for Major Houghton, who was lost in Africa. Imprisoned by the Moorish king, he made his escape, and finally, after nineteen months wandering, was conveyed by a slave-trader to an English factory on the Gambia. His account of this is in his "Travels in the Interior of Africa." In 1805 he went on another expedition, which was unfortunately lost, the seven who had survived the journey being killed by the natives as they attempted to escape from drowning.

PARKMAN, F., JR., historian, born, 1823; died, 1893. Studied law, then travelled in Europe, and returned to explore the Rocky Mountains. He seriously injured his sight while among the Dakota Mountains, but in spite of this he wrote many famous books. They are "The California and Oregon Trail," "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," "Pioneers of France in the New World," "The Jesuits in North America," "Discovery of the Great West," "Count Frontenac and New France," "Montcalm and Wolfe."

SPEKE, CAPTAIN J. H., English explorer, born, 1827; died, 1864. Entered the Indian army at seventeen, made several excursions into the Himalayas. In 1854 he joined Captain Burton in a visit to the Somali country. Three years later they set out on a search for the great equatorial lakes of Africa. While travelling alone he discovered The Victoria Nyanza. In 1860 he returned, and farther explored this great lake. He was accidentally killed when shooting near Bath, England.

TAYLOR, BAYARD, American author and traveller, born, 1825; died, 1878. Was apprenticed at seventeen in a printing-office. Later he went on a pedestrian tour in Europe, and in 1846 published "Views Afoot." He afterwards obtained a post on *The New York Tribune*, and his extensive travels for that newspaper are recorded in "El Dorado," "Journey to Central Africa," "Visit to India, China, and Japan," "Northern Travel," and "Travels in Greece and Russia." He was afterwards secretary of legation at St. Petersburg and ambassador at Berlin, where he died. He was

also famous as a poet, and wrote several novels, among which are "Hannah Thurston" and "The Story of Kennett."

URWICK, REV. W. English clergyman, born, 1791; died 1868. Was an ardent supporter of extreme Protestant views, and nearly all of his writings are of a strongly controversial character.

WALLACE, SIR D. MACKENZIE, English author and traveller, born, 1841. From 1863 to 1884 he travelled much in France, Germany, Russia, and Turkey. Besides his book on Russia, he has written on "Egypt and the Egyptian Question." He is director of the Foreign Department of the London *Times*.

WHYMPER, E., born, 1840. English wood-engraver and traveller. In 1860–69 he scaled several virgin peaks of the Alps, including the Matterhorn; in 1867 he made valuable discoveries in Northern Greenland, and in 1879–80 travelled in the high Andes, and ascended the famous peak of Chimborazo. His chief works are "Scrambles among the Alps," and "Travels among the Great Andes of the Equator."

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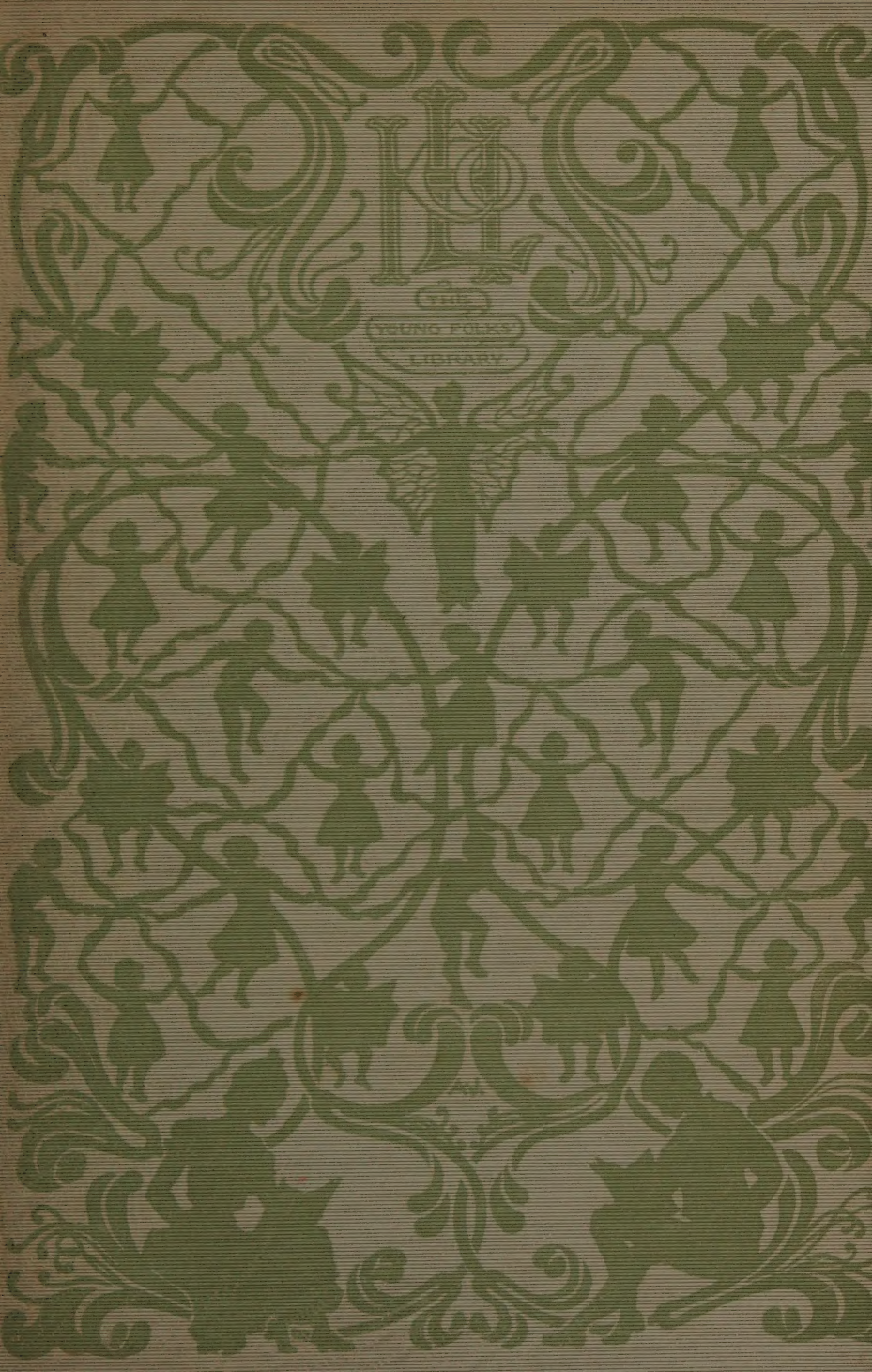
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